



SATURDAY MORNING — SEPTEMBER 26, 1914

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REINFORCEMENTS SENT TO DECIDE THE ISSUE.

Anarchy in Mexico City; Carranza Army Routed in First Battle.

Recurrence.

CAPITAL IS TERRORIZED; VILLA REVOLT GROWING.

Maytorena Forces Achieve a Victory in Initial Engagement of the War.

Era of Looting Predicted for the Prostrate Republic. Wilson Still Cherishes Hope that Serious Conflict May be Averted—First Chief of the Constitutionalists is in Hiding.

(BY MEXICAN CABLE AND A. P.)

VERA CRUZ, Sept. 25.—A reliable letter from Mexico City, says: "The letter is not exaggerated. Similar reports are driving the people of Vera Cruz frantic with terror."

ANOTHER BATTLE NEAR TORREON.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE)

PRESIDIO (Tex.) Sept. 25.—Official Constitutionalists advised received at Ojinaga, Mex., opposite Presidio, tonight reported a clash between Carranza and Villa forces near Torreon. The disputed area, no details. Col. Francisco Ortega, acting jefe politico at Ojinaga, received instructions today from Gen. Villa not to permit a shipment of 2000 cattle and 2000 mules sold by Gen. Rosalio Hernandez, American, but ready to cross the border. The shipment reached Ojinaga today. Villa explains that Hernandez has espoused the cause of Carranza.

(MADEROS ON THE WAY.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE)

LAREDO (Tex.) Sept. 25.—Al-

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

"Le Duc," According to Rabajoi.



THE WORLD'S NEWS

IN TODAY'S TIMES.

EPILOGUE, CLASSIFIED AND INDEXED.

Leading Events of Yesterday: (1) Battle of the Aisne. (2) Anarchy in Mexico City. (3) Carranza Force Defeated. (4) Irish Revolt at Recruiting. (5) German Reverse on Russian Frontier. (6) Peace Treaties Ratified. (7) South-

ern Pacific Suit.

INDEX.

PART I. TELEGRAPH NEWS.
1. Germans Gain Heights; Driven Back
2. Invasion Die from Fumes.
3. New York Exchange May Open.
4. Wilson Closes Wireless Plant.
5. Disaster Ends Recruit Work.
6. Eastern and Northern Ballot.
7. Tetzlaff and Mechanician Injured.
8. Harry A. Wible at Vera Cruz.
9. Classified Advertisements.
10. News in Brief: Vital Statistics.

PART II. PICTORIAL CREAM SHEET.
1. Fredericks in Home County.
2. His Appearance Brews a Riot.
3. Ready for the Meeting Pot.
4. Editorial: Pen Points: Versa.
5. Letters to the Times.
6. News in Local Society.
7. In the Churches Tomorrow.
8. News from Southland Counties.
9. Business: Money: Stocks: Bonds.
10. Public Service: City Hall: Courts.

SUMMARY.

THE SKY. Cloudy. Wind at 5 p.m. from the southwest; velocity, 5 miles. The temperature, highest, 85 deg.; lowest, 64 deg. Forecast: Fair. For complete report see the last page of Part I.

THE CITY. The Chamber of Commerce wired a protest to Congress against provisions of a bill that would have the city off from benefits of a rich region in Arizona to be tapped by railroads.

Figures were furnished showing that the loss of crop of this State this year will be greater than \$5,000,000, and half the coming crop.

Capt. Fredericks was greeted by an enthusiastic audience on his return to his home county.

The American forces will remain at Vera Cruz until the question of authority between Villa and Carranza is settled.

Secretary Daniels remitted the fine imposed on German liners at Vera Cruz at the time of the American occupation.

Four neutral nations in the European war were represented in a big conference for neutralization before a Federal judge.

A boy's sickness caused a reconciliation between parents that brought him an inheritance of \$50,000.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. Two young people have been married after many trials and tribulations.

Friends are making stanchions of a pastor against whom some

The reader who would do justice to himself will not depend wholly upon the foregoing summary, comprising as though it is, but will take in the complete news reports, which cannot be luminously summarized, epitomized or classified.

Ebb and Flow.

GERMANS GAIN MEUSE HEIGHTS; REVERSE IN THE EAST REPORTED.

Invaders, Having Won Point for which They Struggled, Push Forward in Direction of St. Mihiel.

Two Engagements that May Have Decisive Results on the Great Battle are Now Being Fought in the North of France—New Armies from Munich and Some Point on the English Channel are Being Rushed into Action.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

LONDON, Sept. 25, 11:25 p.m.—German troops are being transported into France over the railway line between Munich, Gladbach and Aix-la-Chapelle, according to the Amsterdam correspondent of Reuter's Telegram Company, who says that this fact is stated in a telegram from Maestricht.

LONDON, Sept. 25, 9:50 p.m.—Almost simultaneously the two great hammer strokes in the battle in Northern France have fallen and some decisive result must be announced before long. The allies have struck the German right wing and the Germans, on their part, have hurled themselves against the Meuse and that their troops debouched from Toul have advanced in the region of Beaufort.

The commencement of these two attacks in earnest was disclosed by the French official statement issued this afternoon, but little is told of how they are progressing. The action against the German right is described as very violent, in which the French left encountered an army corps composed of troops which the Germans brought from the center of Lorraine and the Vosges.

The clash occurred in the district between Tergnier and St. Quentin so that the French have made considerable advance to the northwest since the last mention was made of this part of their army. The country is a rolling one, intersected by streams, canals and a perfect network of roads running in all directions.

The French report admits that the Germans have succeeded in gaining foothold in the heights of the fort of St. Michel, bombarding the forts of Paroches and the Roman camp, which face each other across the Meuse. The communication, however, adds that on the other hand to the south of Verdun, the French remain masters of the heights of the Meuse and that their troops debouched from Toul have advanced in the region of Beaufort.

In the course of the east of Rethme the French have made some progress, but otherwise nothing of importance has happened so far as is shown in the official reports, and no other information is available, as the strict censorship has now been established.

Some confirmation comes today of

yesterday's report that the Germans

have suffered a reverse on the East

Prussian frontier. Seven trainloads

of troops, including German

oners, have arrived at Pukov, accord

ing to a Petrograd dispatch, having

been engaged in severe fighting on

the borders of Suwalki, where they

are said to have met with financial reverses in New York over the lack

of interest in his reform moving picture venture. The Duke is said to be

in Canada while New York creditors are fondling his checks. Rabajoi's

sketch of "Le Duc," as it appears above, was made in Philadelphia, where

the Duke recently was the guest of the smart set of the Quaker city.

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Financing.

TEN MILLIONS CAPITAL, BUT ONLY ON PAPER.

Duke of Manchester Reported to be in Hard Luck with the Financial Centers of New York City—His Grace Said to be Out of Earshot of Gotham—Moving Picture Venture that Failed.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Sept. 25.—The Duke of Manchester, who left New York for Philadelphia a week ago when it appeared that his international education league, a moving-picture venture, capitalized at \$10,000,000, was doomed to go under, was reported yesterday by his friends to be in Canada.

According to reports of the County Horticultural Commissioner, San Bernardino county ranks among the highest in citrus fruits and also in grapes and deciduous fruits.

A motion in the disbarment proceedings brought against the attorney in the Guggenheim-Wahl divorce case was heard in San Francisco.

GENERAL EASTERN. The wireless of the Marconi Company at Sacoconsett, Mass., was ordered closed by President Wilson.

Judge Lovett in the Southern Pacific suit in New York said the ownership of the Central Pacific tended to stifle competition.

Secretary Daniels in a speech at Albany, N. Y., pointed out the importance of developing inland waterways and canals.

GENERAL. Peace treaties with Great Britain, France and Spain were ratified by the Senate yesterday.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo has published a list of banks which have accumulated excess reserves.

The war revenue bill taxing California wines was passed by the House.

MEXICO. A condition of anarchy is said to prevail in Mexico City where looting and rioting are declared to be of daily occurrence.

The American forces will remain at Vera Cruz until the question of authority between Villa and Carranza is settled.

Secretary Daniels remitted the fine imposed on German liners at Vera Cruz at the time of the American occupation.

PEARL'S STATEMENT.

Mr. Pearl said: "The original bill was \$700. After we chased the Duke of Manchester, he finally paid us \$250. This check was protest. Then he came back and assured us three or four times that the check would be paid. We accepted that many times and each time it was returned."

SETTLED BY CHECKS.

It is reported among those interested in the Duke's financial affairs that the first bill and the Palmerite indebtedness are not the only ones he has settled by checks not yet realized upon.

Capt. Peter Drouillard, who, with several others of the Duke's friends, are trying to settle his affairs so he can return to New York unmet.

AN EARTHQUAKE

VISITS ECUADOR.

(BY PACIFIC CABLE.)

GUAYAQUIL (Ecuador) Sept. 25.—

A heavy earthquake shock was felt here this morning. No damage was done, but a great panic was caused among the people.

"The Duke doesn't really know the

DUBLIN, Sept. 24.—On the eve of Premier Asquith's visit to Dublin to call for Irish recruits, the original members of the provisional committee of Nationalist volunteers have issued a manifesto repudiating John Redmond and the Irish party, and declaring that Ireland cannot with honor or safety take part in foreign quarrels, except through the free action of its own government.

Originally this provisional committee of volunteers consisted of representatives of the extreme Sinn Féin party, but it has been the likelihood of their using volunteers to embarrass the parliamentary home rule movement that Redmond insisted on being allowed to add a number of representatives to the committee to represent to the government to summon loyal and patriotic Ireland to take part in defense of our common Manifesto.

ASQUITH TO THE IRISH.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

LONDON, Sept. 25.—With an appeal to the Mansion House here, the Duke of Redmond, who followed, said he had promised the Archbishop of

Malmesbury that Ireland would bring her arms and strength to avenge Louvain.

"It is Ireland's duty to fight," he said.

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Malmesbury that Ireland would bring her arms and strength to avenge Louvain.

"It is Ireland's duty to fight," he said.

The Prime Minister received a tremendous welcome when he appeared at the Mansion House with John E.

Reinforcements.

NEW ENGLISH ARMY ON THE WAY

IMPORTANT FACTOR OF BATTLE.

BY AN ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF "THE ARMY AND NAVY JOURNAL."

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

N EW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Sept. 25.—Interest centers on the two flanks of the armies in the great battle in France. It is here that the battle is to be decided, but it cannot yet be told which will be the victor.

In the north the allies are advancing slowly against a stiff resistance.

A new British army advancing from the channel ports is giving important aid to the allies' turning movement and may be the deciding factor in this field.

With every advance the position of

Gen. Von Kluck's army in its salient

front is becoming more and more

dangerous. The press

is reporting that the

French are

now

more

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Turpiline, Terrible and Mysterious Substance Slaughters by the Wholesale.

INVADERS DIE INSTANTLY FROM EFFECTS OF FUMES.

Experts Required to Manipulate Novel Weapon Used Along Marne.

Lines of Slain Soldiers in Standing Posture Still Grasping Their Weapons Found, According to Report — Latest Ammunition Produces Instantaneous Paralysis and Kills Every Living Thing in its Vicinity.

[BY A. P. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.]

London, Sept. 17.—Remarkable tales of novel engines of war are appearing in all parts of Europe, but nothing has yet equaled the reports circulated concerning new guns used by the French, which fire turpiline, a substance said to produce instantaneous and painless death for every living thing within its reach.

Although it is said to be deadly in its work, turpiline cannot be objected to on the ground that it violates humane principles of war. In fact, it is so humane that it must not be confused with lyddite and other explosives which have deadly fumes.

English correspondents have reported that entire lines of German soldiers stood dead in their trenches as a result of the fumes from the mysterious turpiline discharged by the French in engagements along the Marne. The dead Germans were reported to have maintained a standing posture and retained their rifles in their hands, so sudden and unusual was the effect of the new weapon.

Instantaneous paralysis is said to have been produced.

The French gun for the use of turpiline is shrouded in as great mystery

as turpiline itself. Experts are required, it is said, for the use of the new ammunition and the manipulation of the strange gun so recently introduced into warfare.

Men are now speculating in whether turpiline will lend itself to use in aeroplanes. Lyddite, it is said, can be successfully employed by military aeroplanes and Zeppelins. As Zeppelins are capable of carrying loads of considerable size, it is believed they might utilize turpiline. However, in the present war, military experts do not expect to see any of France's enemies discover enough about turpiline to produce its gun or duplicate it.

London is constantly hearing stories of the terrible engines of war Germany will send over the British capital and bombs containing horrors of unprecedented weapons.

It is predicted the Germans may drop upon darkened London streets.

But such stories cause little uneasiness because of the experience of Paris with German bombs. A few persons were killed there, but the Parisians in general enjoyed the visit of the German airships, which ordinarily sailed over the French capital about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Great crowds thronged into the streets to see the aerial visitors and showed little fear of the bombs dropped from the sky.

Viewpoint.

GERMAN METHODS SCORED BY LOS ANGELES BISHOP.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Sept. 25.—The Right Rev. J. H. Johnson, Protestant Episcopal bishop of Los Angeles, arrived today. Referring to the shelling of Rheims' cathedral, the sacking of the Belgian cities and dropping of bombs on Antwerp, Bishop Johnson said:

"If I were a wordy man, I would feel bound to put it all the more strongly, and I regret at this instant that I am not. We are taught to forgive the sins of our enemies, but I cannot help feeling that the Hohen-

Reduced.

GERMAN GUNS SHATTER MAUBEUGE FORTIFICATIONS

[A. P. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.]

ROTTERDAM, Sept. 14.—The correspondent of the Berliner Tageblatt, with the German general headquarters in the field, describing the fortifications of Maubeuge, recently taken by the Germans, points to the fact that this was the first fortress of its kind to be taken.

The fortress consisted of a series of forts and outworks. These latter were composed of permanent trenches and redoubts, access to which was difficult owing to the general use of barbed wire entanglements. The armament was placed in open emplacements, but in mobile instead of stationary, as usually is the case. During the attack on the fortress as a whole, everything had been instructed to teach the population to use potato meal as an ingredient for bread dough. It is asserted that while the grain harvest was not as plentiful as was expected, it was unusually rich in all respects and the addition of potato meal, therefore, would be desirable in proportions of 10 per cent potato starch and 20 per cent potato meal.

LIMIT NATURALIZATION.

The German Minister of the Interior has recommended that the requirement in the German naturalization of foreigners be limited to the utmost in favor of foreigners offering their services as volunteers in the German army.

The advance of the German army has been rapid. The German right wing in France, Maj.-Gen. Gatti, of the Italian army, says in the Corriere della Sera that the performance was astonishing in speed and in result. The advance, he says, resembles the progress of the German army in 1914.

According to a journal of the alcohol industry, the production of alcohol in Germany has been cut down 40 per cent, and of the 40,000 French taken at Longwy, and all others taken since, total now over 260,000.

ALCOHOL IN GERMANY.

According to a journal of the alcohol industry, the production of alcohol in Germany has been cut down 40 per cent, and of the 40,000 French taken at Longwy, and all others taken since, total now over 260,000.

URGES ENGLAND'S DEFEAT AT WHATEVER COST.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

London, Sept. 26, 8:15 a.m.—A copy of a memorial addressed by the Hamburg section of the Pan-German League to the German Secretary of the Navy was received here today from Hamburg. It follows:

"The Germans are daily becoming more and more convinced that England, as the real organizer of this war that has been conjured up in such infamous manner, must be utterly vanquished at whatever cost.

"Here in Hamburg, merchants, shippers and workmen employed in arm-

the port and on the docks feel that England's intention is to throttle Germany's trade and commerce.

Resident of Hamburg knows that world trade and freedom of the seas are as necessary to the modern Germany as breathing. We therefore beg Your Excellency to adopt all measures necessary for the destruction of a power that shall gradually equal the naval strength of our united opponents so that we may vanquish the English, our deadly enemy, and his accomplices.

The German people are resolved to make any sacrifices to attain this aim."

What the Camera has Seen of the War in Europe.



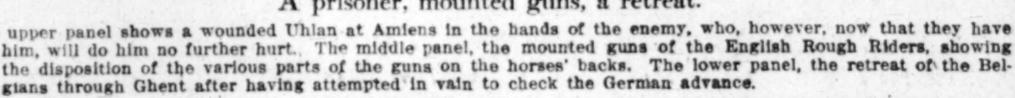
A Uhlans prisoner at Amiens



The mounted guns of the English rough rider



Belgian infantry retreating



A prisoner, mounted guns, a retreat.

CRACOW OCCUPIED BY GERMANS; AWAIT ADVANCE BY RUSSIANS.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

London, Sept. 26.—That Cracow has been occupied by German troops, that the town has been put under a German military commandant and that the Austrian civil administration has been displaced, is the gist of the latest advices received here, says the Petropolis correspondent of the Morning Post. "All the original administration of the town and all civil authorities of the Austrian gov-

ernment have left and the residents are leaving in a panic."

"The leaders of the Polish secret committee which has been in charge of all the Polish volunteers detached from the Austrian side have also left Cracow. The Germans have thrown three army corps into the Cracow district, according to this information, and are bringing more troops in preparation for the expected Russian attack."

"Word has been received here that Germany has stopped all traffic on the railways between Berlin and the German Baltic ports of Danzig, Elbing and Stettin. This news has set experts figures on the possibility of German descent on Russia."

"The advance of the German army is regarded here as impossible from the standpoint of an effective act of war, although it might be theatrically effective in supporting the morale of the Berlin populace."

Shifting Men.

The situation of the Germans would become perilous if the line they hold breaks. Dislodged from the position of their forces on the right, they would be endangered. It is because of this disquieting prospect that they are redoubling their efforts against the heights of the Meuse. We learn that they possess the promontory of Huy, which is not probably without difficulty, and that they are marching on St. Mihiel."

Lieut.-Col. Rousset refers to the difficulties of the territory confronting the Germans, whose left wing is menaced by the mobile garrison of Toul, and declares that, even should the Germans succeed in their efforts,

they would not become masters of the French fortified front. They would

have to descend the heights of the Meuse and cross the river under fire, and the force of the center, which are still intact, would constitute a serious danger to the operations.

BAR GERMAN ARMY

IN SWITZERLAND.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

ROME, Sept. 25 (via London).—The Giornale d'Italia publishes a report from Basel that Switzerland has refused a request from the Germans for permission to send three army

corps across Swiss territory.

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BAR GERMAN ARMY

IN SWITZERLAND.

THE GAZETTE, Sept. 26.—Lieut.-Col. Rousset, writing in the Petit Parisien, says:

"The enemy, perceiving the danger to his right wing, as indicated by the communication Friday afternoon, has perceptibly reinforced it to the detriment of the center and left. This explains the violence of the battle which is being waged between the Somme and the heights on the left bank of the Oise. But in doing this the enemy necessarily stripped his front and we have profited immediately by advancing toward Berry and Moronvilliers.

"Lieut.-Col. Rousset refers to the difficulties of the territory confronting the Germans, whose left wing is menaced by the mobile garrison of Toul, and declares that, even should the Germans succeed in their efforts, they would not become masters of the French fortified front. They would

GERMANS DROP BOMB IN BOULOGNE SHIPYARD

Heavy Siege Guns Installed in Belgian Towns by Invading Forces.

Tremendous Effect of Artillery is Shown on Maubeuge Fortifications, Considered Impregnable — Berlin Reports Over Quarter of Million Prisoners Have Been Taken, Russians, French, British and Belgians.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

London, Sept. 25.—A dispatch to the Reuter Telegraph Company from Boulogne says:

"About midday a German aeroplane flew over Boulogne at great height and the aviator threw a bomb into a shipbuilding yard. No one was injured and slight damage was done. The aviator continued his flight in a southerly direction."

London, Sept. 25, 10:25 p.m.—The Belgian mail steamer Leopold II, which arrived at Folkstone today from Ostend, according to the Central News, reports that she narrowly escaped damage by a bomb dropped from the Zeppelin airship which yesterday flew over Ostend. Fragments of a bomb fell on the steamer's deck. A duel in the air over Brussels between a Belgian biplane, which was making a reconnaissance, and a German machine, which is in pursuit of the biplane, is described briefly by a correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Company who witnessed the combat.

The two machines ascended to a great altitude and after a swift flight the aviators exchanged shots at short range. Suddenly the German machine turned turtle and fell and the Belgian machine returned toward Antwerp.

London, Sept. 26, 3 a.m.—German aviators on Friday dropped bombs on the race course at Amiens, thinking it to be an aviation camp, according to a dispatch from Boulogne to the New York Express.

London, Sept. 25.—Telegraphing from Amsterdam, the correspondent of the Reuter Telegraph Company says the thirty-first German casualty list, carrying a total of about 1000 men killed, wounded and missing, has been given out. It includes the names of twenty-three officers of one regiment, who were killed in five days fighting.

The Ostend correspondent of the Reuter Telegraph Company sends the following dispatch:

"Forty thousand Germans have been encamped in the environs of Waterloo since Saturday, headquarters being established at Ruybroeck. All passengers to Mons are being refused by the German authorities at Brussels, the object apparently being to prevent travelers seeing the great amount of army transport which has already turned there from France.

"The Germans have installed a station at Gravelines, near the port of Boulogne. To prevent the leakage of these places from reporting, the men have all been shut up in church and the women have been sent to Brussels.

"As a consequence of the exchange of supplies in some cases of supplies the German governor of Boulogne has consented to Burgundian going to Antwerp with the object of securing the consent of the Belgian government for the distribution of supplies and cattle to the city. The understanding is that no provisions will be required for the Germans.

Snapped.

KAISER SEEN IN MOVIES UNDER ENEMY'S FIRE

BY RENE ARROS.

BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.

ORLEAUX (France) Sept. 25.—The newspaper La France publishes the following:

"Under the direction of the Kaiser cinematograph operators are following the German armies and making films. When the pictures have been passed upon and are judged to be useful they are sent to Denmark, Sweden and Norway for exhibition purposes. They show the German

army to excellent advantage in parades, impressive snappy skirmishes and bombardment of distant villages.

In brief, everything is which can be arranged easily by the operator. Moreover, designed to pose for one of the which bears the title 'Under the Kaiser's Fire.' It can be seen in the

Swedes and Norway for exhibition purposes. They show the German

army to pay 15 per cent.

"It," said McAdoo, in a statement

put out with the list, "the large amount of loanable funds that are

available from active employment, as indicated by these figures, were invested

in commercial or agricultural paper.

On paper security the present

situation would be greatly re

duced if the reserves in this bank ran

25 per cent. to 74 per cent.

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FEDERAL LEAGUE

FEDS OUTBAT TIPTOPS, 2 TO 1.

TROJANS CLASH WITH L.A.A.C.

First American Football Game Today.

Trojans and Clubmen Eager for Struggle.

Methodists to Make Their Initial Bow.

BY HOWARD W. ANGUS.

"Are you ready, Capt. Davis of the L.A.C.?"

When Referee Dr. Smith of Bevard asks those questions on Bevard at 3 o'clock this afternoon and the captain snaps back his short, "Yes," the first American football game of the year will be on.

The south will see again the squirming, the zig-zagging backs, the spirals.

It is to be a battle to the finish between the Trojans and the clubmen, with the refreshing fruits of victory and for one weary eleven or other.

INTRODUCES TROJANS.

The game is important because it is the first of the season, but more important because it introduces the Trojans and Coach Ralph Glaze to the American football fans.

Everybody has been taking everything.

"What will the Trojans do?"

"Now comes the answer—not the one—but it will serve in a pinch.

For six weeks the Trojans have been giving their all to the game.

For more than a week they have been scrimmaging with all their might and main.

Now comes the test.

They are ready. As far as condition goes, they are right. In those five days they have learned much. But all to be sure.

Against them will be pitted the men—an eleven gathered from the four corners of the city." For six weeks "Nap" D'Aule has been drilling them on maneuvers and driving them through sharp butts.

These twelve are better fitted to begin the season than any others. They have not been working longest and hardest?

EVENLY MATCHED.

Neither Coach Glaze nor "Nap" D'Aule will say a word about the game and a sort of an eye-opener to the men. They are leaving all to the game itself.

That are anxious to win, goes without saying. It is their official bow.

In paper the two teams look like stand-off.

The clubmen have more experience. They did not have to be told what to do. On the other hand the Trojans have been able to take time training.

The club has college patriotism to inspire it—the love of the game; behind the scenes a university and all for it stands.

It is to be no "tac-you're-it" affair.

The Trojan varsity and the club are out to win. These two practiced once or twice to see in the scrimmages the men each take up. Some of them have agreed not to speak of being wasted.

SECRET WORK.

Yesterday afternoon Coach Glaze held the gates on Bevard Field and had a secret practice. Behind that he sent his men through the gates that they are to use against him, explaining everything and the reason.

Last night at the L.A.A.C. Coach Glaze made his men run two or three laps for a warm-up and put the hands of the rubbers in the hands of the players.

A single and an error in the last inning. The score:

UFFEDS LOSE TO PACKERS, 4 TO 1.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

BUFFALO, Sept. 25.—Buffalo in the opening game today to Kansas City by a score of 4 to 2. Fred Anderson held the visitors runless for six innings while his team-mates gained lead of two runs off Packard. Teddies a single and an error in the last inning. The score:

KANSAS CITY

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REBELS SHUT OUT HOOSIER PLAYERS.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

PITTSBURGH, Sept. 25.—Pittsburgh was in fine form today to Indiana by a score of 2 to 1. The Hoosiers got only three hits, and one in the sixth inning.

The Rebels shut out two runs.

Two runs, two hits, and one in the sixth inning.

The Rebels made them public when as desired.

INDIANAPOLIS

REBELS SHUT OUT HOOSIER PLAYERS.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 25.—It was arranged at the headquarters of the National Baseball Commission here that the names of players drafted by the National and American Leagues would not be given out by the commission, but that the individual clubs would make them public when as desired.

SWANBROUGH IS KILLED IN RACE.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

DENVER, Sept. 25.—E. W. Swanbrough, a veteran automobile racer, was killed in a race at the Overland track here late today. His machine plunged through a fence and a timber struck Swanbrough on the head. This was the first day of a series of races conducted by the Denver Motor Club.

FOOTBALL TOMORROW IN CEN-

TRAL STATES:

At Bloomington—Depauw versus Indiana.

At Lawrence—Haskell versus Kan-

sas.

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schools and Colleges.

LOS ANGELES MILITARY ACADEMY
HUNTINGTON DRIVE

Twentieth year begins September 29, 1914. Resident and Day Students.

IF LOOKING FOR A BOYS' SCHOOL YOU ARE INVITED TO VISIT LOS ANGELES MILITARY ACADEMY. You will see the coziest and most home-like school plant in all California. Everything on California modern plan. Rustic—Artistic—airy—open. Every want provided.

Beautiful grounds—trees—shrubbery—flowers in profusion. All in the country, yet in the city.

No "Detailed U. S. Army Officer." We prefer to be governed by ourselves. Military, not to make soldiers, but for physical development and school discipline.

Captain Geo. O. Lockwood, formerly of the Seventh Regiment, the best drill master and military school disciplinarian in Southern California, is still Commandant of Cadets. Masters, university graduates and experienced teachers.

All elementary and High School subjects. Commercial and Manual Training Courses.

The charges are moderate for a high-class school and range as follows: Lockwood House (for small boys) \$500.00 per school year.

Carroll Hall (boys twelve to fourteen) \$550.00.

Fremont Hall (for older boys) \$550.00 and up.

For further information address the Principal, Walter J. Bailey, A. M.

Phones 31411 and East 450.

HUNTINGTON HALL
Boarding and Day School for Girls, Oneonta Park, South Pasadena.

Suburban school with city advantages. Accredited to eastern colleges and California universities. Special course for students not going to college. Special attention given to modern languages. Art, expression, aesthetic dancing. Thorough musical instruction. Classes for piano, violin, cello, organ, etc. Girls in this school are admitted to this course are admitted to graduating class of conservatories of Cincinnati and New York, and received by European masters.

Has its own dairy and vegetable garden. Double room without bath, including board, \$1000. Double room with bath, \$900. Double room with bath, \$900. Single room with bath, \$1000.

Day school tuition: Intermediate, \$150; Advanced, \$220, for the entire year. These prices include room, board, tuition, books, supplies, uniforms, etc. Extra charge for expression, aesthetic dancing, physical culture. The only extra charge is for music lessons.

Six electric cars pass the school grounds; ten minutes' ride from Pasadena; twenty minutes from Los Angeles. Miss FLORENCE HOUSER, Principal. Tel. Home 2222.

WILSHIRE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
624 South Normandie Avenue (one-half block from Wilshire Boulevard). Tel. 56622.

WILL OPEN SEPTEMBER 29TH

Day pupils only. Modern methods and specialist teachers in all departments. College-preparatory, Intermediate and Primary. New building, open-air study. Little boys and girls welcome. Miss MARY DEPARTMENT, Mrs. M. J. Julian, Principal; Miss Katherine Weston, Director; Miss Alice Webb, Vice-Principal. Evening service. Painting, Expression and Needlework. Classes in EURYTHMICS conducted by a pupil of Jeanne-Darc.

Admission to Primary, Preparatory and Middle, V. C. F. Primary Department, Drawing and Arts and Crafts in Primary, and Intermediate classes. Lectures during school year in Music, Art, English, Literature, French, German, Spanish. Principal, 184 C. FIRRETT, formerly of the Principals of Los Robles School, Pasadena.

ORTON SCHOOL
PASADENA.

Will reopen for 25th year September 24.

Outdoor Study. Art, Music, Gymnasium, Horseback Riding and outdoor sports.

MISS A. B. ORTON, Principal. F.O. 696, 130-170 S. Euclid Ave.

Adams and Girls' Collegiate School
"Case de Rose" Hoover Street.

Twenty-third year begins September twenty-ninth. Resident and day pupils.

"An ideal school and ideal surroundings." Sub-Freshman year (eighth grade). Four years and Academic, or High School. Girls accepted at leading colleges and universities.

Pre-Graduate, Intermediate, Secondary, Standardized methods.

COURSES: BUSINESS METHODS introduced this year.

Alice H. Farnham, Art, Music, W. G. Davis, Principals.

Office hours in summer, 10 to 4 o'clock. Special appointments by telephone. Telephone: Home 24254; Sunset, West 711.

St. Catherine's School for Girls

824 South Normandie Avenue, opposite Chester Place. Third year opens September 24. Resident and day pupils. Normal, College-preparatory, General advanced and secretarial courses. Music, Art, Domestic Science and French, German, Art, Gymnasium, Music. Boys admitted to first grade and to the Montessori department, which is under the direction of an experienced Montessori graduate. Miss Thomas and Miss Moogren, Principals. Phones: 22226, West 4522.

CUMNOCK ACADEMY

Offers two 4-year courses—the college preparatory and the general. The regular Academy. CUMNOCK SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION. Strong, Art and Department. Physical training emphasized. Gymnasium, basketball, baseball, riding. Standardized methods. 1800 S. Figueroa. (Advertisement of Cumnock's School of Expression in Tomorrow's Times.)

Westlake School for Girls

Responses on Sept. 24. Accredited to University. Advanced classes in Art, Literature and Modern Languages. Art, Henrietta M. Shore, pupil of Robert Henri, Heatherley Art School, London. 618 So. Alvarado.

HOLLYWOOD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

An out-door school. Sunset Boulevard and May Ave. Boarding and Day School. College Preparatory. General advanced and secretarial courses. Music, Art, Domestic Science and French, German, Art, Gymnasium. Boys admitted to first grade and to the Montessori department, which is under the direction of an experienced Montessori graduate. Miss Thomas and Miss Moogren, Principals. Phones: 22226, West 4522.

MARLBOROUGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS Over Fourteen

445 West 23rd St., 24th Year. Certificate admits to Wellesley, Vassar, Mt. Holyoke, Smith, Berkeley and Stanford. Advanced and special courses. Domestic Science, Sewing, Miming, etc. Music Dept. in charge of Mr. Waldo F. Chase. Miss Whitham, 1215 S. Figueroa. (Advertisement of Marlborough School of Expression in Tomorrow's Times.)

PAGE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

4511 Pasadena Ave. Opens Sept. 15. College preparatory and special courses. Pasadena building, airy, beautiful rooms. Highly scientific courses, etc. A home-like atmosphere in beautiful surroundings. EMMA E. PAGE, M. LOUISE REINER, Principals.

WILSHIRE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

224 South Normandie Avenue, III open September 24. Day pupils only; all departments. New Building, outdoor study. Principal, MISS E. FIRRETT. Home 56622.

ANGELES VISTA SCHOOL

Day and Home School for girls of all ages. Eighth year begins Sept. 25th. All departments: prepare for college. Music, art, basketry, domestic science. Outdoor life and ideal surroundings. Catalogues on request. 1844 ST. ANDREWS PLACE, Home 73544.

\$25 PER MONTH PER MONTH \$25 RARE OPPORTUNITY

Venice Military Academy

BOARDING SCHOOL for Grammar and Primary. Excellent teachers, large, strong faculty; excellent classes and dormitories. Must be able to predict. These terms apply only to the first thirty days. Apply to Mr. Robert A. Howard, 1010 N. Figueroa, Los Angeles. Tel. 2447. City telephone 4344.

SMALL CLASSES

And individual instruction have made the Y. M. C. A. Day Schools famous. Thorough instruction in automobile accounting, typewriting, machine shop practice, shorthand, wireless telegraphy, all grammar and High School grades.

Y. M. C. A. South Hope Street, near Seventh.

SHORTHAND IN ONE HOUR

With Mrs. Lena A. White's Human Voice Shorthand System, which can be memorized in one hour, it is possible to become an expert stenographer in 40 days at the

HUMAN VOICE SHORTHAND SCHOOL

MARSH-STRONG BLDG., NINTH AND MAIN STS. HOME PHONE F5595.

The Davis-Woodbury Business College

Fifth Floor Hamburger Bldg., Broadway and Eighth. Efficient teaching, inspiring instruction, modern methods; large, light, cool rooms; 100 feet above street noise and dust. Leader since 1884—THIRTY YEARS. Always going. BEGIN NOW. Call, write, phone.

F5585; Main 152.

California-Brownberger Commercial College

New Home, Knickerbocker Bldg., 643 S. Olive St. DAY AND NIGHT. STUDENTS ENROLLED ANY TIME. Books and Supplies and Typewriter at home FREE. Call, write, or phone F5584 or Main 2811 for catalog.

YALE SCHOOL

305-320 NORTH UNION AVE., Los Angeles, Cal. Boarding and Day School for Young Men and Boys. Girls and High School Girls. Girls only. Non-Murder School in Southern California. Emphasizes Home Life. Paying special attention to the boys' moral, mental and physical development. Fine gymnasium and athletic instructor. Businesses branches taught. Manual Training. Illustrated Catalogues. Phone Wilshire 2511.

EGAN SCHOOL

MUSIC & DRAMA

1324 So. Figueroa St.

Fall term opens Sept. 14th.

Send for Catalog.

Phone 60371—Main 3357.

BELMONT SCHOOL FOR BOYS

21 miles south of San Francisco. Prepares for College. General and elective courses. Address Secretary, Dept. A, care W. T. Reid, Belmont, Cal.

Phone 60371—Main 3357.

[Advertisement]

The New British

Have you seen it—the new model in men's and young men's suits, made by the House of Kappeneimer?

We would like to show you these English suits, patch pocketed, broad lapaled, extremely modish.

A few minutes of your time spent in our suit department will convince you of greater suit values than we have ever been able to show you.

Have you seen our window display at the Spring street entrance? On one side is a handsome showing of silk shirts; on the other, the newest Dunlap hats in autumn styles.

Established 1862.
Desmond's
THIRD ST. AT SPRING
Open This Evening Until Ten

SAN DIEGO ARMY AND NAVY ACADEMY Fall term will begin Sept. 25. Illustrated Catalog on request. U. S. Army officer as Commandant of Cadets. College, Commercial, Art, Aviation, Engineering, Business, etc. 20 acres. Teachers representative of leading American and European Institutions. Character training, \$500 to \$1000 per year. Room, \$100 to \$150 per month. 18th and 19th Streets, San Diego. Aptos, Los Angeles, or write Capt. Thos. A. Davis, Sup't, Pacific Beach, Cal.

URBAN MILITARY ACADEMY

Day and Boarding School for Young Boys

801 ALTA MESA DR., LOS ANGELES.

Phone 22647. Fall Term Sept. 15th.

CALIFORNIA MILITARY ACADEMY

Boarding and Day School

18th and 19th Streets, Los Angeles.

Phone 22627.

HARVARD SCHOOL — Military

West Ave., Ten-Mile Campus. Fall term

opens Sept. 15th. Boarding and Day

Pupils. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

HOLLMAN BUSINESS SCHOOL

Specialists in Graham shorthand and Commercial. 18th and 19th Streets, Los Angeles. Phone 22626.

MISS ALICE'S SCHOOL FOR NERVOUS AND BACKWARD CHILDREN

1025 Arapahoe St.

1912 year. Most appropriate school.

For particulars address MRS. MAUD ALLEN.

Miss Abell's School

1022 South Alvarado Street, Ninth Year.

Open Air Study. Phone 22494.

Kensington School and Kindergarten

Day and Boarding School.

1641 Orange Street.

Whitney 4366. Fall year. Fall term, September 15th.

Classified Liners.

MACHINERY—

ELECTRICAL MOTORS

We can lay out your electric motor requirements

for maximum speed and torque and

motor size required. Our advice

is based on our experience.

U. S. ELECTRICAL MFG. CO.

1801 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles.

FOR SALE—ELECTRIC PLANT AND PIPELINE

100,000 feet, all steel, pipe to choose from.

Orders given prompt attention.

No order too large.

ADAMS PIPE WORKS

2026 Bay St.

BROADWAY 1262.

FOR SALE—SAVE YOU HALF. MATERIAL GUARANTEED

Good Windmills, Pumps, Manufacture

and all electrical tools. 1000-1000

DECEMBER, 12th N. Main. 1319-1320.

BROADWAY 1262.

FOR SALE—HOT LIGHTING ENGINE ROOM

having two engines with new belts, one

each, and a flywheel.

Having thus a

motor, having

a flywheel, having

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Finery Stolen.

Two modish gowns of delicate texture in the display windows of the Ballou Dry Goods, No. 448 South Hill street, aroused not only the admiration but the curiosity of some passer-by with the result that they were stolen early yesterday morning along with a dozen other gowns. The two gowns were owned by Miss Alice Loomis and Victoria and were valued \$1000. The other costumes are estimated to be worth another \$1000. Entrance was gained by forcing a rear door.

Minnesota Man Dies Here.

William Wesley Gibbs of St. James, Minn., died at the home of his son, W. W. Gibbs, Jr., No. 1815 West Twenty-first street, yesterday, aged 73 years. The deceased was a railroad land agent and has spent the past six winters in this city. About two months ago he came here in ill-health. Death was therefore not unexpected. Besides the widow he leaves his son, W. W. Gibbs, Jr., who is assistant cashier of the German-American Savings Bank, and a nephew, Carl Gibbs of Minnesota. The funeral will be held at the residence on Twenty-first street, at 2 o'clock on Monday afternoon.

TRIPLED OR TRIPED.

(LOCAL COURTESY OF JOURNAL)
SANTA BARBARA, Sept. 25.—A 1-year-old boar, caught by cowboys on Santa Cruz Island, has been brought to this city by F. N. Gehl. The animal has but three legs, but as it was born that way, suffers no inconvenience in getting about. It barks and shows viciousness. Because it has but three legs the question is being asked, is it a maimed or a tripod?

—and the Worst Is Yet to Come



Question.
**NOVEL POINT
IN FRAUD CASE.**

CAN OFFICIALS LIVE ON LAND
FAR FROM STATION?

Government Claims Postmistress and Assistant at Huron Could not Fill Requirements on Valuable Public Land in Fresno County Alleged Fraudulently Secured.

A novel point of fact was raised in the case brought by the government against George Schwinn and Mattie A. Kearns, involving alleged charges of fraud in a patent secured by the defendants, involving two quarter sections of public land in Fresno county, heard by Judge Wellborn, of the United States District Court, yesterday. The case will be decided today.

Could Mr. Schwinn and Mrs. Kearns, holding a position in Huron, Fresno county, live on the land nine miles away, within the meaning of the law?

At the time that the land in question was entered on October 29, 1903, Mattie A. Kearns was postmistress at Huron, and Mr. Schwinn was assistant. The land was along the western edge of what is known as the Coalinga field of oil, and when patent was made on May 17, 1909, Mr. Schwinn sold four-fifths of his land for \$25,600, to a syndicate of Fresno business men.

The evidence did not show that any oil had ever been found on the land; in fact, no prospecting was ever done, but in common with others who were carried off of the land by the oil men, the men invested their money as a speculation, they said, but with an eye open to the possibilities of oil.

The point made by the government to secure a conviction there was a question as to whether it was impossible for the two to have maintained legal residence on the land. Fraud was charged in making the commutation and the nonmonetary proofs, by both of the defendants, and it was asserted that the members of the syndicate were not bona fide purchasers for value without notice.

The testimony of the eight men who put their money in the enterprise was that they knew nothing of the alleged fraud in securing the patent, and the transcript of the evidence for the court, heard at Fresno showed that the local Land Office at Visalia, the General Land Office at Washington, and the Secretary of the Interior had all decided that the men engaged in the syndicate were bona fide purchasers for value without notice.

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OIL WELLS THREATENED.

Fire in Residence Ignites Grass and Second Alarm Calls Apparatus to Avert Danger.

Several oil wells were threatened with destruction last night when fire of unknown origin was discovered in the home of Arthur Packer, No. 2200 Miramar street.

As the walls of the building fell in, a large quantity of dried grass became ignited and spread in the direction of the well.

A second alarm was turned in and additional apparatus was used to smother the blaze.

The loss on the dwelling was estimated at less than \$1500.

BUSINESS BREVITIES.
(Advertising.)

Even though winter is coming, the little lady need not stop wearing the "Oliver Twist" suits in which they look so well. Winter weight wash suits in this attractive style have been received at Harris & Frank's, Spring, next to the Boys' Department.

At the walls of the building fell in, a large quantity of dried grass became ignited and spread in the direction of the well.

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A. GREENE & SON Exclusive Ladies Tailors.

A Full Line of Reasonable Suitings on View.

321-25 WEST SEVENTH ST., Third Floor

BARGAINS IN BOOKS

STRATFORD & GREEN, 412-44 MAIN ST.

Main 1155

PACIFIC PORTABLE HOUSES

Attractive, cozy, well built, inexpensive, Pacific Portable Con. Co., 1420 S. Hill st., Los Angeles. Phone 2158-21 Main 825. Branch: 840 Main st., El Cajon, Cal.

VANCE Drug Co.

The place to fill Prescriptions.

Phones: 42925; Bdwy. 109.

4th and Broadway

W. S. KIRK SALE ARMY GOODS

125 S. Spring St.

ARNOLD FURNITURE CO.

Second and Los Angeles Streets

830-32 South Main St.

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The animal has but three legs, but as it was born that way, suffers no inconvenience in getting about.

It barks and shows viciousness. Because it has but three legs the question is being asked, is it a maimed or a tripod?

The House of Authentic Styles.

305-306 Fifth Ave.

New York.

At \$35.00

—as well as higher prices (for

Suits and Dresses)—the smartest models go first.

Of course we receive new garments every day—but they are not duplicates of what we have sold.

Thus early choice is often most satisfactory choice.

REED & HAMMOND.

1011 SOUTH GRAND AVE.

1611 SOUTH GRAND AVE.

AUCTION

SATURDAY, 10 A.M.

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Rooms 105-106

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M. C. WILSON, Secy. and Gen. Mgr.
F. A. PFAFFINGER, Assistant Treasurer.
MARION OTIS-CHANDLER, Vice-Pres., Secretary.

Los Angeles Times

EVERY MORNING IN THE YEAR.
Daily, Sunday, Illustrated Weekly and Semi-Monthly Magazine. Daily Founded Dec. 4, 1881—252 Years.

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LOS ANGELES (Loc Ahng-hau-ais)

Entered at the Postoffice as mail matter of Class 1.

TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.

CHIEF DEVELOPMENTS YESTERDAY.

[AT HOME:] A proposition that the New York Stock Exchange be suspended next month was admitted likely by a member of the board of governors. The rise in foreign exchange was believed due to the modified British moratorium. Bradstreet reports a fall trade below normal, which was to be expected, with a general rule observed to buy only for nearby pressing needs.

[Abroad:] The Peruvian government ordered the moratorium extended for eight days. The Imperial Bank of Germany issued a statement showing it was able to meet all demands made upon it by the war. (For details see the Financial Page.)

BRING THE HOSE!

Walnuts are advancing in price on account of the war. If it keep up they will be kernels.

BASEBALL INTELLIGENCE.

There seems to be a baseball sense. Anyhow it happens that the farther a man is away from the games, the more authoritatively will he speak of what did and did not happen.

WILL AND DEED.

Hindus at Fresno held a mass meeting to urge India to revolt against England. It is easy to advise something from America that would be difficult to execute in Hindustan.

A CURIOUS COMPLAINT.

It is almost droll to hear one nation complain that another is not kind in this war. These charges and counter charges of cruelty are almost amusing. When was ever gentle?

THAT BOY.

He may not be so much above the average and perhaps you cannot do exceptionally well by him, but he is yours and worth a million. By the way, the things you really want are worth all of the money in the world, anyhow.

CONSEQUENCES.

There are many who lead inspired lives, yet inspiration is not always born of joy. In the desperation of a hopeless love the heart unmasks itself, giving freely to the world out of a holy grief. The trail of goodness and of lovely deeds for many leads from some cherished grave.

THE NEW METHOD.

Local detectives found a criminal by the smelling process. This is enough to alarm a man about odors and to make women careful of perfume. By the way, the Tahiti women never kiss, they only smell. If they come near you and sniff it means you are sweet to them. If a detective sniffs at us on this side it is no compliment. At that it might be more agreeable to be the sniffer than the sniffer.

A MAN FOR A THAT.

As kings are rated, Albert of Belgium is a minor king; but as men go, he is a major man. His simple, democratic ways won the hearts of the Belgians long before war turned him into a popular hero. Whatever changes of heart may come to other European peoples, when they count up their dead and figure the price of the general slaughter, it is safe to say Belgium will not discard King Albert. His triumphs are not those of the gilt-brushed uniform, but of the plain khaki suit; his place was not in the council chamber with those who dictate war policies, but in the trenches along with the men who get killed.

THE SUBLTETY OF GRAMMAR.

It is not the dry study that children suppose. Grammar is as sensitive and as much a personality. Think of its moods and tenses, are they not a challenge to feeling? The indicative mood means all of science and condition. It is a statement of fact. The subjunctive contains all philosophy, speculation, fiction, drama and fairy stories. It is the superstitious. The imperative is all that commands, controls, compels. It is all of business and of war. It is all that is constructive and advancing. Its orders.

MEXICO AND WILSON.

They really have not yet sailed from Vera Cruz and the President does send a personal representative down there from time to time. The latter do not last long and no one ever finds out why they are any more than it is possible to know where they are. Their reason for being may be the amusement for Washington. It is certainly not the salvation of Mexico or the help of Americans who are in Mexico. Meanwhile Villa rampages, and Carranza, like another great man, has become a watchful waiter. Villa says he wants the government in the hands of a friend of the people. He probably has a good friend whom he could recommend for the place.

THE SURE WINNER.

Do you know who must win in this war, regardless of who else may lose? It is Russia. The rest may win much or lose much, but Russia will not lose. Russia wins for every ally that is killed just as much as it wins when a German falls. No English cruisers sink but Russia rises perceptibly; no Zeppelin falls but Russia lifts a wing; no bit of French territory is despoiled but the grasses of Russian plains take a deeper root. This war turns the hand of time back for all of Europe for fifty years. What a gift of time to the slow plodding flat!

OVERSEAS—THE SITUATION TO DATE. The hammer blows have been delivered, all accounts agree, and in a little while the world will know who is victor in the great battle being fought in the north of France between the Germans and the French-English allies. The allies have struck the German right wing and the Germans have returned the compliment. They have hurled themselves against the French line between Verdun and Toul. What is to the war correspondents without the word "hurl."

That the blow delivered by the allies was not charmed (which is to say that it was not instantly and immediately successful) is obvious. The allies are not crowning about it. On the other hand they have made the censorship a little more rigid than it was the day before—if that were possible.

Whether or not the blow by the Germans at the French line between Verdun and Toul amounts to much, the dispatches fail to relate. As a general proposition the allies have a monopoly of the wire lines over which news is distributed from the old to the new world. The Germans have a wireless system in operation between Nauen and Sayville, N. J. But the radiograph says nothing as to the success of the German hammer blow.

There is some confirmation of the report that the Germans have suffered a reverse on the east Prussian frontier. In Galicia the Russians have annexed a few more towns and made further arrangements to attack Przemysl.

The dispatches from the seat of war were desultory yesterday and last night of any references to cavalry engagements or cavalry attacks on a large scale.

PROGRESSIVES DESTROYED PROTECTION.

The big Bull Moose announces that it will be useless to support him for President unless you support "Progressive" principles. Hiram Johnson is not so particular. He wants to be supported as a non-partisan, as a candidate who has no political principles.

What are "Progressive" principles? The State platform of that party throws no light on the question, for it consists mainly of an endorsement of laws that were enacted before the Progressive infant came squalling and kicking into the world. One plank in the Progressive State platform is a declaration in favor of a protective tariff.

Hiram Johnson does not go so far as to claim that he was the author of the doctrine of protection, neither does he explain why he favors it in his utterances and antagonizes it in his actions. More than any other man in America, with the exception of Roosevelt, he is responsible for overthrowing protection and substituting free trade as a policy of government, for it was obvious to every intelligent observer of politics that the Progressive movement two years ago could have no other effect than the one it did have, to divide the Republican vote and throw the control of the legislature of the country into the hands of the free-trade Democracy.

The organization of a "reform" or "independent" or otherwise named third party has seldom had any other result anywhere than to destroy the supremacy of the dominant party and place the minority party in power. Even in those rare instances where the third party has succeeded in municipal elections because of the flagrant corruption of the dominant party, the result has been merely a change of thieves.

What well-founded hope can Gov. Johnson have, merely to help him hold on to an office that he has maladministered, the Republican party will dig its own grave in California, crawl into it and die? Does he expect Republicans to be grateful to him for co-operating with Earl and Lissner in disfranchising them two years ago?

In 1910, 177,191 Republican votes and 154,535 Democratic votes were cast in this State. In 1912, through the treacherous trickery and dishonest action of Johnson and his coadjutors, the names of the Republican nominees for electors were not printed on the official ballots at the election booths; 3914 Republicans wrote in the names of thirteen Taft electors. How did the returns wobblie seem to show that only 44,676 of them voted for Roosevelt and Johnson, and that 128,601 of them, enraged at the trickery of the Progressive leaders, expressed their disgust by voting for Wilson.

SAYING WE CARE.

A large majority of the people in this world work for just enough to make themselves comfortable, and the standard of comfort for many is not then too high. They work for wages, yet primarily they serve their fellows. All of us without exception profit by the labor of others if only in sharing the conveniences they create. It would be a remarkable thing if this element of service were recognized and personalized. If you sometimes stopped where the workers were and told them you liked what they did it might make a big difference in the spirit of their service. To say to a little shop and its people, "Your caps are good caps," to tell the girls in the necklace factory or to even tell the manager himself that the ties are beautiful, that they wear well and that you enjoy them would be certain to mean something to everybody in the place. To inspire others through your own appreciation is not an easy task.

The returns from the Eastern States show that everywhere the Progressive vote has dwindled into nothingness and the Republican party is coming into its own. It is not in the least probable that California will make any different showing in November.

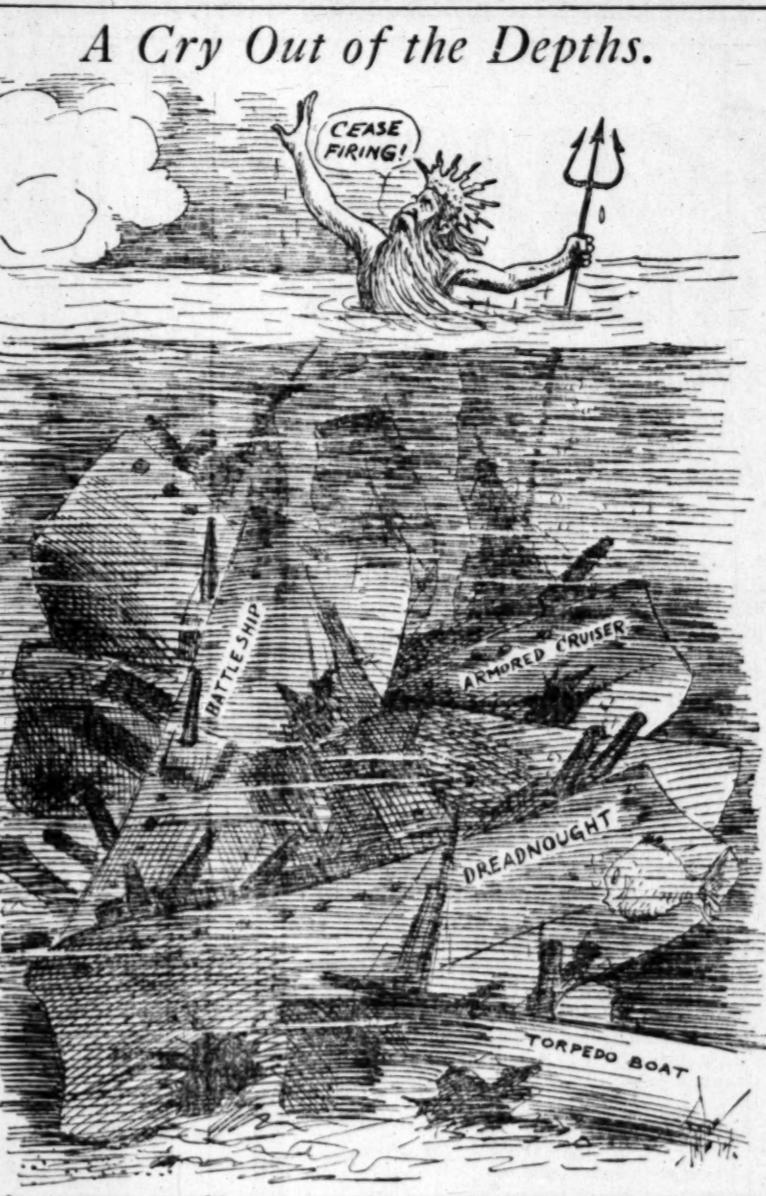
THE TUNA INDUSTRY.

In many ways the great Pacific Ocean is one of the most valuable assets of the commonwealth of California. Through at least three splendid harbors we are directly linked—especially since the opening of the Panama Canal—with the commerce of every country in the world. Our equable climate owes much of its charm to this huge regulating temperature reservoir. The pleasures of our people are multiplied by its many beach resorts. And, in addition the reasons of the French, Germans, Russians, Austro-Hungarians, the Belgians and English for engaging in the conflict. Along with this will appear the coats of arms of the warring nations over the national anthem of the peoples pouring out their life's blood in the legendary cockpit of Europe. In addition, the Overseas section will offer graphic accounts of actual warfare and interesting polemics from the nations embroiled. Among the latter, for instance, is a disquisition on the question of the ownership of Alsace-Lorraine. Has France a clear title to the provinces? Read what Thomas Carlyle told the London Times a general assembly ago, or at the time of the great Franco-Prussian war. Interesting data of the "bird man" and the aeroplanes will also appear in the Overseas section; to say nothing of the miscellaneous articles on the general theme of the war, its conduct, the origin of the conflict, the gains and losses, prospective and real.

COTTON PATCH PHILOSOPHY.

[Daily Oklahoman:] When de Hahrd Times comes' keep on a-pickin', and come the Good Times, come' jet' kolin' a-doin' the same thins', an' then do folks won't all be actin'! "How come him toh stan' all dat propertly?"

Folks what can't ebbin' git acquainted



A Cry Out of the Depths.

STREAKS OF WIT.

Intelligent Woman.

[Judge:] Mrs. Crawford: What makes you think that she knows her husband thoroughly?

Mrs. Crabshaw: Because she can tell exactly how much money to take out of his pocket without his missing it.

Bad Cold Fest.

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "Well, how did your camping trip turn out?" "It had great luck about that camping trip."

"How was that?"

"I got sick at the last moment and couldn't go."

Wanted a Change.

[Life:] "Will I get everything I pray for, mamma?"

Mother (cautiously): Everything that's good for you, dear.

Marjorie (disgustedly): Oh, what's the use, then; I get that anyway.

Perhaps.

[Sacred Heart Report:] "Oh, doctor, I have sent for you, certainly; still I must confess that I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science."

"Well," said the doctor, "that doesn't matter in the least. You see, a man has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same."

The Flatterer.

[Kansas City Times:] "Darling," whispered the silent suitor, "I lay my fortune at your feet."

"Your fortune?" she replied in surprise.

"I didn't know you had one."

"Well, it isn't much of a fortune, but it will look large beside those tiny feet."

Reason Enough.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch:] "How is it, Johnnie, that you have such a dislike for me?" said Johnnie's sister's caller. "I have never done anything to deserve it."

"Yes, you have," replied the boy. "When you come to see our Cora she always puts the clock back, and it makes me late for school."

She Scorns Him.

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "Don't keep pestering me."

"Then you won't marry me?"

"I wouldn't even be engaged to you at a summer resort."

As the Time Flies.

[St. Joseph News Press:] "Isn't that fellow ever going to propose?"

"I guess not; he's like an hour glass."

"How's that?"

"The more time he gets, the less sand he has."

Preparing for Campaign.

[Yonkers Statesman:] Patience: Did you see Peggy down at the beach?

Patrice: Oh, yes.

"What was she doing?" Flirting, as usual?

"No, she said she went down there for a rest."

Of Good Texture.

[Boston Transcript:] Higgins: I say, these trousers begin to look rusty already, and I haven't had them but about six months.

Tallor: That's all right. You know I told you they'd wear like iron.

Up-to-Date Mother.

[London Tit-Bits:] Mother: Johnny, stop using such dreadful language!

Johnny: Well, mother. Shakespeare uses it.

Mother: Then don't play with him; he's not fit companion for you.

Another Like Him.

[Puck:] Real Estate Operator: Old man, I can sell that Marsh Park lot I sold you five years ago.

Victim (with a sigh of relief): And they say to say there was one like me born every minute!

Need a Contract.

[Punch:] Manager (to applicant for position of traveler:) And what salary would you require?

Applicant: Six hundred pounds a year if I give satisfaction: £400 if I don't.

Need Mental Inspiration.

[Boston Advertiser:] "I must confess that I don't understand Henry James. His style is so involved."

"I'll tell you how to go about reading him. First run over a life insurance policy. After that Henry James will seem clear and lucid."

On the Reserve List.

[Munich Mergendorfer Blatter:] "So you intend to stay in Africa two years, Baron?" Are you not afraid that you'll be entirely forgotten in the meanwhile?"

"That's just what I hope."

All It Amounts To.

[Judge:] "Joiner's so loaded down with secret-society charms and emblems that he rattles when he walks."

"Exactly! Case of sounding brass and tinkling symbols."

What the Suit Is For.

[Boston Advertiser:] "There are different kinds of courage."

"I know that is a theory. But is it true?"

"Undoubtedly. A girl, for instance, will have the courage to wear an outlandish bathing suit, and yet not have the courage to go into the water."

POLITICAL NOTES FROM "POSSUM TROT."

[Daily Oklahoman:] Some folks run for office so hard that when they once get in they want to rest there all their lives.

Bill Bleivins has three blind mules, two wobbly buggies and one damaged auto for sale cheap. They all went through the late primary, but it was a mighty hard pull.

Some of our local candidates got to runnin' so fast in the primary that they are still hitting only the high places in the road and don't realize they're all over. The most of 'em, however, have got back to home and the cotton patch, ready still to save the country whenever she hollers for help.

Jim Doherty has lost more faith in his fellow. He says that every man in the township promised to vote for him before the primary, and now every one claims to be one of the two that voted for him on that occasion. But Jim says he knows mighty well where one of those two voted to him.

And stronger far the clasped hands.

The division of the law firm of Stoneman & Ling.

Mr. Ling has just concluded an unsuccessful campaign for the Democratic nomination for Senator. George M. Stoneman is a son of former Governor of California.

Tuesday evening in Phoenix, occurred the death of Mrs. Addison M.

MOVEMENTS IN SOCIETY.

M. R. AND MRS. THOMAS PHILIP NEWTON of this city arrived safely in New York yesterday, having sailed from Naples on the St. William, September 22. Like many others, Mr. and Mrs. Newton passed through some very serious and exciting times, which concluded with the sacrifice of part of their baggage in Paris. The steamer was met in New York by an American band, which was a fitting welcome home to the travelers. Mr. and Mrs. Newton are at Hotel Netherlands, where they will remain until October.

Alumnae Club.

Members of the Los Angeles Alumnae Club of the Pi Beta Phi Fraternity will hold their first meeting of the season today at Christopher's. Lunch will be served at 12:30 o'clock, and a visit to the residence of Mrs. Phelan is requested to telephone Miss William Phelan for covers. The club has enjoyed two meetings this summer—one at Long Beach and the other at Alamitos Bay, the latter affair being the annual house party presided over by members of the Leland Stanford Chapter.

Vacation Ends.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Aiden West returned last week from a very pleasant vacation at Pinecrest, in the San Bernardino Mountains.

Visitors Honored.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gets of No. 146 West Forty-third place entertained Tuesday evening with an enjoyable affair, honoring Mr. and Mrs. Henry Flock and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Decker of Seattle. Others sharing the hospitality were Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Vining, Mr. and Mrs. John Meyers, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schmeeger, Mrs. George McCallister, Mrs. Emanuel Daveler, Miss Muriel Daveler, John Snavely, Miss Marie Schmeeger and Louis Schmeeger, Jr.

Mrs. Dillinger Honored.

The home of Mrs. J. L. Dillinger of No. 1745 Orange Grove was decked with a profusion of flowers and greenery recently when she entertained with a large reception honoring her daughter, Mrs. Frank Phillips Dillinger of Spokane. In the living-room the mantel was banked with ferns, pink carnations and gypsophila, while the same flowers were arranged on the table and knobs about the room. A huge basket of pink Killarney buds was placed on a handsome centerpiece on the dining-room table. Assisting Mrs. Dillinger were Mrs. F. D. Rice, Mrs. E. W. Cason, Mrs. Rollin R. Lane and Mrs. A. L. Wilke. More than forty-five guests were present during the receiving hours.

Two Kaffee Klatch Affairs.

Mrs. Murray Russell, who recently returned from a summer spent in Montana, entertained with two delightful informal morning affairs for



Mrs. Thomas Phillips Newton
Of this city, who has just returned to
New York after a thrilling experience in Europe.

The ladies of the Hollywood Presbyterian Church. The affairs were in the nature of German "Kaffee klatch," and the guests were entertained last week at her pretty home, No. 1780 Vista del Mar.

Silk Stocking Club.

Mrs. W. T. Reynolds entertained the members of the Silk Stocking Club with a delightful luncheon Tuesday afternoon at her home, No. 5885 Hollywood Boulevard. Mrs. A. P. Worthington carried home the club

LAURA JEAN LIBBY
TALKS HEART TOPICS.

Regarding Tarnished Hopes.

"When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat; Yet, fool'd with hope, men favor the deceit. None would live past years again. Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remains."

New upspringing hope is always bright. Like youth, all joy seems to lie before it; its sunshine casting no shadows. The maiden has hopes that the lover who has just crossed her path is to prove to be all that her heart could wish. The bride's hopes are as rosy as the bright glow of the early morn.

But none of these hopes has the height and breadth of the mother's. She steps lightly from one trundling chair to another, smiling with pride as she gives free rein to the hopes which cluster about each tiny loved one. She hopes devoutly that the girls will grow up good, loving, beautiful and wiser, well, and that the lad will reach manhood strong, brave and true.

What air castles she builds for each one. She does not dread the hurrying years. On the contrary, she loves them. That they bring old age to her she does not consider. She thinks only of the time when they shall reach young womanhood and manhood, and her hopes of years of friction. Of course, she is building her hopes upon her boys and girls marrying well.

This does not mean riches, but proper mates. When she sees the flower of the family choose a worthless fellow, her high, bright hopes begin to dim.

If her other girls are as unlucky in love, and likewise her boys, she knows that her years of planning were all in vain. Children will follow their own course, let the path be smooth or rocky, and the parents' plans are not those of the son or daughter.

Once in a while the daughters see the folly and accept the mother's judgment in the case of the ne'er-do-well lover. It is too late, however, to take steps to mend, and begins to polish up, regild her tarnished hopes. If the fortunes of the girl prove to be for the better, the mother's hopes which have passed through the years of doubt and fear, come forth brighter, more resplendent than ever. She will never believe that her aspirations for her boys and girls are beyond regilding.

A mother's looks at facts and feeds her heart with no false sophistries. Her hopes are not of finery, but plain earthware, which admits of neither gilding nor tarnishing. He did not build hopes when he brought home a bride, nor expected a woman who would love him and appreciate his affection. When the children came, he expected to do them for and steer their course, while they were under his influence, and his road to success was easy. But the world has changed, and the mother's heart carried light rapid-fire guns, which gave them an attacking strength.

With the light artillery they carried, the outposts of the enemy could easily be taken, while the troops came, and, even though the current of war was strong, the troops following only a few yards behind gave the support needed in case a heavier column of the enemy appeared.

This will include a separate report upon the type of motor used, its speed on good roads, its ability to travel over rough ground, whether it is armored or not, whether it carries a rapid fire gun and, summing up, whether its use has been a success. In the advance through Belgium, Germany used a new form of attack, massing her troops on trains which were flanked on either side by an advance of automobile. The machine carried light rapid-fire guns, which gave them an attacking strength.

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This will include a separate report upon the type of motor used, its speed on good roads, its ability to travel over rough ground, whether it is armored or not, whether it carries a rapid fire gun and, summing up, whether its use has been a success. In the advance through Belgium, Germany used a new form of attack, massing her troops on trains which were flanked on either side by an advance of automobile. The machine carried light rapid-fire guns, which gave them an attacking strength.

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SATURDAY MORNING.

Religious.

EFFICIENCY OF METHODISTS.

Pre-conference Activities in the City.

Norwegians to Lay Cornerstone Tomorrow.

Commencement Exercises of Temple Baptist.

ERMAN AND FRENCH SOLDIERS.

They are Young Men, Usually Unmarried, and so the War Creates Few Widows to Be Pensions.

(New York Evening Post: "A Rayman dispatch recently called attention to the fact that of German soldiers, 80,000 were a surprising number, and the German, like the French, standing second in the age of 18 and 24. Each year a third of the army goes back to civilian life and a new third is sent to the front. Now, there are, of course, married; hence there are 40,000 widows being made by the German fighting around Liege. This is any compensation for the loss of the flower of the country's youth. It is only when the French and German regiments join the first line that married soldiers are in action. This is the way, quite unlike the record of our own veterans, in which many of the men are career soldiers. As the French and German non-commissioned officers, they are, of course, large part professional soldiers and men, like their officers. But their soldiers are too often mere boys in school, and about the faintest appreciation, perhaps of their duty, is all about. In a sense, the armies are democratic, because the sons of rich and poor alike, serve together under the same command. This cannot be done before the need of the Southern California, which will convene in Pasadena on next Wednesday, but will follow soon after. The membership has increased 1500 during the past year and a number of new churches have been built. The First Church has increased its membership to 3000, and the growth continues under the supervision of Dr. H. W. Bradstock, at the end of the month of August, shows an enrollment of 3600, the largest Sunday-school in the world. This great church has asked the Dr. Charles Edward Locke, under whose supervision it has been built, to return for six years, he returned to them for the seventh year, and ushered him to invite the conference to meet here in 1915, when it is expected that a new church at 11th and Hope streets will be ready for its entertainment. A movement is on foot for the es-

voice is a distinct surprise. It is a coloratura soprano of sympathetic sweetness, and where she has sung she has been received with great enthusiasm. Although quite young, she has been singing for years, making her appearance as a child and charming everyone who heard her. She is one of the most popular young sopranos of Southern California."

CALI. TO COLORS.

MILITARY SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The annual rally of the army of workers to the colors in the Sunday-school of the Magnolia-avenue Christian Church, will occur tomorrow morning at 9:30 o'clock, with novel and interesting settings and ceremonies.

Sgt. L. C. Miller, commander-in-chief, and his aides, will occupy a headquarters tent on the platform, from which orders will be issued to the officers and teachers, who will be designated as captains and lieutenants. A band, consisting of 20 men in front of the tent and there will be unique flag-raising ceremony. The tent will be decorated with a multitude of class pennants. The object is to secure the presence of every member of the school, and one reporting for duty on time will be presented with a souvenir. Rev. Jesse P. McKnight, former pastor of the church, will preach at 11 o'clock a.m., and Rev. R. W. Abbott, the present pastor, will preach in the evening.

RELIGIOUS BRIEFS.

GENERAL CHURCH NEWS.

Very Rev. George E. Young, dean of the Cathedral at Adelaide, Australia, is on a brief visit to this city, stopping at the Hotel Northern, and visiting his niece, Mrs. L. M. van Den Dool, who will preach in St. John's Episcopal Church on Sunday morning.

Miss Isobel Baker, who leaves Monday for Peru, whether she goes as a missionary of the Holiness Church of Redlands, will be given a farewell service at Peniel Mission, No. 287 South Main street, Sunday afternoon.

Westlake Methodist Church has ex-

tended a special invitation to the members of the Elks' Lodge to at-

tend a special service in that church on Sunday evening. Mrs. G. Pease, organist, and Earl C. Houk, soloist, will assist the choir and quartette in the programme.

During the absence of Rev. Russell F. Pease, in his vacation, laymen of the First Christian Church have been occupying the pulpit. Tomorrow morning the speaker will be J. G. Warren. In the evening, Rev. J. M. Monroe will preach on "The Kingdom of Heaven Is Within You."

The week's events at Trinity M. E. Church, South, will culminate tomorrow in the reception of a class of new members and a sermon by Bishop Waterhouse in the morning. In the evening Rev. C. C. Selecman, will give a discussion on "The Signs of the Times." Fine musical programmes will be conducted on both services.

Rev. F. W. Burnham of the Wil-

shire hotel, Christian Church, will

lecture tomorrow on "How to At-

tend the General Convention, and

on route, will deliver the anniversary ser-

mon in the church of his former

pastorate at Springfield, Ill., on Octo-

ber 4. He will be absent three weeks.

Tomorrow he will preach on "The Spiritual Value of the Lord's Supper," and in the evening on "The

Secret of Gladness."

Do the Signs of the Times Indi-

cate the End of the World Is Not Far

Off?" will be the question discussed

tonight in the auditorium of the

mack of St. Paul's Pre-Cathedral.

His evening topic will be "A Preacher

Who Preached a Sermon to a Con-

gregation of Dead People."

A great patriotic celebration of the

one-hundredth anniversary of the

writing of "The Star Spangled Ban-

ner," will be held in the First Meth-

odist Church on Sunday night. Dr.

Charles Edward Locke will speak on

the general theme of "A Hundred

Years of Our National Life," and a

vested choir directed by Carl Bron-

son, will sing the national airs of

Germany, France, England and Rus-

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a processional. The church will be

elaborately decorated and everybody

is invited to attend. The morning

subject will be "Remember the Week-Day to Keep It Holy."

Tomorrow is rally day in all

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Cities and Towns South of Tehachepi's Top—Los Angeles County News

Pasadena.

LOVE REQUITED
IN A FAR LAND.

Lester Crawford is Married to Maiden Nazarene.

Braves Father's Anger, but Takes Precautions.

Congregation Splits Over Demon Beliefs.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE] PASADENA, Sept. 25.—Living through months of persecution which would try the souls of older men and women, Lester Crawford and his missionary sweetheart, Miss Laura Koppé, have been married.

They did not burn away the barriers nor did they succeed in having them removed, but with the caution and courage born of desperation they eluded the searching eyes of his father's "watch dogs" and at last found their haven of rest.

With fierce determination, young Crawford's father has done everything in his power to prevent this marriage, which was the outcome of the love of the couple, while, say the church members, the mother church does not. The young man will be known as the Gospel Tabernacle and is to be located at No. 251 South Vernon avenue.

Mrs. M. E. Shettler, the colored pastor of the Tabernacle, said that the members of her church had resigned from the mother church individually in order to own their own property and become independent. She resigned first and the other members followed.

This branch of the church believes in demonology or that the flesh is possessed by unclean spirits and that to get rid of them it is necessary to enter into a physical, mental and spiritual struggle. Many said she said that it is necessary for members of her congregation to go into convulsions, which last until they are saved. During this time the unclean demons make veritable maniacs of the discipiles.

The Pentecostal Nazarene Church believes in being saved by sanctification. There are about thirty-five members of the new branch and many of them are said to be white people.

GATE CITY NOW FOR BIG RACE.

San Bernardino has come in on the Los Angeles-to-Phoenix road race.

Chairman Leon T. Shettler wired from the Gate City yesterday afternoon after an enthusiastic meeting attended by the San Bernardino automobile and good roads boosters, stating that several hundred dollars had been added to the purse and San Bernardino was strong for the 1914 desert classic.

A week ago the Chamber of Commerce of that city refused to consider the race when a contribution was asked, but the boosters came through and San Bernardino is to have the first checking station on the great road race course.

being heard from them until yesterday, when their marriage was announced.

The Grace Nazarene Church has withdrawn from the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarenes, because it has no members, the mother church does not. The young man will be known as the Gospel Tabernacle and is to be located at No. 251 South Vernon avenue.

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BACK TO ERIN.

Patriotism and love for her country has called an Irish lassie back to her old home across the sea, that, in its time of troubles she might be of assistance to the country in which she was born. Mary Bonham and her little sister came to Pasadena several years ago from Ireland. They were all alone, but they fared very well and took out naturalization papers.

Yesterday Mary left for New York where she will stay for Question Day and then go to Cork, where she will nurse back to health some of the soldiers who fall in battle. Those who know the pretty Irish lassie think that there may be one particular soldier by whose side she would like to be should her perchance be hurt in battle.

Hotel Vista del Arroyo, Pasadena.—[Advertisement]

Special display of Devonshire Cloth for school dresses in south window at Hertel's.—[Advertisement]

STANTON SELECTS POMONA VARSITY.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE] CLAREMONT, Sept. 25.—Coach Stanton selected his first team today and gave out the first four plays. Tomorrow the tentative varsity will scrimmage against the second team.

The men selected were as follows: Reeves, left end; Heath, left tackle; Cooper and Johnson, left guard; Waltz, center; Overlin, right guard; McCullough, right tackle; Krause, right end; Green and McFadden, quarter; Clark, left half; Green and McAdams, full; Elliott, right half; Downing and Lobert, substitute backs.

The entire squad is composed of sixty-five men; of these thirty are eligible for the varsity. Coach Stanton will enter the team down to twenty-five men, some time next week.

Youngman's leg is in such shape that he will not be able to play. Gushue is also in a bad way. So the freshmen will take charge of the two games, Youngman handling the backs and Gushue the line. The freshmen will begin work on Monday afternoon.

CONVERTING WHOLE CITY.

Already One-Fourth of Azusa Has Fallen Under the Evangelical Spell. Prospects for More.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE] AZUSA, Sept. 25.—As a result of the fervent enthusiasm aroused by the eloquence of Dr. French E. Oliver of Kansas City, who has been holding union revival services in the city for three weeks, 300 persons, representing one-fourth of the population, have been converted.

The meetings have been held every evening for large congregations, with the services on Sunday, the religious enthusiasm being manifested in the pews, and other near-by cities. It is said that never in the history of the community has such a warm personal campaign been developed, nor one to which the response has been so general.

The residents of the city are of the opinion that the results of the meetings will be lasting, and are assured that the transformation of the city is great, that the community traits are not recognizable.

At the present time interest is strong in the protracted meetings being held at the Christian Church by Rev. S. M. Bernard of Pico Heights Christian Church of Los Angeles.

VENTURA TAX RATE.

Larger Figures Because the Assessed Value of County is not Increased.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE] VENTURA, Sept. 25.—The Board of Supervisors has fixed the tax rate for 1914-15 at \$1.46 inside municipalities and \$1.76 outside.

An increase of 16 cents over that of last year and 10 cents more by reason of increased expenses because of needed improvements and by the fact that the assessed valuation of the county was not increased.

LONGER WHARF.

The wharf at this place is being increased in length by ninety feet, which will make the structure 1400 feet long and reach a depth of eight feet at low tide. The piles being put in the newer section are longer and heavier than those in the other part of the wharf and will add to the strength of the structure.

Rev. A. Grant Evans, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Long Beach, who was the minister who led in the discussion of the case of the Pomona minister, said that the petition was filed against the Pomona minister by members of his congregation who appeared before the presbytery which closed its sessions yesterday.

The Pomona complaints alleged that their minister had attempted to oust the superintendent of Sunday school and had succeeded in getting him removed from the church. The assertions are a form used by the Presbyterians, and do not necessarily mean that anything derogatory, morally or criminally, has been said against the minister in question.

The committee to which was referred the matter of the Pomona minister, will not report until some day later.

DR. CRESWELL'S REPLY.

Dr. Creswell stated tonight that there are no charges against him and so far as is known there is no thought of any one filing charges against him. There have been some minor differences in policies between himself and some officers in his church, but nothing of a disrupting nature.

A self-constituted committee composed of a few churchmen, he stated, went to Long Beach unannounced and presented a petition to the presbytery, asking that he be removed.

Dr. Creswell says that the presbytery recommended that no action be taken then, but in justice to himself he personally requested that a commission of eleven be appointed to consider him and he was appointed to consider whatever might come between the local Presbyterian congregation and the pastor.

WORLD SERIES TO BEGIN OCT. 8 OR 9.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE]

CINCINNATI (O.) Sept. 25.—August Herrmann, president of the National Baseball Commission, said today that a meeting of the commissioners will be held in Philadelphia next Wednesday to arrange for the world's series. He said that the opening game would be on either October 8 or 9.

Horticultural Report.

SAN BERNARDINO FRUIT INDUSTRY LOOMS LARGE.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE]

SAN BERNARDINO, Sept. 25.—

According to rather comprehensive reports on acreage and production for the county just compiled by County Horticultural Commissioner S. A. Pease, San Bernardino ranks among the highest not only in citrus fruit output but for the grape and deciduous fruit industry.

There is a total of 45,761 acres in the county devoted to citrus fruit culture. Of this amount 40,462 is in oranges and but 167 acres are non-bearing. Rialto's district is first in the orange industry with a total of 8980 acres in trees. Rialto is second with 8795 acres, and Ontario third with 4901 acres. With a total of 1708 acres of land planted in citrus the county is in lemon acreage and Rialto is second with about 1200 acres.

In the county the acreage planted in both bearing and non-bearing fruits

and other products is as follows:

Peaches, 7513 acres; apricots, 2117

acres; grapes, 17,121 acres; olives, 1320; apples, 11,155; prunes, 125; peaches, 534; walnuts, 795; cherries, 66; plums, 20; alfalfa, 10,001 acres. Of the apple acreage the desert has 5900 acres.

The peach production for the year the report shows the following totals for the various industries: Oranges, 14,826 carloads; lemons, 497 car; grapefruit, 68 car; peaches, 16,576 tons; apricots, 4789 tons; grapes, 40,982 tons; olives, 195 tons; apples, 14,666 tons; peaches, 45 tons; walnuts, 77 tons; plums, 45 tons; cherries, 6 tons; tomatoes, 3000 tons; alfalfa, 70,007 tons.

Arranged as districts the county citrus output was as follows: Ontario, 10,001 car; Rialto, 8795; Redlands, 4248 car; Bly, 2140; Mawr, 675 car; Highland, 2190; Rialto, 2022; Etowah, 130; Cucamonga, 742; Upland, 2560; Colton, 710.

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cherries, 66; plums, 20; alfalfa, 10,001

acres. Of the apple acreage the desert has 5900 acres.

The peach production for the year the report shows the following totals for the various industries: Oranges, 14,826 carloads; lemons, 497 car; grapefruit, 68 car; peaches, 16,576 tons; apricots, 4789 tons; grapes, 40,982 tons; olives, 195 tons; apples, 14,666 tons; peaches, 45 tons; walnuts, 77 tons; plums, 45 tons; cherries, 6 tons; tomatoes, 3000 tons; alfalfa, 70,007 tons.

Arranged as districts the county citrus output was as follows: Ontario, 10,001 car; Rialto, 8795; Redlands, 4248 car; Bly, 2140; Mawr, 675 car; Highland, 2190; Rialto, 2022; Etowah, 130; Cucamonga, 742; Upland, 2560; Colton, 710.

and other products is as follows:

Peaches, 7513 acres; apricots, 2117

acres; grapes, 17,121 acres; olives, 1320;

apples, 11,155; prunes, 125;

peaches, 534; walnuts, 795;

cherries, 66; plums, 20; alfalfa, 10,001

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Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

At the City Hall.

POINTS WAY TO GRIFFITH PARK.

EXTENSION OF EDDENALE LINE THE SUGGESTION.

Patrons of Pacific Electric Who Want Transfers to Yellow Lines Urge that Park Connection would Greatly Increase Traffic During Time Between Rush Hours.

The movement to secure universal transfers on Los Angeles street car lines seems to have settled down to an attempt to secure at this time transfer privileges between the Pacific Electric and Los Angeles Railway Corporations at a few points where the situation is particularly aggravated, and especially in the case of the Eddendale line.

It was admitted yesterday at a public hearing before the Public Utility Commission of the City Council, by proponents of the proposed transfer system that there may be no need at this time for a universal transfer system, but they urged that certain sections, especially the Eddendale districts do seriously need such accommodations. They showed that it costs residents of the district 10 cents to go to any of the railroad depots except the Southern Pacific, or a like fare to reach most of the parks. The residents of Klondike Park also made an appeal for a 5-cent fare instead of the 10 cents they now have to pay.

W. H. Engle, spokesman for the gathering of Eddendale citizens in attendance, said the hearing pointed out that this district formerly had transfer privileges, but that these were lost when the red lines were placed in operation there.

He suggested that the Eddendale line might be made much more practicable with an extension made to the boundary of Griffith Park, a distance of less than half a mile, and transfer privileges between the two companies arranged, as this would increase the trip during the time between rush hours of traffic and night, and would give transfers for the night hauls—taking people to the park during the light hours after the morning rush and bringing them back to the city when the cars inbound are coming.

At this hearing the Los Angeles Railway Corporation was represented by Attorney Haskins and the Pacific Electric Company by Traffic Manager Pontius. Each of these representatives stated that at the present the railways do not see their way to grant the transfer privileges desired, but they stated their willingness to participate in further conferences on the subject.

The Council committee continued the subject for two weeks, and meanwhile will confer with railway officials on the subject of extending the 5-cent fare limit on the Eddendale line. At the coming meeting it is probable that the subject of a third rail on the Eddendale line, so as to permit the service of the yellow cars, will be discussed.

REQUEST GRANTED.

STOP AT HARRIMAN AVENUE.

Rose Hill property owners were happy yesterday when they were informed by members of the Public Utilities Commission of the City Council that their requests have been favorably considered and that the proposed franchise to legalize two of the Pacific Electric tracks in its northern division system, crossing Mission road, Rose Hill and Toluca streets, will contain a provision that cars are to stop regularly at Harriman avenue, which is at the northern city limits.

In addition to this, the Pacific Electric has agreed to provide a series of land along the right of way at Rose Hill for sidewalk purposes, so as to safeguard the school children who have used the tracks in wet weather.

MUNICIPAL BATHS.

THEIR HIGHLY POPULAR.

The free municipal baths and natatoriums at Vicksburg and Ducommun streets are proving highly popular. These baths were opened to the public on July 18. The record for the remainder of July shows an attendance of 1688 boys and 210 girls. For the month of August there were 7107 boys and 1000 girls who took advantage of the free baths and plunge. The September record will be fully as great as that of August.

The tub baths for women and children are also largely patronized by the mothers of the neighborhood and they are profuse in their expressions of appreciation.

All the facilities at the municipal baths are free—free towels, soap, etc., and there are two experienced attendants on duty. No accident of any kind has occurred at the baths since they have been in charge of the city.

J. M. McGregor, the director, has secured polo balls and the boys are enjoying water polo games. Fancy swimming and diving teams are also being developed within the near future some public entertainments with water sports as the main features will be given.

CAMP IS CLOSED.

SEELEY FLATS A SUCCESS.

Charles B. Raitt, superintendent of the Municipal Playgrounds, returned yesterday from a vacation in the San Bernardino Mountains, where he closed the municipal summer vacation camp, after the most successful season in the history of the city's undertaking to provide summer vacations at nominal cost.

The camp equipment has been stored on the grounds. It will have to be largely augmented to take care of the people next camp season, as every one who has been in the camp is a warm enthusiast for the project.

FLOATING DRY DOCK.

HARBOR BOARD DISCUSSES.

The Harbor Commission held a further conference yesterday with John F. Craig, president of the Craig Shipbuilding Company of Long Beach, relative to the need for a dry dock at the Los Angeles Harbor.

Mr. Craig proposes that the floating dry dock used by his concern at Long Beach be moved to the Los Angeles Harbor, and that additional sections be added to the existing dry docks. He was requested to meet with Harbor Engineer Jubb, to determine what the cost would be for the preparation of a site and the moving.

It is probable that the Harbor Commission will be in a position to secure the operation of a shipyard in connection with the proposed dry dock, within a short time, if it can find sufficient money available to meet the necessary municipal outlay in connection with the same.

There are several good-sized projects planned by the commission, but

the bond money available will not carry all of them through. The question has been decided as to whether some of them shall be curtailed so as to within the means available, or whether some of them shall be dropped for the present and the others carried through on their original plans.

DAMAGE CLAIMS.

SIXTH-STREET IMPROVEMENT.

Fifteen damage claims were filed with the Board of Public Works yesterday for damages aggregating \$17,500 on the proposed improvement of Sixth street, at the harbor, between the pier and the pier extension.

The board heard some of the claims yesterday and then continued the hearing until October 9.

The largest of these claims is that of J. N. Russell for \$2500 and Luigi Modro for a similar amount. Other claims range from \$2000 down to \$400.

CITY HALL BREVITIES.

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Bids for grooved rails and for a fire sprinkler system for the shed at municipal dock No. 1 were received yesterday. The bid for the sprinkler system ranged from \$14,300 to \$26,075. The bid on rails was \$528.

The Finance Committee of the Council yesterday voted that the \$500 be provided for the rental of a patrol boat at the harbor. This will include salary for an engineer and the gasoline supply.

Rooms in the old State Normal School building will be provided for the newly-established "city mothers' bureau." The Finance Committee of the Council yesterday authorized Chief of Police Sebastian to use funds from his regular salary budget for the bureau.

Unanimous approval of the City Council was given yesterday to the final ordinance for opening and widening Hoover street from Vernon avenue to the first street.

The contract for construction of a sanitary sewer in Moneta avenue, from Manchester to Florence street, was awarded by the Board of Public Works yesterday to John Zahn for \$11,925. The inspection fees are estimated at \$1572. The contractor is allowed 142 days within which to complete the work.

This outburst was caused when Attorney Miles suggested that if James Jameson, who had lost his wife and

you any time. I didn't get to tell you just how much I love you, but I don't think I have to tell you for I realize this fact, and you are free to do little things—encourage me. You know I love you, but I don't know how much. I wish I did. For two years I know I have loved you, and there will never be anyone else, and if you knew you would get your freedom. I have never loved you, I would be the happiest little girl in this world, and would be willing to do anything."

Mrs. Lee said she hated to give her husband up. They were married at Pittsburgh, December 2, 1895. He deserted her May 1, 1910.

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The Finance Committee of the Council yesterday voted that the \$500 be provided for

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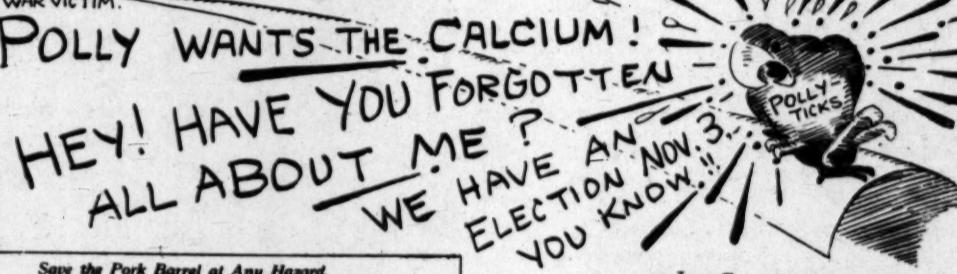
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BUSTED?

- New York World



- Chicago Herald



"GO ON, MYRTLE, YOU'VE GOT THE NOISE. TELL HIM HE'S LOSING HIS STICK PIN, THEN MEbbe HE'LL GIVE US HIS SEAT."
- New York World

INDEX TO CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

Editorial
It Doesn't Pay! By Herbert Kauffman.
By the Western Sea. Column Forward.
The Eagle
The Lancer
American Millions in Chile. By Frank G. Carpenter.
The Lost Light. By Frances Marion Mitchell.
Two Hundred Miles of Joy. By Meredith Nugent.
3 The House of Dreams. By Minna Irving.
4 A Little Different. By Arthur Peach.
5 A Question of Honor. By Edgar White.
6 The Gingerbread Cookies. By Dorothy Haddox.
7 A Tale of the Mocking Bird. By Justice Hilliard.
8 The Cape-to-Cairo Railway. By Lewis R. Freeman.
9 The Married Life of Helen and Warren. By Mabel Habor Usser.
10 Poultry Culture
11 Care of the Body. By Edward Huntington Williams, M.D.
11 Health Essentials. By Edward B. Warman, A.M.
12 Brook and Brooklets
12 The City and House Beautiful. By Ernest Bramson.
14 "Home Sweet Home."
15 A Night of Fog. By W. W. Robinson.

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EDITORIAL.

An Ill
Wind,
Sure.

It's an ill wind blowing straight from Tartarus that has kindled the great war flame enveloping practically all of Europe. It was an ill wind in November that blew a Democratic government into Washington. And the proverb holds true, for these ill winds have blown good in various quarters.

The Democratic government at Washington finds itself exceedingly embarrassed for revenue, and the warwind from Tartarus is giving it an excuse for increase in direct taxation. So the ill wind which blew the Democratic government into Washington has a great deal of good for the time being to foreign manufacturers.

If the war had not come, the administration at Washington would have found grievous embarrassment in lack

of revenue anyhow. We propose to go to an unbiased source for our proof. The following excerpts are from a London journal in a letter addressed to it by an Englishman, a member of the London Constitutional Club. His figures and comments follow:

"During the first five months of 1913 the imports into the United States amounted to £155,904,000. During the first five months of 1914 they amounted to £171,433,000. Imports during the first five months increased by £15,500,000 in round figures, to the great advantage of the non-American nations and of the American importers. They evidently benefited by the tariff. On the export side things are different. During the first five months of 1913 American exports amounted to £205,447,000. During the first five months of 1914 they amounted to £181,963,000. American exports shrank, owing to the lowering of the tariff, by £23,500,000 in round figures. The lower tariff, far from stimulating exports, as the free-trade ignoramus had so confidently predicted, greatly reduced them, to the disadvantage of the American workers. In other words, the lowering of the American tariff resulted in handing over a large slice of American work to non-American workers. We can, therefore, not wonder that America suffers from bad times, that emigration to the United States is dwindling rapidly. Incidentally, the figures given show the absurdity of the free trade contention, 'Exports pay for imports; an increase in imports must lead to an increase in exports.' The lowering of the tariff led certainly to an increase of imports into the United States, but it also led to an enormous reduction of exports."

Another contention of the free traders in America given the lie by the figures is that free trade stimulates exports generally, and manufactured goods especially. From the same source we quote as follows:

"If we turn to the export side we find that manufactured goods have not been exported in increasing but in shrinking quantities. For instance, the export of agricultural implements during the first four months of the year, for which alone detailed figures are given, came to \$15,257,000 in 1913 and to only \$14,334,000 during the first four months of 1914. During the same period the exports of carriages declined from \$22,697,000 to \$17,924,000, that of cotton manufactures from

\$18,439,000 to \$16,121,000, that of electrical machinery from \$9,478,000 to \$7,725,000, that of iron and steel from \$958,861,000 to \$38,901,000, that of machinery from \$44,714,000 to \$35,517,000. Similar decreases took place in most of the remaining manufactured articles mentioned in the official statistics.

"If we now look at manufactured imports into the United States, we find that these have greatly increased, owing to the lowering of the tariff. During the first four months of 1913 American imports of cotton manufactures came to \$22,453,000. During the same period of 1914 they came to \$26,671,000. During the same period the imports of glass and glassware increased from \$2,057,000 to \$2,697,000, hats and bonnets from \$4,494,000 to \$4,931,000, cutlery from \$584,000 to \$948,000, leather from \$2,930,000 to \$6,088,000, paper from \$5,219,000 to \$6,962,000, silk manufactures from \$15,682,000 to \$11,931,000, woolen manufacturers from \$4,939,000 to \$15,682,000. The lowering of the tariff has evidently been extremely profitable to non-American manufacturing industries. The prediction that the lowering of the tariff would result in greatly increased manufacturing efficiency in the United States, in a decrease of imports and in a great increase of manufactured exports, has been disproved by experience."

If any one wants to get the figures into American money, it is done with satisfactory accuracy by multiplying the English pound sterling by five. In that it will appear that the falling-off in exports amounted to not far from \$100,000,000, while the increase in imports amounted to nearly \$80,000,000. This makes a gross figure against the United States of nearly \$180,000,000.

Vicious
Govern-
mental
System.

The profoundly learned philosophic statesmen who framed the American system of government in broad outlines provided a tripartite government, executive, legislative and judicial, cognate one with another, but each independent of the others.

Then, trusting in the intelligence and integrity of the American people, to use a phrase of the day, "put it up to them" to select good men, sober, honest and capable, to administer the government, whether officials directly

[Saturday, September 26, 1914.]
elected or those appointed by the elective heads of the different branches of government.

To use another colloquial phrase, we have "knocked" that system "into a cocked hat." We have multiplied commissions, altogether appointive, to do the work the elective officers should do. And the worst of it is that the underlying impulse in this is that the people cannot be trusted to select officials competent, sober and honest to do their duties as officials or to appoint subordinates who will fulfill the demands for such service.

The system of government by commissions is vastly more expensive than the old system ever was where the officers performed the functions for which they were chosen. In taxation government by commission is heaping Pelion on Ossa in the cost of administration in every branch of the government.

And the cost is not the worst of it. The commission government is interfering with the exercise of the freedom of action claimed for American citizens and secured to them by the old-fashioned way of government. We have so many commissions, each one trying to make for itself a *raison d'être*—which means a way of drawing salaries—which makes this system of government absolutely pernicious. A citizen can no longer put his hand into his pocket and give a dollar for charity that some busybody commissioner does not pounce upon him, upon the dollar and the charity inside out to see what becomes of the dollar, turning the account books of the administration of the charity over to the curious eyes of intermeddling busybodies, and turning the pockets of the donor's conscience inside out to find what his impulses are.

We are running mad for more and more laws less and less efficiently administered on the part of the regular administrators, or administered in the spirit of intermeddling commissions who try to "make good" at any cost.

The spirit of intermeddling in other people's business is becoming an obsession on the part of a large number of the American people. Witness the attempt to destroy scores of millions of dollars' worth of property invested in vineyards, wineries and breweries in the State of California, industries heretofore encouraged and built up under the fostering wing of the law.

Herbert Kaufman--It Doesn't Pay!

EAR up the old calculation tables. Pull down the ancient maps. Forget what last year's atlas told. The cannon is surveying the boundaries of nations. The shears of war are snipping the earth into new patterns.

Out of the conflict the weak will emerge strong, and the strong will stagger in weakness.

Dread economics are at work. The splendid plans of two hemispheres are torn to tatters.

The Price is not for Europe alone. The havoc falls as far as Civilization fares.

There was a time when the consequences of international quarrels could be isolated. A pair of hot-headed or cold-blooded kings might smear desolation to their heart's content. So long as they confined

their operations to hostile ground the reckoning was their own. The bill belonged to the fiddlers. But no more.

Elaborate systems bind every continent and island to common causes. The farthest lands are linked. From pole to pole a network of electric nerves unify the interests of the universe.

Cut one cable, and a hundred million farmers and business men on the other side of the ocean must readjust themselves to changed prospects. Tear down a telegraph wire, and producers everywhere are thrown into bewilderment.

Trade, by the grace of progress, with its manifold facilities for efficient inter-communication, is no longer localized. Success on any large scale de-

mands all markets.

The Dakota farmer plows for Peking as well as Minneapolis. The Chicago packer slaughters for Vienna and New York alike.

Whatever the flag under which it hails, the ocean freighter is laden with the merchandise of polyglot manufacturers.

Modern man buys where he can best invest his money.

Commerce long ago obliterated frontiers.

The past century was signalized by the creation of a communal empire so mighty that it transcends national ambitions.

The great constructive age must not be thwarted by the recrudescence of barbarism in all its vandal recklessness. We live by the tool and the plow, not the sword, and

the will of the majority is ruthlessly stilled when wheels are stopped and looms are held, and mills are shut, and an incalculable investment in skilled and trained workers is destroyed by the polemic assertions of parasitic militarists.

Traditions die hard, and the most stubborn fallacy of history—that carnage is courage—is perishing to the echo of ten million guns.

Tomorrow we shall not be ashamed to own to a higher valor—Peace.

The patriotism that teaches to live for the advancement is a finer and nobler bravery than the zeal which leads men to die uselessly.

We know in the sight of this last gigantic folly of hate that WAR DOES NOT PAY!

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By the Western Sea. Land of the Great Southwest.

Land Hungry.

EVERYONE wants a slice of territory somewhere in California, preferably in the Great Southwest or along by the Western Sea. Recently a dispatch from Washington announced that the Secretary of the Interior had issued an order opening for entry 750,000 acres of land lying in San Bernardino, Kern, Modoc and Lassen counties, and the Land Office in Los Angeles was stormed with a crowd of people eager as German Uhlans for information about the land in question. Nothing was known of the matter here, but the incident shows how exceedingly greedy humanity is for a piece of land under these sunset skies.

For Flood Control.

HENRY E. CARTER of San Pedro, with others, is urging the Board of Supervisors to perfect the organization of a committee on flood control. Last June a mass meeting was held at Blanchard Hall, Los Angeles, where engineers outlined a plan which would cost \$10,000,000 to \$11,000,000. This is one of the most important projects before the people of the county.

A Great Natural Reservoir.

AN BERNARDINO county is the seat of gigantic mountain ranges with many towering snow-capped peaks which are the home of the snow, and the snow is the mother of irrigation water. Lytle Creek is a very peaceful stream except in the rainy season, when the waters come down as from Ladore and then some more, flooding the lowlands around the city of San Bernardino. Skillful engineers have devised a plan which by building dikes to divert the water from the channel would spread it over hundreds of acres of sand to filter into underground basins and so be conserved for irrigation purposes in the valley. The dikes by dividing up the water would protect millions of dollars' worth of property, preventing the flood from washing it away. The cost is estimated at \$100,000, and about thirty water companies in the valley are lending their aid to accomplish the work.

Six Big Industries.

AT THE Clark Hotel in this city recently 200 Ad Club members heard six representative business men tell the story of the growth of the enterprises over which they preside. Louis M. Cole, president of the Chamber of Commerce, and representing the Simon Levi Company, wholesale dealers in produce, said: "Eleven years ago when we began business our first day's receipts were \$8. Now our receipts exceed the million-dollar mark annually, and allow a modest profit. We are extending our business steadily." W. L. Turck of the Southern California Fish Company reported as follows on the tuna industry: "We pack 250,000 cans of fish daily and 100 boats catch one ton of fish on the average for our plant. No finer fish swim the seas of the world than those in these waters." A. D. L. Hamilton, representing the Italian Vineyard Company, gave these facts concerning the wine industry of California: "The wine industry has steadily increased since 1869. Figures from the State Statistician's reports covering five-year periods to date show that for the period ending in 1873 the production was 16,800,000 gallons, for the period ended 1903, 142,000,000 gallons; for 1908, 178,884,000 gallons; and 1913, 225,815,945 gallons. Is it necessary to destroy this industry?" W. J. Currier of Bishop & Co. said: "We make a million pounds of candy per month in Los Angeles in addition to a vast quantity of crackers and fruit products which are shipped all over the United States. In each package we put an attractive invitation to visit California. We now have offices in Seattle, Chicago and New York. Los Angeles is the most favorable location in the world for the manufacture of chocolates, now that the Panama Canal is opened." H. W. Louis of the Brownstein-Louis Company said: "Western people are glad to patronize a Los Angeles firm, and we are shipping overalls throughout the territory west of the Rocky Mountains. We employ 350 persons in our factory, which is built of concrete and glass. Our business is thriving, and we find California people want the best goods and are willing to pay for them."

A California Peculiarity.

WOMEN are remarkable for their ages. Most of them have no age at all, others are of a certain age, and still others of an uncertain age. Southern California is full of surprises, and so it will not surprise anybody to learn of the peculiarities of the women of the country respecting their ages. Over on the Arroyo Seco near South Pasadena is an institution known as the Old Ladies' Home of Southern California. There are fourteen of these full-blown roses in the institution, and the other day the Rev. S. E. Wishard, 90 years old, paid the ladies a visit and preached them a sermon. In a spirit of fun he inquired if they would mind telling their ages. Now comes the remarkable part of it. The women developed a real rivalry as to who should announce her age first and which should give in the biggest figure. The youngest of the fourteen is near the psalmist's limit of threescore years and ten, while the eldest is close to fourscore and ten. Their total ages are 1048 years, and the average is just short of 75 years. The next State is called up to give a record of fourteen women of such ages as these and fourteen who will tell what their ages are.

Apples for Our Sisters.

THE United States Department of Agriculture reports that the apple crop of the country for the current year will be far greater than that of last year, but much less than that of the bumper crop of 1912. This is of prime interest to the orange-growers of California, and indeed to all fruit-growers. Apples are the great staple fruit crop of the world, and the United States is no exception. A large apple crop means difficulty in marketing all other fruit crops at high figures, while when the apple crop is small oranges and other fruits bring high prices. The war in Europe is not likely to affect us much, as those countries take less than 2,000,000 barrels of American apples. The apple-growers of the country are urged to open up markets in Latin America and the Orient. The European war is likely to direct attention to Latin America and the Orient as possible markets for all kinds of American products, and California, standing at the gateway of the Orient, should reap large benefits from this increasing trade.

Dow's Flat Again.

Nearly fifty years ago Bret Harte was delighting all Californians with his ballads and stories published in the Overland Magazine, founded and carried on by A. Roman & Co., book-sellers of San Francisco. One of his ballads entitled "Dow's Flat," or "Poverty Flat," created a great sensation. Dow had prospected for gold for many years and grew leaner, poorer and more melancholy as the years of disappointment rolled over his head. At last he turned his attention to seeking a well of water, and there he struck a streak of pay gravel which he was not looking for. He had found water when he searched for gold, and now found gold when searching for water. That was the luck of a minister of the gospel the other day near Victorville, where the Rev. A. S. Hill was having a hole put down for water and at the 200-foot level found pay gravel again, some large nuggets being found, and some of the gravel assaying \$300 to the ton.

Go Slow into Mexico.

HERE is no doubt about the poet's philosophy that "hope springs eternal in the human breast." A volcanic eruption takes place, and the liquid lava flowing down the mountainside destroys life, homes, orchards and cultivated farms. The lava is scarcely solidified and nature in her curative processes has scarcely begun to cover over the scars of the burning eruption when other men are on the mountainside building new homes, planting new vineyards and orchard trees. Mexico has been torn with internal strife for months past, far more destructive because more widespread and general than any volcanic eruption ever was known to be. The smell of gunpowder has scarcely ceased tainting the air in the republic, but all Americans are talking and some of them actually returning to the war-scarred zones of Mexico. It is all right in some parts of the republic, but we would advise Americans to stick pretty close to the international line. Peace is not entirely established to the south of us yet.

Inspiration There.

IN A news item in The Times from Pomona September 16, was a brief story which made the heart sick with desire to go and do likewise. It told of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Wockloff and family having just returned to their home after an automobile trip through Colorado covering three months' time. They followed the California Automobile Club road through Needles, continued over the Arizona-New Mexico highway to Albuquerque, thence going to Trinidad, Colorado Springs and Denver. The trip was made over fine roads in good weather. This is one of the beautiful things of such outings days all through the Great Southwest, the roads are always good everywhere, and in July, August and September there is very little danger of a break in the weather. The road passed over desert plains, fascinating as a fairy tale by night and day, thence into magnificent mountain scenery, going right up to the very foot of Pike's Peak. That is what lies in store for thousands who will visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition next year. And Heaven comfort those who cannot be of the tourists to the Coast in 1915. They are much like the beggar standing out in the cold and looking through a window on a feast in a warm dining-room inside. His teeth do not water for food any more than the heart of the lover of nature does for a trip like that.

Magnesite in 1913.

HERE was a decrease in the output of magnesite in the United States from 10,512 short tons, valued at \$84,096, in 1912, to 9632 tons, valued at \$77,056, in 1913. The only production in this country was in California as heretofore.

With the cutting off of the foreign supplies, due to the European war, however, the demand for the domestic product ought to increase greatly, especially in view of the new and shorter water route by way of the Panama Canal to the eastern United States. It is to be hoped that the sudden stimulus given to the domestic mining industry will build up a trade that will withstand the competition that must undoubtedly ensue when normal trade conditions are again established.

The demand for the domestic product is restricted to the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain region, as it has been impossible at the present railroad freight rates to ship to the points of largest consumption in the East. In answers to inquiries addressed to them by the Geological Survey, many owners of idle magnesite properties in the far West express the belief that with the opening of the Panama Canal they would be able to ship magnesite by sea to the East at a profit.

Magnesite is used principally in the manufacture of refractory substances, such as brick, furnace hearths, crucibles, etc.; as magnesium sulphite, for digesting and whitening wood-pulp paper; in the crude form for making carbon dioxide; calcined and ground for the manufacture of oxychloride cement; and for miscellaneous applications in crude form or as refined magnesium salts. In the toilet and bathrooms of the rest-rooms of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, magnesite flooring has been laid, about 5000 square feet having been put down in each of the main buildings. The domestic product is used in this work.

Dean Swift and Asparagus.

[Westminster Gazette:] Although asparagus is one of our native British plants, gourmets can possibly claim a "tercentenary" for a vegetable which did not become fashionable before the seventeenth century. One of the first literary allusions to this is by Dean Swift, who told Stella that King William taught him "the Dutch way of eating asparagus." What "the Dutch way" was came out when Faulkener, the Dublin publisher, dined with Swift, and asked for a second helping of asparagus. The "terrible Dean" pointed to his guest's plate, and said: "Sir, first finish what is before you." "What!" exclaimed Faulkener, "eat the stalks?" "Aye," retorted Swift, in his most imperious manner, "eat your stalks or you will have no more. King William the Third always ate his stalks." Asked afterward when telling the story whether he did eat the stalks, Faulkener replied: "Yes, certainly; and if you had dined with Dean Swift you would have been obliged to eat your stalks, too."

"Column Forward!"

FRESH REPORTS OF PROGRESS IN THE ADVANCING SOUTHWEST.

The effects of the war have been felt in the Great Southwest much less than in other parts of the United States. Such effects as were felt here are passing, and others of a beneficial kind are beginning to appear. That unmistakable barometer of general business activity, bank clearings, running at normal figures. As September comes to a close it looks as if the month might reach a total of \$95,000,000, a record for a city of 500,000 population, particularly one whose industries are in the making and at the beginning.

In the Antelope Valley a tract of 100 acres is being reclaimed for rice growing with some promise of success.

One hundred and seventeen acres of J. I. Case estate in the city of Monrovia have been bought for \$40,000 to be subdivided.

In the city of Los Angeles two corner Ninth and Berendo streets, each 100 feet, have been sold for \$24,000.

The Treasurer of Los Angeles county received a State warrant for \$181,000, county's share of the State automobile tax.

An unimproved tract of ten acres at Dora has been sold to a Chicago man for \$6500, to be planted to lemons.

The national banks of Los Angeles, in answer to the call made by the Comptroller of the Currency for September 12, showed deposits of about \$65,500,000, available at \$22,500,000, in loans and discounts.

At Lindsay in the San Joaquin Valley, along the railroad, preparations are made for the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

At Phoenix, after twelve years of service as postmaster, Col. James H. McClintock is about to be succeeded. During his term the office force has increased from eight to twenty-nine, three branch offices have been established, and the income increased from \$29,000 in 1892 to \$100,000 for the year ended August 31.

On East Fifth street near Ruth, a seven-story hotel to cost \$70,000 is about to be started.

San Luis Obispo county is making arrangements to construct a number of dams over the streams in that county.

A new road is being surveyed from the edge of the desert in the Imperial Valley which is to eliminate the steep and dangerous curves.

The Pomona High School at the opening for the fall term showed a registration of 500 pupils, about 200 of them new.

At Colton the Pacific Fruit Express is preparing a great enlargement of its warehouse and shipping facilities to handle the increasing business.

At Phoenix, Ariz., a new grammar school has been completed at a cost of \$10,000. The site cost \$40,000, and the equipment \$10,000.

The Tulare County Highway Commission find the \$1,000,000 estimate for good roads in the county insufficient, and are seeking more funds.

Van Nuys, in the San Fernando Valley, three and a half years old, has a high school and grammar school an enrollment of 256 children under twelve teachers.

A building permit has been issued by the city of Los Angeles for a three-story brick house structure on East Seventh street, Gladys avenue to cost \$15,000.



EARLY beloved, the Eagle year boasts of being a church paper. Nor does he wait for the services of the profane, press to pick out a day in the year and follow the services to church today." The Eagle is the official paper of the Eagle paper. The Eagle runs at the head of its religious meetings every Sunday, "Go to church."

Now, the Eagle is always frank and honest, and does not wish to create any impression by the confession or admission that he is a churchman. Nor were, but there are mental difficulties which prevent him from renouncing or swearing allegiance to any creed or swearing allegiance to any church. He learned the shyness in his youth and professed his first question and answer question is, "What is the chief end of man?" And the answer, "To glorify God and to enjoy Him forever." But the profanely Eagle in his youth made the answer this way: "To keep all you get until you can."

Now with this confession, always be "good for the soul," the Eagle has nothing to say about church-goers and officiating clergy. His attendance at one of the churches called "historic" this because his dear old mother that faith and brought him up in it, feels that loyalty to her demands should worship generally at the church where she said her prayers.

These historical churches all have a history, and these are as a general rule of literary beauty and composed in the style of art. Of course since the movement of 400 years ago known as the Reformation, preaching has become



IT WOULD seem that our American millionaires, of whom we are wont to be soordinately proud, have not shown their nice colors in Europe lately.

A graphic description from a friend in London gives a pathetic picture of the siege of the shipping offices.

"The siege of the shipping offices," said he, "quite so humorous as your millionaire who suddenly covers that his great weapon, the umbrella, which he has depended with unctuous affection through most of his little life, a mere popgun in a crisis of this kind, witnessed great, strong millionaires going miserably when they discovered their august signatures on a piece of paper oozing with precious gold and safety.

There wasn't a good sport among all accounts are true. They just sat wretchedly and cared not who sat beside them, with the minimum of danger. They could have stayed with dignity but preferred to flee with groveling wretches packed like cattle in steerage accommodation, whining for their precious ship and safety.

But the American women, says my friend, took the flurry with sparkling adventurous courage. They were prepared to remain and see the end, but they wanted to help, to work, if need be.

Southwest.

Column Forward!

1 REPORTS OF PROGRESS IN THE ADVANCING SOUTHWEST.

acts of the war have been felt in Southwest much less than even in the United States. Such acts as are felt here are passing, and other beneficial kind are beginning to have an unmistakable barometer of business activity, bank clearings, is at normal figures. As September a close it looks as if the month will total a sum of \$95,000,000, a good city of 500,000 population, and only one whose industries are only king and at the beginning.

Antelope Valley a tract of 100,000 being reclaimed for rice growing promise of success.

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day in the San Joaquin Valley, preparations are made to pave seven blocks of streets, and one-electroliers are being installed on the blocks of the business district.

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EARLY beloved, the Eagle confesses, you boasts of being a church-goer. Nor does he wait for the secular, alias the profane, press to pick out a certain Sunday in the year and follow the advice, "Go to church today." The Eagle likes the policy of the Eagle paper, The Times, which runs at the head of its religious announcements every Sunday, "Go to church today."

Now, the Eagle is always frankly, freely honest, and does not wish to create an impression by the confession or boast made above that he is a churchman. Would he were, but there are mental difficulties in his way which prevent him from repeating any oaths or swearing allegiance to any "plan of salvation." He learned the shorter catechism in his youth and profanely paraphrased its first question and answer. The question is, "What is the chief end of man?" And the answer, "To glorify God and enjoy Him forever." But the profanely irreverent Eagle in his youth made the answer read this way: "To keep all you get and to get all you can."

Now with this confession, always said to be "good for the soul," the Eagle has something to say about church-goers, services, and officiating clergy. His attendance is at one of the churches called "historical," and this because his dear old mother was of that faith and brought him up in it, and he feels that loyalty to her demands that he should worship generally at the altars where she said her prayers.

These historical churches all have liturgies, and these are as a general rule full of beauty and composed in the highest style of art. Of course since that religious movement of 400 years ago known as the Reformation, preaching has become a necessary part of the church services, and some denominations make the sermon what the roast beef is at the dinner, "piece de resistance."

The Eagle likes a good sermon as he does anything that is really good, but hears too little of it in his attendance upon church services. The officiating clergyman where he attends is thoughtful, spiritual and eloquent, but in his religious perambulations or when the dean is away the Eagle has to listen to a good deal of preaching which reminds him very much of that referred to in the Scriptures, where it says that it pleased God to save the world "by the foolishness of preaching." And he remembers long ago having heard a clergyman say that does not mean "foolish preaching."

On a recent Sunday when the temperature was pretty high and the Eagle tired with his week's duties and therefore a little drowsy he heard a sermon which was by no means bad. The preacher was a young man just admitted to orders and therefore not expected to be a Bossuet or a Chrysostom. It seems to the Eagle as if he was limited as many of his brethren are by lack of experience of human life. They live so apart from the average man's daily life that they are not closely in touch with the real difficulties and troubles that beset the path of the man who is fain to walk in the straight and narrow way and to avoid the broad road "that leads to destruction."

The text was "Cast your care upon Him, for He careth for you." The discourse was a good one in the way of a catechetical lecture and would have been edifying to a class of youthful people studying for confirmation. But for the average congregation of a mixture of Pharisees who come to church to boast of their goodness and of sinners who stand afar off and cry, beating upon their breasts: "God be merciful to me a sinner," the discourse appeared to the Eagle a good deal like a small warship with cannon of small caliber trying to reach a dreadnought three miles away. The projectiles fell far short of the aim. And the Eagle thinks he knows why.

It is the opinion of this old bird after a great many years of experience in the world that most men and women oppressed with the cares and troubles of life are entirely desirous of casting their cares upon some higher power. It is not the will they lack; it is an impulse founded on actual conviction.

The Great Adventure.

THIS war will be the great adventure for a lot of people. Admitted that war is a horrible thing, it nevertheless offers scope for the highest emotions and it must necessarily elevate the spirit far above the body. There is a joy in service, in sacrifice, in suffering, that cannot be equalled by anything else in the world. And the people, the souls that have never known these things, have missed the great adventure of life. Prosperity, comfort, luxury, peace, "the cankers of a calm world and long peace," are not the things that make character. They are desirable, pleasant, but they should be the condiments of life, not its basis, if we want men and women worth while. All the big virtues are called into requisition by trouble, by sorrow. Bravery, fortitude, endurance, sacrifice—what use has peace and prosperity for such as these? Danger is the spice of life, pain its keenest lesson. The sort of friends that we grapple to our soul, these have known sorrow and passed through it with calm and equanimity. The others, they are lights o' love, amusing companions for an hour, but we drop them without a pang when life is stern.

To our everlasting shame, the average Christian is afraid of death, mortally afraid of pain. How often the Almighty must regard us with a sorrowful, contemptuous eye. Fearless, no matter what befalls! How many of us? And after nearly two thousand years of Christianity. We have even dropped the mild little fasts, the moderate penances which our faith used to exact. Yet hardships are the very soul of life and every man or woman that has been through them would not part with a single experience.

* * *

The Purple Armlet.

SO WE must not smile too cynically at the prominence given to Lady Alfred Lyttleton's suggestion that every one who has been bereaved by the war should wear a purple armlet instead of the conventional mourning. At first reading it seems a trumpery thing, specious, silly, futile. But after all, there is a legitimate pride in suffering. It means a good deal. And one would be inspired to live up to those purple armlets, to show one's self worthy of the honored dead.

tion that there is such a power ready, yes anxious, to take all the cares and troubles off of the human soul and bear them in place of the sufferer. If the average man and woman only felt sure that there was such a power, that it had the willingness and anxiety to bear their burdens, the Eagle thinks they would have recourse to that burden bearer without delay.

Now, the preacher in question spent most of his discourse, which had the merit of great brevity, in urging them to cast their care upon the kind, loving Father of all, and paid too little attention to the Father's readiness to shoulder the burdens and ease the oppressed soul. As the Eagle sat and listened his mind involuntarily wandered away in the contemplation of the Father of all living things, and dwelt upon His readiness to bear the burdens, assuage the sorrow, and lighten the cares of all His children of every kind and description in this great universe.

He thought of the mother with her little child whose tears, however lightly provoked, caused anguish in the mother heart. He thought of the tenderness of the touch of the mother as she wiped the tears from her baby's face. He thought of that mother as she stood by the bed on which her child lay writhing in the heat of a fever or racked by the pain of some accident. There came into the Eagle's mind a sense of the wonderful tenderness of the touch of the mother's hand as she bound the bandage around the wounded spot or cooled the fevered brow. The tears welled up in the mother's eyes for every pang of agony the child suffered. She was ready to undergo fatigue, to suffer hunger, to go without sleep, to watch with weary eyes, with unflagging devotion, with unfailing love, hour after hour, day after day and night after night for weary weeks and months.

He saw the child in some danger and the mother's love rushing with open arms to protect the child from the threatened injury even at the risk of injury to herself. Flames of fire, deadly serpents, seething floods, had no power to deter a mother from going to the succor and rescue of her little one.

Think of the years of devotion and love that mother spends in the rearing of her baby boy or girl. Think of all the self-denial she goes through that the child may have comfort, education and everything that fits

[Saturday, September 26, 1914.]

that child to fill an honorable and useful place in the economy of society.

Then the Eagle's mind wandered to a pair of lovers, and thought of the devotion they entertained one for the other, how gladly they would each spare the other toil, sorrow or anguish, how either would run to protect the other from certain danger even at the risk of his own life.

And it is the Eagle's opinion that all these things are only faint adumbrations and weak suggestions of the love that the Father of all bears to all His offspring. As the Eagle hears preachers discourse and religious people comment on their faith it seems to him that they place the Father at an infinite distance away from this earth and away from His children. And the Eagle recalls the great preacher of Christianity who stood upon Mars hill and discoursed to the erudite philosophers of intellectual, artistic Athens. He hears him say God is not far off, but near to every one of us, "for in Him we live and move and have our being."

That is the kind of a God the Eagle thinks humanity needs, and he is sure it is the kind of God that every human being may find who will seek for Him truly and earnestly. That was the kind of a God the psalmist had found when speaking of his own sins and of God's mercy he said: "He knoweth whereof we are made, He remembereth that we are but dust." He is not the God that Harriet Beecher Stowe was taught to fear in her childhood. She says her idea of God was of a huge giant with a lot of pixy offspring whom he ranged in a row at the foot of a mountain covered with thorny bushes and loose stones. He set the children, who were knock-kneed and spindle-shanked, dim of vision and fearful of mind, to scale to the top of the hill, and when one of them stumbled and fell the giant behind stuck a fork into the little quivering body and tossed it over His shoulder into the lake of burning brimstone at the foot of the mountain.

Thinking of that kind of a deity, the Eagle smiled as he recalled Robert G. Ingersoll's remark: "An honest God is the noblest work of man."

Yours,

The Eagle
HIS MARK

announced that he did it for his peace of mind's sake, because there was so much internal squabbling. They accepted his resignation and paid him a full year's salary into the bargain, so that one wonders whose peace of mind is really being purchased.

Chance is making a great to-do about the magnificence of his renunciation, but it is the man with the \$25,000 a year salary who can afford magnificent renunciations; it's your ten-dollar-a-weeker that cannot afford such luxuries. There is something in having something to renounce—and he has certainly taken it out in good free advertising.

* * *

The Vulgar Motor Bus.

PASADENA'S most beautiful and aristocratic avenue is about to be invaded by motor busses, with the consent of some of the wealthiest and most exclusive residents. This, they say, will give them a weapon with which to fight the Pacific Electric.

And last month they were making no end of a fuss because a wealthy resident had donated her house for the purposes of a convent for girls—that was too distressing to be borne by hypersensitive people. What a pity those nuns and little girls were not a weapon with which one could fight the Pacific Electric. The noisy, smelly, lumbering, nerve-racking motor bus in all its vulgarity instantly becomes more acceptable to the cultured and highly placed. The discriminations of cultured Croesus are ever interesting.

French Prisoners in Seventy-One.

[London Chronicle:] Bismarck may have objected to the taking of prisoners, but his prejudice obviously had no effect in the Franco-German war. According to Moltke, who wrote the official history of the campaign, the French prisoners reached the extraordinary total of 21,508 officers and 702,048 men. But of these nearly 250,000 were the Paris garrison, who were only nominally prisoners, and over 90,000 represented the French troops disarmed and interned in neutral Switzerland. Still, with these deductions, more than 380,000 officers and men were actually imprisoned in Germany and were released only when peace was declared.



LANCER

I WOULD seem that our American millionaires, of whom we are wont to be indifferently proud, have not shown up in their finest colors in Europe lately.

A graphic description from an American friend in London gives a pathetic picture of the siege of the shipping offices. "There is nothing," said he, "quite so humorously pitiful as your millionaire who suddenly discovers that his great weapon, the god upon which he has depended with unctious satisfaction through most of his little life, is the newest popgun in a crisis of this kind." He witnessed great, strong millionaires sulking miserably when they discovered that their august signatures on a piece of paper had no significance whatever when their fat purses coining with precious gold proved inadequate to secure them a passage to home and safety.

There wasn't a good sport among them, if all accounts are true. They just blubbered wretchedly and cared not who saw. They had the chance of their life for a great adventure, with the minimum of danger. They could have stayed with dignity but they preferred to flee with groveling wretchedness, packed like cattle in steerage accommodations, whining for their precious skins.

But the American women, says my friend, were far better sports. The majority of them took the flurry with sparkling eyes and adventurous courage. They were not only prepared to remain and see the excitement but they wanted to help, to work, to suffer if need be.

* * *

The Purple Armlet.

SO WE must not smile too cynically at the prominence given to Lady Alfred Lyttleton's suggestion that every one who has been bereaved by the war should wear a purple armlet instead of the conventional mourning. At first reading it seems a trumpery thing, specious, silly, futile. But after all, there is a legitimate pride in suffering. It means a good deal. And one would be inspired to live up to those purple armlets, to show one's self worthy of the honored dead.

* * *

Chance.

THERE has been quite a flurry in sporting circles because one Frank Chance (good name, that) has resigned from his position of manager of the New York baseball team at a salary of \$25,000 a year. He

American Millions in Chile. By Frank G. Carpenter

Great Investments. BIG SYNDICATES ON THE WEST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA.

THE COPPER PROPERTIES OF THE GUGGENHEIMS AND THE IRON MOUNTAIN OF THE BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY—THE NITRATE AGENCIES BACKED BY THE GRACES AND THE UNITED STATES STEEL TRUST. STEAMERS READY TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF EUROPEAN WAR—A COMMERCIAL MUSEUM FOR AMERICAN GOODS—YANKEES COMING INTO THEIR OWN AGAIN.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SANTIAGO (Chile).—The great war in Europe and the completion of the

Panama Canal will mark the beginning of an enormous trade between the United States and Chile. Under the old

conditions this trade has trebled since 1903, and within the past four years it has increased 140 per cent. It already amounts to \$40,000,000 per annum, but this is only about one-sixth of the whole, and much of the balance is divided among Great Britain, Germany and France, whose factories and ships are now tied up in this terrible war.

The foreign commerce of this country now aggregates more than \$250,000,000 per annum, and the bulk of it is with Europe. In 1913 Great Britain exported \$30,000,000 worth of goods to Chile, and she took back in exchange goods to the amount of \$25,000,000. Chile's commerce with Germany has averaged more than \$5,000,000 per annum, and she has been trading with France to the extent of \$15,000,000. Belgium also has had a good slice of the business, and Australia has been sending in coal by the shipload. In another letter, I will take up some of the items and show the mighty openings created by the war.

the mighty openings created by the war.

This letter, I shall devote to the present conditions and describe some of the big things that Americans are already doing with a view to the future.

Within the past few months the Chilean government has put its exposition buildings at the disposal of a commercial museum for the display of American products. The government is especially friendly to Americans, and within recent years it has bought a great deal of its railway material from the United States. It now proposes to subsidize a line of steamers which will go northward through our canal to our Atlantic ports, and it is anxious to establish the closest of trade connections with us in view of its loss of European commerce.

American Ships in Service.

We have already a number of American ships that are plying between New York and Chile. Some of them belong to Grace & Co., which controls the largest part of the American business on the west coast. This company has eight new vessels in course of construction. They are large steamers and fitted for the South American trade. They will come down through the canal to Valparaiso. The same firm has other ships plying north and south along the Pacific coast, carrying lumber and flour, and has many vessels engaged in the carrying of nitrates, which from now on will probably go through the canal. The Graces are especially fitted to handle present conditions. The firm has its branches in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle and New Orleans, as well as in London, Manchester and Birmingham. It has the countries of the west coast of South America divided up into selling districts, just as our wholesale houses divide up their domestic territories, and its branches, agencies and traveling salesmen cover almost

every part of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chile. It has long led in the selling of American farm machinery and in the handling of kerosene and illuminating oils, but it also does a general wholesale business of importing and exporting, selling everything from needles to steam dredges, and from push-carts to locomotives. It is the South American representative for the west coast of the General Electric and International Harvester companies. It is noted for taking big contracts, and its capital and business already run high into the millions.

In addition to the Graces, there are a number of other firms pushing American goods who are ready to jump into the new situation and handle it to the fullest extent. Among these are Wessell, Duval & Co., the successors of the old firms of Flint, Eddy & Co. and Beeche & Co., who have been long noted in Chile, and also Williamson, Balfour & Co. and Anthony Gibbs. These companies have offices in New York and are already engaged in American importation. The same might be said of Duncan, Fox & Co., which is an English house with branches in the United States. All of these firms sell more or less American flour, cottons and various kinds of American machinery. Nearly all handle farming implements and are ready to take orders for American goods of any description. Our chief typewriter companies have their agencies here and our phonographs and graphophones are distributed throughout every city and town. The Singer Sewing Machine Company is in evidence everywhere, and the National Cash Register keeps not only the accounts of most of the stores, but even the cash of the telegraph and postoffices as well.

Steel Company Ready.

Many of our great combinations of capi-

tal have long been planning to work the South American trade, and the present situation finds them ready to take advantage of it. The United States Steel Corporation has its agents in every country of the coast, and for some time its own ships have been going from New York to these ports by the way of the Strait of Magellan. They will now go by the Panama Canal, and their return freights will be such goods as have hitherto been carried by the steamers of Germany, France and Great Britain. The United States Steel Corporation already sells more than half of all the steel used in Chile, and it is rapidly absorbing that class of business throughout South America. A large part of the building now going on in steel, and the new railroads, in course of construction, will now be dependent upon us, rather than Europe, for their rails and other materials.

The Bethlehem Steel Company recently acquired an iron mine in Coquimbo, a port on the west coast of Chile, between Antofagasta and Valparaiso, lies only about five miles from the sea and is so situated that it can be worked by gravity. That property is said to contain more than 100,000,000 tons of iron ore, which assays from 60 to 70 per cent pure iron. The mines have recently supplied the Bethlehem steel works for more than fifty years.

Some of the greatest copper

mines in the world are in Chile, and in the hands of the Guggenheim syndicate. It refers to the work done under the Chilean Copper Company and the Braden copper mine, about 200 miles southeast of Valparaiso. They were opened up by American engineer William Braden, E. W. Nash, Kendall and others, and were sold to the Guggenheims. Within a few years something like \$14,000,000 has been spent upon them, and the potential value of the largest of the Braden mines has something like \$100,000,000 in ore in sight, and the company is putting up mills that will produce about 2,000,000 pounds of copper per pound. Four thousand men are employed, and among them many Chinese. The ore milled in 1913 amounted to 100,000 tons, and the company expects to produce almost 3,000,000 pounds per month.

The Chile Exploration Company

name of the Guggenheim branch

developing the Chuquicamata copper

mines. These are situated far north of

the Andes at an altitude of

10,000 feet, and no one

has ever been to the top.

The ore body already developed is

10,000 feet wide, and no one

has ever been to the top.

Diamond drills have been

drilled in places to a depth of 1100 feet, and no one has ever been to the top.

The ore has been found to keep the

mine busy for more

years. There are something like 60,000 tons in sight.

The plant of the Chuquicamata

is one of the finest in the world.

The Braden copper

mines have 1500 men building

the plant will be finished in 1915. It includes

crushing machines, acid-proof

halls, and electrolytic plants that

will produce more than 300,000 pounds of copper per day.

The machinery has steam turbines

generators of 10,000 kilowatts.

The machinery will be run by

water which will come through a

tunnel 80 miles long. The plant

is already built twelve miles of standard

railroad, and some of its mining

operations with steam shovels from

which the ore can be gotten out

at a extremely low cost. All of this

will be in operation next year

and it should be producing copper

at a rate of 10,000,000 pounds per

year, which will be doubled in 1916.

The construction of an additional 10,000

tons of copper will go north by the

ships will be ready for return to Chile.

American Labor Employed.

The Bethlehem Steel mines and

the Braden copper

mines will necessitate a large

number of workmen, and the management

will be American. The Guggenheim

mines are now building houses for their

workmen, and introducing American methods

and conveniences. They will have

the largest American families

coming to Chile.

Illustrated Will

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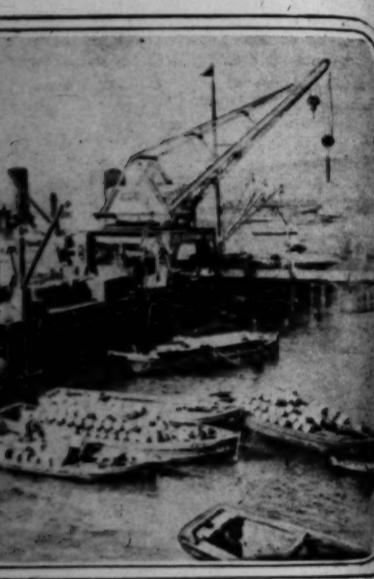
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G. Carpenter

tal have long been planning to work the South American trade, and the present situation finds them ready to take advantage of it. The United States Steel Corporation has had its agents in every country of the west coast, and for some time its own ships have been going from New York to these ports by the way of the Strait of Magellan. They will now go by the Panama Canal, and their return freights will be such goods as have hitherto been carried by the steamers of Germany, France and Great Britain. The United States Steel Corporation already sells more than half of all the steel used in Chile, and it is rapidly absorbing that class of business throughout South America. A large part of the building now going on is in steel, and the new railroads, in course of construction, will now be dependent upon us, rather than Europe, for their rails and other materials.

The Bethlehem Steel Company is in splendid shape to do an enormous business with the west coast of South America. At the time the European war broke out it had almost completed a dozen large steamers which were to be employed in carrying the iron ore from its mines near Coquimbo, Chile, to the Bethlehem steel works. It was estimated that the ore freight would amount to something like a million tons per annum, and the ships were built with the expectation that the return freight from the United States to Chile would be practically nothing. The company expected to make its money by carrying the ore to its own mills. The present situation will enable this fleet to have full cargoes of United States goods on the return voyages, and the company will probably do a general carrying business in addition to its steel and ore shipments.

The same will be true of the nitrate fleet that in the past has gone south through



Harbor.



Road in the world

the Strait of Magellan and thence to Europe and the United States. From now on that fleet will probably go through the canal, and as the United States is one of the largest customers for nitrate, the steamers that land there will load up with American goods and bring them back to Chile. We are now taking something like 400,000 pounds of nitrate a year, and Chile is ready to consume a like amount of American goods. This nitrate business is controlled by Americans. It is handled by the Nitrate Agencies, Limited, the majority of whose stock is owned by W. R. Grace & Co., and its return freight will probably be in connection with the Graces.

Investment Opportunities.

Another effect of the war will be to send millions of dollars' worth of American capital into Chilean investments. It means new banks and new syndicates of various kinds. This is a land of big things, and the Americans are gradually getting their fingers on some of the most valuable properties. Take the Bethlehem Steel Company. It has recently acquired an iron mountain near Coquimbo, a port on the west coast of Chile, between Antofagasta and Valparaiso. The mine is only about five miles from the coast, and is so situated that it can be loaded by gravity. That property is said to contain more than 100,000,000 tons of high-grade iron, which assays from 60 to 70 per cent. of pure iron. The mines have enough ore to supply the Bethlehem steel works for more than fifty years.

Some of the greatest copper mines of the world are in Chile, and in the hands of the Guggenheim syndicate. I refer to those being worked under the Chile Exploration Company and the Braden copper mines lie about 200 miles southeast of Valparaiso. They were opened up by Americans, including William Braden, E. W. Nash, Messmore Kendall and others, and were afterward sold to the Guggenheims. Within the past few years something like \$14,000,000 have been spent upon them, and they are now potentially about the largest of the world. The Braden mines have something like 200,000 tons of ore in sight, and the company is putting up mills that will treat 6000 tons daily. The mines are now producing about 2,000,000 pounds of copper a month, and I am told that the profit is over 8 cents a pound. Four thousand men are employed, and among them many Americans. The ore milled in 1913 amounted to 780,000 tons, and the company expects to produce about 2,000,000 pounds per month from now on.

The Chile Exploration Company is the one of the Guggenheim branch which is developing the Chuquicamata copper mines. These are situated far north of the Braden property. They are about 150 miles by rail from Antofagasta, lying in the coastal range of the Andes at an altitude of 9500 feet. The ore body already developed is 8000 feet long, 1000 feet wide, and no one knows how deep. Diamond drills have been put down in places to a depth of 1100 feet, and enough has been found to keep the great plant being built busy for more than sixty years. There are something like 200,000 tons in sight.

The plant of the Chuquicamata mines will be one of the finest in the world. The Guggenheims have 1500 men building it, and it will be finished in 1915. It includes great crushing machines, acid-proof concrete tanks, and electrolytic plants that will treat more than 300,000 pounds of copper a day. The machinery has steam turbines, and generators of 10,000 kilowatts. Much of the machinery will be run by electricity, which will come through a transmission line eighty miles long. The plant has already built twelve miles of standard-gauge railroad, and some of its mining is to be done with steam shovels from Panama, by which the ore can be gotten out at an extremely low cost. All of this machinery will be in operation next year, at which time it should be producing copper at the rate of 10,000,000 pounds per month, an output that will be doubled in 1917 by the erection of an additional 10,000-ton plant. This copper will go north by the canal, and the ships will be ready for return freights to Chile.

American Labor Employed.

The Bethlehem Steel mines and the Guggenheim mines will necessitate large forces of workmen, and the management will, of course, be American. The Guggenheims are now building houses for their employees at Chuquicamata and Braden, and they are introducing American methods and American conveniences. They will have a number of American families connected with

each property, and these will be permanent forces for the introduction of American goods and of American trade. At Chuquicamata the little city now going up will be a surprise to the Chileans. It is to have a theater, a hospital, two public schools and a public library and music halls for the workmen. There will be a telegraph and postoffice building and a Protestant and a Catholic church. Everything is being done with a view to permanency; for the getting out of the enormous body of ore will require the moving of more earth than we moved at Panama. It will require the payment of wages which will eventually amount to more than \$225,000,000. It will last for generations, and it means a permanent American establishment in Chile. The Chuquicamata mines are owned by Americans whose authorized capital is \$110,000,000, of which shares to the amount of \$95,000,000 have already been issued. Daniel Guggenheim is the president, and among its managers are Isaac, Simon, Murray and S. R. Guggenheim. This shows something of the kind of money that is going into Chile.

Another big United States company that will probably take advantage of the present situation is that which owns the Cerro de Pasco copper mines of Peru. I have already written of its works in my letters from that country. It is backed by millions, and it includes such names as the Vanderbilts, Henry C. Frick, J. B. Haggard and the Hearsts. They own a property on the very top of the Andes that is said to be worth at least \$50,000,000, and they have spent millions upon it. They are now exporting something like 2000 tons of copper a month. This has been going to the markets in foreign steamers, and it will now have to rely upon American vessels. The mines are operated by 6000 or 8000 Peruvians under American foremen and engineers, and they have a little American town in the highlands. They have built an American railroad to connect with the line which goes to the tops of the Andes from Lima. That road is the best managed in Peru as well as by far the best built.

Indeed, the United States would seem to be coming into its own again as to South America. It was our people who started the sister continent. The first steamship line that plied along the west coast was founded by a Yankee, William Wheelwright of Newburyport, Mass., and it was he who built the first railroad on the South American continent.

He introduced the first gas plant and organized the first fire company. He was also the first to propose a feasible plan for a transcontinental railroad from ocean to ocean across Argentina and Chile. William Wheelwright organized the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which later on went into the hands of English capitalists, and which still has the most powerful fleet on the west coast.

Meiggs's Railroads.

The first railroads up the Andes were built by Americans. The most wonderful of them were the work of Henry Meiggs, who had made millions in California about the time that gold was discovered there. Later on, he failed, and then came to Chile, where he made millions more. It was Meiggs who built the first railroad from Valparaiso to Santiago. He constructed the first and most difficult part of the Peruvian Southern that now goes up the Andes to Cuzco and Lake Titicaca, and is a part of the through line to La Paz, Bolivia. Meiggs also built the Central Railway back of Lima, a road that will eventually be extended into the Amazon Valley. United States proposes to that effect having been made within the past few years. The Central Railway was perhaps the most remarkable feat of civil engineering ever performed. There is not a rack and pinion section connected with it, and nevertheless it ascends to an altitude of three miles in the course of 100 miles, and the cars go over comparatively easy grades to that point.

Meiggs was a big man, and was not afraid to deal in big money. Had he lived today he would have been in the same class with J. Pierpont Morgan and Edward Henry Harriman. He offered to improve the Valparaiso harbor at a cost of \$40,000,000. If the Chilean government would give him a ninety-nine-year lease of the sheltered side of the port. The government declined, and thereby lost millions, which loss it is now trying to repair by putting millions into the present harbor improvements.

Among other Americans who have made fortunes in Chile were Don Juan Foster, whose family is still prominent; Benjamin Bernstein, who married into the Cousino millions, and George B. Chace, the silver

king. Chace failed as a mining prospector in California and came to Chile. He here fell in with an old priest who told him of a silver mine that had been worked by the Spaniards a hundred years and more ago. The priest had a record of the mine's location in the archives of his little church near Iquique. He showed it to Chace, and the result was the rediscovery of the rich silver property of St. Peter and St. Paul. This gave Chace his start. He made money out of the two saints, and with that bought other mines, eventually becoming one of the owners of the Chuquicamata property, which has since gone into the hands of the Guggenheims.

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Women in Nigeria.

In Blackwood's Magazine is an interesting account of the marriage customs and domestic life of Nigeria, which shows that, while the men practice polygamy as freely as their means will allow, the women are by no means slaves. The women, for instance, pound the grain; and when it was suggested that machinery be introduced to facilitate the work and lessen the burdens of the wives, there was a great deal of discussion which finally resulted in a decision to do without the machinery on the grounds that if women were relieved of the heavy labor they would have more strength to resist the domination of their husbands, and this would encourage domestic warfare. The women thereupon retaliated by increasing the amount of their stealings from the grain which they pounded, and everything moved along as smoothly as ever.

Women are bought, sold and exchanged, yet they are invariably consulted as to the desirability of this or that man as a husband; and they are never forced to marry a man whom they do not like. The average for a well-to-do man is four wives, and competition for the first place is sometimes keen, for the later wives are virtually slaves to the first. Every woman must marry. If for any reason a girl refuses to marry she is forced into a life of seclusion, becomes a social outcast, and in the end has no friends to bury her. She may be betrothed on the day of her birth, but, upon returning her fiance's presents, which are prescribed by rigid custom, she is perfectly free to acquire another. Sometimes she remains unmarried until she is 20, and she may have had many fiancées, who, however, never bother her; for when she becomes engaged she may continue her friendship and intimacies with everyone but her fiance, whom she may not see until three days before the wedding. Thus the easiest way to get rid of an undesirable suitor is to become engaged to him, and then, once free of his attentions, the girl can look for another more to her liking.

Once married, she rules the house, handles the money, stealing all she can for her private fortune; and she may get a divorce. Her only concern is that she may not get another husband soon after the death of her first one. This is a great misfortune, for it implies that she is pursued by bad luck. And all the time she pities the white woman who must do all the work of one household rather than share it with several other wives. Children are very numerous and very much loved, with the exception of the first, which is cordially hated, and more often than not would be starved or strangled if the relations of the husband failed to come to its rescue and provide it with a nurse, or give it to some woman who has only eight or ten, and bemoans the lack of a larger family so much that she is anxious to adopt a few more.

At Least Indiscreet.

[New York World:] One of the most interesting events of the present brilliant military-social season seems likely to escape without proper notice. A lot of wealthy Americans momentarily stranded in Genoa by reason of war paid \$100,000 or more for a ship to carry them home. They arrived here in great luxury, but on the way over it occurred to them that it would be a good idea to denounce the American government, and they did so in approved form. On second thought, however, when they had been better informed, they concluded that they had made a mistake, and the convention having reassembled, it was decided that the State, War, Navy and Treasury departments deserved commendation for what they had done to rescue American tourists in Europe. In due form this indorsement of the United States of America has been transmitted to Washington and we hope that it will be duly appreciated. What asses some Americans are!

In an old-fashioned laboratory in the rear of a tumble-down house standing on a little side street, a bent old man may be seen almost any day bending over a caldron mixing and muttering. His name is Thompson, and for more than a quarter of a century he has been mixing and remixing those twenty chemicals in a vain search for that formula of the "Lost Light."

The Lost Light.

STRANGE FATE OF THE LOCHONBACH FORMULA.

By Frances Marian Mitchell.

Thompson had picked up the old Bible at a second-hand store in the seedy quarter of the city. It was a ponderous tome, such as booksmiths of a hundred years ago gave the world, but to Thompson, whose collection of old books was the envy of many a bibliophile, it was a priceless treasure.

He sat fondly turning over the musty leaves, when his eyes fell upon a sheet of paper glued to the margin of one of the pages. The writing upon it was so faded as to be almost illegible, but the heading caught and held Thompson's attention.

"Lochonbach Light Formula," it read; and Thompson was a chemist. Lochonbach! Every student of chemistry knew the Lochonbach text-books, and most of them had heard of the tragic death of the brilliant George Lochonbach, their author.

In an instant Thompson was all alert. By the aid of a magnifying glass he deciphered the secret the old Bible had hidden from the world for a score of years—the secret that promised him fame and fortune if the discoverer of the formula told the truth—the secret of a light that was to surpass electricity as the sun outshines the stars.

The next day, possessed of the twenty combustible chemicals named in the formula, Thompson set about testing the discovery of Lochonbach. And his test was successful. When the last of the ingredients had been added according to the directions, a dazzling, blinding light flooded the room.

Within a week Thompson had interested a number of capitalists in the discovery to such an extent that they agreed to be present at a test of the Lochonbach light. If all Thompson promised was true the possibilities of the discovery were bewildering. A company capitalized at millions was to be promoted, and the lighting of the world was to be in its keeping.

No such discovery had been made in the century, and the magnates interested were highly excited.

On the night of the test the men gathered in Thompson's laboratory. A bulb filled with the light fluid had been prepared in advance by Thompson, and this minute bulb, lying upon a small table in the center of the room, gave a brilliant daylight effect to the place.

The men gathered around the cauldron in which the light was to be manufactured, and Thompson, with the aid of a trusted assistant, began the experiment. The assistant, the formula in his hand—it had been taken from its long resting place in the old Bible—read the directions for mixing the chemicals, while Thompson put them into effect.

The assistant read the first direction, and the contents of bottles one and seven were emptied into the cauldron and carefully mixed; then half the contents of number sixteen were added, and the mixture began to seethe and bubble.

The excitement was intense, and everybody crowded around the cauldron. Thompson, with tense nerves, proceeded with his work. When about one-half the chemicals had been deposited in the cauldron a faint glow began to issue from it. The formula was correct, and the seething mixture would resolve itself into a light that would bring the whole world at night into daytime brightness.

Suddenly the assistant, in his excitement, leaned too far over the cauldron and lost his hold upon the marvelous formula. The priceless paper fluttered down to the seething fluid and an instant later was sucked into the turbulent mass.

With a cry Thompson leaped forward in a vain attempt to rescue the precious document, and as he did so jarred the table upon which reposed the light-bulb. There was a crash of glass, and then darkness ensued, broken faintly by streaks of the fluid as it spread itself upon the floor.

It was impossible to proceed with the experiment. The explosive nature of the chemicals rendered it perilous to mix them at haphazard, and the possible combinations of the twenty chemicals were almost numberless.

In an old-fashioned laboratory in the rear of a tumble-down house standing on a little side street, a bent old man may be seen almost any day bending over a caldron mixing and muttering. His name is Thompson, and for more than a quarter of a century he has been mixing and remixing those twenty chemicals in a vain search for that formula of the "Lost Light."

A touring party in a was overtaken by night storm at an old inn. Thick branches of pine, hem beech met above the decaying root, and a luxuriant growth the small dingy panes of the windows. A decrepit old candle met them at the door, and a room termed by courtesy the echoing passages to tiny bedder the sloping eaves. The person of a young woman noted for her coquetry, a lady of mature guished for her love of dress, a man devoted to amassing gold, who was part of his machine, breathed, and moved to the speed.

They all met next morning at the inn to continue their journey. No one had desired any breakfast, and had eaten nothing. No one spoke until the car slowly forward on the lonely road was lost to sight among the trees.

"How did you sleep?" queried the financier of the ladies.

"I had horrible dreams," they replied.

"I, too," echoed the chauffeur.

Then each in turn proceeded to relate his experience, beginning with a coquette.

A

AFTER THE B
COKE had closed the blind city restaurant, and he, chums, Stevens, a reporter in plainclothes man, were seated at the rear tables, ready for one "feeds."

The steaming food was spread when some one tried the door.

Stevens looked up. "Don't be afraid, Cooky," he growled. "Let's have peace tonight."

Cooke smiled his round smile as hungry as you are, and a stray nickel about him."

"More likely he has a scent," answered.

But Cooke let him in, and filled the poorly clad man handed over Cooke stared, then winked at him.

When the three had cleared their plates, and leaned back to smoke, who had likewise done damage cooking, came over to them.

"Gentlemen, may I smoke with a little lonely, and I had an eight night that is a little out of the makes a pretty good yarn."

Stevens pricked up his ears, and the detective looked interested. Cooke said.

"I was standing in the corner of Hotel Weeden, wondering where enough to buy a meal. I saw a well-dressed chap, looked as if he though I could see he spent it. I don't make a man live long."

"He asked me if I were game thing for him, and do it with questions. Any other time I winked in his eye; but he followed question with a show of bills me. And I fell."

"He took me to his rooms and was giving an affair at a place where you can do as you please, you pay the bills without a kick."

"He said he wanted me to do a gentleman, go with him to this he would tell me later, they wanted of me. I was simply the my own hook under the name of."

"I'm a bum now, but I have days, and it all looked tempting me up in a good rig, and gave me what to do when I got there."

"I was taken right in at the

Two Hundred Miles of Joy. By Meredith Nugent.

ARTIST IN ECSTASY.

"NOT going to take a gun!" "Not going to kill anything!" "Going to walk!" "It's all yours, my friend."

The salesman of whom I bought my kit first looked at me with astonishment, then with pity, and then—as I was picking up my bundles—as though he suspected my sanity.

Yes, I was going to walk down the whole length of the coast from Los Angeles to San Diego. I positively would walk, nothing could stop me from walking; but at the last moment a friend gifted with more positiveness than myself, bundled me forcibly into his automobile and drove me as far as Balboa. However, this was a case of abduction, a triumph of mere muscle, an unlawful kidnapping by one who I believe was really sorry for me.

Arriving at Balboa, though, I quickly jumped aboard the ferry, and landing within a few moments at the farther side of the inlet, hurriedly scrambled up the hill, and to a path along the bluff where automobiles

who returns weekly to the bolterous element of his fathers.

But why do I hurry so? I've raced like an escaped prisoner, and somehow feel like one. There are no automobiles here, no pursuing friends who might steal me back to reason. I'll sprawl on the rocks, and enjoy my freedom. What magnificence of color! What a riot of movement! How Winslow Homer would have liked to "brush in" that reef just opposite to me, and how he would have liked to paint a picture of that one farther out. There are pictures everywhere, pictures that have yet to be painted of seas so much more glorious in color than those of the Atlantic that they will create a sensation when they are painted. There are Japanese pictures, pictures of birds in decorative flight against a background of silken blue, pictures of crabs rushing about like little demons, and that look for all the world like Japanese prints breathed suddenly to life.

But I must be going, for the sun is sinking low. The bluffs on my left are masses

'Tis early morning, and I look out through my open window at the Spanish houses opposite. They are immaculately white, and belong evidently to a better class of Spanish than those we are used to meeting. What a picture they make! What a splendidly decorative panel seen through my oblong window! Suddenly this panel which I am admiring so intensely almost makes me to yell and whoop. A long line of cattle come into my picture and race straight across it! Mexican cowboys gallopingly lead, and the cattle race after them. The composition is perfect. More cowboys come, more cattle. Why isn't there an artist present, at least why isn't there someone here with whom I can share my joyous insanity! Pictures? Why, Southern California is full of pictures. Yet our artists go to Europe for subjects, to Algeria, to heaven knows where else besides excepting this paradise of color right here on our own Pacific. Some day an artist will arise with real American eyes. For the present let us be honest, and label our artists "Made in Germany," "Made in France," or made in whatever land they may happen to have been optically fitted out.

I hate to leave Capistrano for fear there may be other splendid pictures, with cattle and Mexican cowboys. The southern breeze is calling, though, and I face it with a rabid enthusiasm. The road swings out to the ocean again. I surprise many auto parties camping on the sands. Most of them are

good monk that the Spanish sign over the entrance forbidding all admission might as well have been Greek for all that I could understand it. True there were signs in English near by, but I preferred to ignore them for the Spanish sign, which in my loose state of conscience seemed to convey an invitation, when in reality it meant "keep out," and thus enabled me to tumble into a beautiful courtyard I would not otherwise have seen.

Was there ever such blue water as this is here at La Jolla, which I have reached after a long walk of something like thirty-two miles. The most fascinating spot along this whole beautiful coast, with a little cove in which bathers are grouped like clever sketches of Whistler's. But what a cathedral was it that stood here in the past where now only remain the carved entrances to its caved crypt? I listen to the waters thundering into its pillars, I watch the golden fishes swimming so gracefully in its grottoed bases. Acapulco of holier days, remnants of a race which sang a holier praise than we modern mortals ever dream of, what barbarian home was it that levelled your sacred heights?

San Diego next, and San Diego contains a surprise for me. Those exposition buildings! I had looked for something wonderful, but I had hardly expected to be startled. Here are real Spanish palaces with fairy-like verandas, upon which one momentarily



"There are pictures everywhere."

could not bother me. The morning was a of pure crimson with shadows of ultramarine. The waters around my feet—for I am wading, and at times knee-deep in the milky foam—are of the loveliest rose imaginable. In a little cove lies Laguna, or rather the busiest section of it does, and I hasten to the hotel to make sure of my night's lodging. How famished I am for supper, and after having eaten it, how famished I am still! However, there is food in my pack, and I fill up in my room.

Bright and early I am on the bluffs again. Laguna is a place for artists. There are compositions, motifs, color schemes, and masterpieces by the hundred here. However, I cannot linger now even for masterpieces. I must be going, madly going, for no other reason than the mere joyous going. Perhaps the movement all about me is the impelling force of my going.

Now I have to leave the coast in order to save me many miles. The silence becomes intense as I leave the roaring ocean, and the world is suddenly brown where before it had been all blue. Yet there is a beauty about this brown country which has yet to be appreciated. The trail leads me windingly into a long white dusty road. There is no breeze here, and I just swelter under the torrid sun. To complete my discomfort, a herd of cattle is driven by, and I tramp for some distance through a species of London fog with the disadvantages of a temperature nearing 100 in the shade. I perspire, choke, and finally drop on a sloping hillside to recuperate my waning forces. There is a stiff incline ahead of me, and nearing its burning top, I eagerly look for the stretch of brown which I am so sure is to long continue. Miracle of water! Below me is a valley filled full with emerald green, the greenest green I ever set my eyes on! There is alfalfa, waving corn and, beyond the waving corn, a whole mile forest of walnuts! In all this miraculous world; there is nothing more miraculous than the powers of a stream of water. I walk now in the cool shade of the walnuts, listen to the music in the irrigating ditches which seems to liquidly sing "Green, green, green," and follow this band of green until it leads me into Capistrano. The Mission here is a beauty, and I linger among its ruins until the night is filled with stars.

I pass by a solitary human being. He, too, is drunken as I am. He sits by a fire cooking a frying pan full of fish. He is singing, and does not know of my approach. He turns the sizzling fish over, and moves the coffee pot further back from the fiercest of the yellow flames. Now a breeze sends a whiff of that cooking fish to my nostrils! Was ever rose more divinely fragrant!

There are footprints in the sand, barefoot prints; and I follow them Crusoe-like, wondering who my man Friday will be. I follow them for two miles, and then rounding a bend, come across a reincarnated Walt Whitman. He is as stark mad, as fully so, as the man cooking fish, stark mad over nature. For six days out of seven he is a "hustler" in a big department store, but on the seventh day he is a god; a big-breathing, big-eyed, shaggy-whiskered god, a very Neptune.

cooking breakfast, or hurriedly packing up for another day's joy. Is there any other place in the world where people give themselves up so wholly to glorious abandonment as in this bright strip of earth bordering the western sea?

Again I am forced to go inland, as my next stopping-place is twenty-five miles distant, and it is decidedly advisable to take the shortest route possible. At noon I rest in the shade of a eucalyptus grove, and eat a robust dinner. A lonely workman hurries over and says that he'll make coffee for me. After he makes coffee, he insists that I partake of all the food he has, from flapjacks to new-bought honey. I wouldn't refuse him for anything, although I am frequently thanking my God that my stomach is so Hale and hearty. The man's two horses take dinner with us. He says to me: "They are my children, all I have;" but I do most sincerely wish his two children had better table manners, and that they would refrain from dropping barley beards into my plate of soup.

I sleep at Oceanside tonight, with thirty miles to my credit, and after a most enjoyable talk with friends I've not seen in thirty years. How we did talk! We reminisced of old student days, of a visit to Walt Whitman, of Whitman's friend the painter Eakins, of the girl on the silver dollar, of musical evenings, of trips up the Wissahickon, and of a funny place named Manayunk. But even Mozart deliciously played cannot keep me from my trip. The walking fever is upon me, and I must keep going till I burn it out.

A dreamy gray is over everything on this the fourth morning of my walk, which is pleasingly suitable to my mood as I tramp out to the Mission of San Luis Rey. Of course I am apologetic for having gone in by the wrong door, but I quite convince the

peaks to see real Spanish princesses. There are exquisite green gardens, and clear pools, upon which gorgeously float yellow and white water lilies. Here long rows of arches, every arch a frame for vistas of dazzling architecture. Here are parks, beautiful walks, eddies, and shaded nooks where one may sit on lovely patios filled with flowers. Here are forests, yes, real forests, moved by magicians more wonderful than he who moved Birman Wood. And stretching far beyond these forests as I stand here this portico, is the most beautiful blossoms that the God of heaven ever made.

After my feast of architecture I am now visiting Point Loma on this afternoon. There are no wonderful station buildings here, no ravishingly water as there was at La Jolla, no rocks and massed foregrounds as I had near Laguna; but there is the grand vision before me that I have ever seen upon anywhere. It is as if I had translated to one of the high places of earth, to be shown all of the glories that ever had contained. Through an the purest blue I behold a world wrought gold. Gold is the distant city, gold country beyond, and the mountains that jut into the Pacific, gold fringed white. But gold is only the center of design, or rather the design proper; the large field of the divine tapestry is the universe of cerulean blue.

Yes, he that loves color let him come to Southern California. He that loves him let him also come. But he that hath a heart let him surely come, for this is the meeting point where earth smiles into heaven.

Of course I walked back again.

The House of Dreams.
STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF A
PARTY OF TOURISTS.

By Minna Irving.

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"I was no sooner between the sheets," she said, "than I was suddenly transported to a region where unutterable silence reigned, and it was very cold. I was entirely without clothes—not so much as the traditional fig leaf hid my nakedness, and I was literally starving, while in addition to the pangs of hunger I suffered burning thirst. A dish was set before me by unseen hands. It consisted of human hearts, each one broken in half, and still quivering with remnants of life. I turned from it, shuddering with horror, and reached for a golden goblet which stood beside it.

"The goblet was brimming with blood. The cold grew more intense, and I shook with icy tremors, when a cloak was cast over me in the low-ceiled, smoke-begrimed room, termed by courtesy the parlor, and afterward escorted them along the bare stone passages to tiny bedchambers under the sloping eaves. The party consisted of a young woman noted for her beauty and coquetry, a lady of mature years distinguished for her love of dress, an elderly man devoted to amassing gold by any and every means in his power, and the chauffeur, who was part of his machine, and lived, travelled, and moved to the impulse of gold.

They all met next morning at the door of the inn to continue their journey. None had desired any breakfast, and all were pale and silent, and had apparently rested ill. No one spoke until the car was moving slowly forward on the lonely road, and the inn was lost to sight among the trees.

"How did you sleep?" queried the elderly man.

"I had horrible dreams," they chorused in reply.

"I, too," echoed the chauffeur. "And I, also," cried the financier.

Then each in turn proceeded to tell his or her experience, beginning with the youthful soubrette.

The financier told the next tale of woe: "I toiled through the ether with a great bag of gold on my back. Other bags were in my bulging pockets, and I carried one in each hand. Every star that glittered in the firmament was a gigantic mountain of glistening gold dust from which I had to fill the bags I carried, and empty them into the black abyss of eternity. Ages and ages I slaved at my herculean task with never a minute's rest from my labors, and as I shoved away at one star after another until the last ounce of the yellow metal of which it was composed had gone into the bags and been duly emptied into the void beyond, new stars of gold appeared in the distance, and I knew that I must toil on forever. I labored in a cloud of the shining dust, it filled my lungs to suffocation, it gritted between my teeth, it clung like fine snow to my hair and shoulders, covered my hands so thickly that my fingers moved with great difficulty as though encased in metallic gloves, and obscured my vision with an auriferous mist. This was my judgment and my doom."

When his hoarse voice died away, there was silence for fully five minutes. His story, like the coquette's, needed no comment, the lesson was plain.

The leather-coated chauffeur was the first to speak, slowing the car down until it barely moved through the murmuring vistas of woodland.

"I, too, was among the stars," he said, "and found the twinkling lights in the night sky to be the lamps of innumerable automobiles whizzing around on invisible tracks through the ether. Seated in one of the biggest of them, I was speeding down the Milky Way at a terrific pace. Each side of me yawned a bottomless abyss of empty ether, and far ahead the endless silvery road stretched before me, a narrow ribbon of light from which the slightest swerve would precipitate me into space. The cold

air seared my eyeballs like fire and stopped my breath. My spine ached as if pierced with a million red-hot needles, my arms stiffened with the awful strain, and I moved the steering wheel mechanically, while the terrific clip at which I was traveling constantly increased. Comets crumbled beneath my flying wheels, a trail of scintillating star dust hovered behind me, and I narrowly avoided collision with the sun and moon as I flew. But when, sick and throbbing from head to foot with intense weariness, I strove to slacken my mad pace, a terrible voice that filled the vast spaces of the sky and reverberated through unguessable deserts of distance bade me in thunder tones: 'Speed on!'

"Centuries passed like seconds in my wild flight through eternity, and I beheld great worlds darken and die into masses of cinders that still continued to revolve in their orbits, a constant menace to my lurching, rocking car, and to the cars of other chauffeurs that traversed the universe in different directions, each driver bound to his wheel forever by a sentence from which there was no appeal.

"And the whole immense vault was filled with the roar of countless wheels, and the ceaseless throbbing of millions of motors all blending in a mighty diapason of sound which was dominated by that awful bodiless voice which from time to time issued its grim command: 'Speed on!'

The chauffeur's dream was also heard without comment, perhaps because there was nothing to say since each had had a similar uncanny experience in the House of Dreams.

But strange to relate, when the party again entered the forest on the return trip no inn was to be seen on the spot where they had passed such a disagreeable night, only a heap of moldering timbers and the remains of a fallen chimney over which trailed wild blackberry vines and poison ivy. the growth of many years.

A Little Different. By Arthur Peach.

AFTER THE BALL.

COOKE had closed the blinds of his little city restaurant, and he, with his two charms, Stevens, a reporter, and Verven, a plainclothes man, were seated around one of the rear tables, ready for one of their late "feuds."

The steaming food was spread before them when some one tried the door.

Stevens looked up. "Don't let him in, Cooke," he growled. "Let's have a little peace tonight."

Cooke smiled his round smile. "He may be as hungry as you are, and—he may have a stray nickel about him."

"More likely he has a scent," the reporter snarled.

But Cooke let him in, and filled his order. The poorly clad man handed over a big bill. Cooke stared, then winked at his friends.

When the three had cleared up Cooke's offerings, and leaned back to smoke, the man who had likewise done damage to Cooke's making, came over to them.

"Gentlemen, may I smoke with you? I'm a little lonely, and I had an experience tonight that is a little out of the ordinary and makes a pretty good yarn."

Stevens pricked up his ears, and the detective looked interested. Cooke offered him a seat.

I was standing in the corridor of the Hotel Weeden, wondering where I was to get enough to buy a meal. I saw a man studying me, and finally he came up. He was a well-dressed chap, looked as if he had money, though I could see he spent it in ways that don't make a man live long.

He asked me if I were game to do something for him, and do it without asking questions. Any other time I would have winked in his eye; but he followed up his question with a show of bills that dazzled me. And I fell.

He took me to his rooms and told me he was giving an affair at a place in the city where you can do as you please as long as you pay the bills without a kick.

He said he wanted me to dress up as a gentleman, go with him to this affair, and he would tell me later, there, what he wanted of me. I was simply to appear on my own hook under the name of Stafford.

I was so stunned I didn't think for a moment, and in that moment I was shocked out, and it all looked tempting. He fixed me up in a good rig, and gave me instructions what to do when I got there.

I was taken right in at the door without

a word, and soon I was at home. Of course I was wondering what was coming next; but I'm a believer in the present good or evil.

"They were a sporty crowd; I know the brand, and they were having a high old time. I was a little rusty in some lines, but I held up my end, all right.

"I was paired off most of the evening with a girl that was a beauty—a little daring, and a bit too much of other things, perhaps; but she seemed to be unusually interested in me and, of course, I met her half way. I was having a glorious time. This guy who told me to show up was right in the thick of things, and I began to wonder when he was going to put me wise to his real reason for bringing me there. I didn't seem to serve much purpose, and it didn't seem likely that he'd ask me just to fill out.

"But the fun was moving fast, and I didn't worry. I had a pretty girl, and I was willing to let things go on.

"After a while, though, I could see that the affair was dragging. You know how it is at some affairs—a lot of kick and snap for a while, then things go dead, and the fake to keep it up is pretty poor. Well, that's the way the game went.

"I had drifted out into one of the halls with the girl, when suddenly she suggested that we go back. We swung out on to the ballroom floor.

"Then the fun commenced. Two men in plain clothes came in, rushed up to me, and said: 'You are under arrest!'

"Well, I was some jarred. I have done much that I ought not to have done, but nothing that merited arrest.

"The whole place went quiet as a tomb. Every eye was on us.

"I got off something about what they meant, and then they grabbed me. I am hot-tempered, unfortunately, and I didn't like their methods. I shook them around a bit, and of course a fight developed. But they had me.

"When they got a dead grip on me, I saw the chap who hired me, and I thought I was crazy. He was saying: 'Take that chap out; he's an impostor! I have just discovered it! He forced his way in through the crowd around us. What do you mean by coming in here? Gentlemen, run him out.'

"I was so stunned I didn't think for a moment, and in that moment I was shocked out, and it was too late for bright thoughts. I tried to talk with the men, but they only grinned.

"I was rushed to the upper floor, and

given my old duds, and then rushed out to the sidewalk, and told to beat it.

"I was mad clear through. I couldn't just see what was up, but it was plain to me that the chap wasn't going to hand me all the money he promised—though he had given me some.

"As I stood across the street, I heard a man talking, and a crash of hand-clapping, and it came over me just what the game was.

"I haven't been in the city a week, but I'd heard that this chap's crowd were trying to beat each other out giving stunts that were a little different—some new kick, something for excitement, and he had made me the monkey of this one.

"I made a good one. That scrap I put up in the ballroom kept them with their mouths open for awhile; and mind you—I was dead in earnest. I couldn't have been hired to do that stunt, and make it real as I did, and it wouldn't have been such a thundering good joke for him to tell them if he had put me wise what was up. It came as a surprise, all right, and I certainly showed how hard it hit me.

"I was sore enough. That clapping meant he had made a little speech, rehearsing the stunt, and how he got me—a bum, dead broke, down and out, to go there as a gentleman.

"I'd have liked to crack his head, but I'd get mine in return or something worse, so I beat it.

"That's the yarn. I won't tell you who it is, but you'll see the affair written up, and I'll know tomorrow. Good-night, gentlemen."

When he had gone, Stevens said: "How much of that was 'con' and how much true? It sounded pretty."

The telephone tinkled, and he turned to it. His friends saw his face expand with astonishment. He turned and grabbed his hat.

"I'm off, fellows! That guy's yarn is straight! Ed just telephoned me that Irwin gave a blowout, that a guy there was thrown out as an impostor, and—and—as the ball broke up, they found that some one had

gone through the duds and cleaned up all the cash in the bunch, with some jewelry thrown in; and the guy who did it was our friend! I'm off!"

The detective rose. "Guess I'll go down to quarters, too. He couldn't have gotten into that affair unless Irwin vouched for him; so the yarn's true. He's buried in the East Side by this time, but I can take a

hand. Cooky, you've assisted a criminal. All the time he has been gassing here, behind your blinds, he's been safe."

"Cooky" banged a plate. "I'm dumbed glad of it. I hope he gets away. He deserves to, after that raw deal by Irwin—the mut!"

The Sargossa Sea.

[New York Press:] The Sargossa Sea, so long the pleasing haunt of the more fantastic of best-seller novelties, has loosed its moorings, drifted away from the fateful slow whirlpool of the Indian Ocean, and cast anchor in New York Harbor. Here at least is a curious collection of shipping, caught in this back water of international war, which might conceivably pass itself off as being nearly related to the mythical argosies of the Sea of Dead Ships.

From Ellis Island to Tottenville, in the upper bay, there is to be seen today a sight not equaled anywhere in the world. In this greatest port of this greatest neutral nation lie strings of ships flying the flags of all the countries now grappling to the death in Europe. They are so close together that the proverbial biscuit could be tossed almost from one to the other, so close that scowls and hard words are communicated easily enough by the crews. Yet they lie in amity; the mantle of this nation covers all alike.

It is a striking illustration of the part this country is playing—and we trust may continue to play—in this great war drama. Our aid in combat is given to no nation; our hospitality is extended to all.

Here are British tramps and German liners, Russian emigrant ships and French freighters, Austrian hookers and many others, their ensigns all fluttering. Some may grow weary of inaction, perhaps, and slip out past Sandy Hook, to brave the dangers of destruction or capture. How many will be afloat a year from now?

Moratorium.

[Boston Herald:] "Moratorium" was a word unknown to the great majority before this war, which may bring other unfamiliar terms into general use or invent some. "Commandeer," "trek" and the verb "mafick" came with the Boer war. As far back as 1710, Dean Swift complained of "speculations, operations, preliminaries, ambassadors, pallisades, communication, circumvalation, battalions," words introduced or made common by the war of that time.

A Question of Honor. By Edgar White.

STODDARD'S REWARD.

I WOULDN'T have gone so hard if anybody but that chump, Jap Fenson, had been the winner. But that was rubbing it in. How the old noodies of the faculty could see anything to commend in Jap's rambling rhetoric could only be explained on the ground of dotage in high places. Jap was reared on a farm, and it would have looked more modest in him to keep his hands off when subjects of governmental consequence were up. But fools walk calmly in where angels hesitate before adventuring. In this case the "fool" had made good for his temerity. That is, if you cared to take the opinion of a lot of old fossils who scarcely realized that hostilities between the North and South had ceased.

One thing that made his defeat by the country cadet so humiliating to Hal Stoddard was that the whole academy knew Stoddard's ambition to win the annual essay medal this year, and that the contribution he had submitted represented the very best that was in him. For nights he had sat, wet-toed and bare-armed, and agonized over his own production before he had fashioned it into the dignity and strength of the high standard at which he aimed. Then with becoming confidence he had turned it in to the arbiters. And the arbiters had not even referred it to in their announcement of the award to Cadet Fenson, the farmer lad.

"Hello, Hal! Been looking for you the last two hours. Come with me."

The tall, slim young man who linked his arm in that of Stoddard's had suddenly come out of the barracks, which was in the far south of the campus, and he marched his friend up to the academy, thence up the broad front steps into one of the private reading-rooms. There they met Bert Thompson, Al Ladene and Edward Topham, three members of the class of '09. The cadet who accosted Stoddard was Arch Cartwright, one of the most popular students of the academy. Stoddard was a lieutenant, but his office did not preclude his intimacy with the "privates." Cartwright closed the door and pushed the bolt.

"We have something to show you, Hal," he mysteriously announced. "Where is that magazine, Bert?"

The cadet addressed produced from a paper bundle an old publication and laid it on a table. All gathered around when Cartwright began running through the pages.

"Here's the essay that won the prize, Hal," he stated, pointing to an article headed "The Man of the Future."

Stoddard looked at the time-stained book.

"You don't mean to say—"

"That Jap Fenson stole his composition?" finished Cartwright. "Nothing else, and here's the proof of it."

"How do you know this is what he handed in?" asked Stoddard.

The cadets laughed grimly.

"Hal," responded Cartwright, in a low, earnest tone, "we suspected this even before the prize was announced, from certain things we saw. Now, without going into details, we've seen Jap's essay and compared it with this. They're exactly alike, work for word."

A sudden exultation animated Stoddard. The faculty's idol was clay. The farmer boy was a thief, and public disgrace was close to him. It was justice.

"How'll we go about it to let them know?" asked Stoddard.

"We've arranged a plan, which we will submit to you," replied Cartwright. "You're the real winner of the prize—"

"I'm not certain of that," said Stoddard. "There were others besides Fenson and myself."

"Nevertheless, we are satisfied the prize would have gone to you with a fair deal," declared Cartwright, with finality. "Now, we thought a good way to forcibly present this matter would be for you to be close to the front of the evening of commencement and when Fenson finishes delivering his little speech just arise and challenge it on the ground of plagiarism. You will have this book in your hand to prove your charge."

"But suppose he misses the magazine?"

"Don't you worry about that," said Cartwright. "If you knew where he had this hid

you would know he feels safe on that score. How does the plan strike you?"

"He deserves it," said Stoddard, meditatively.

"Will you do it?"

"I—I—yes, I guess I will. I don't know why I shouldn't, but I rather dislike the idea of making a public example of him. That looks 'most too rough."

"Rough, fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Cartwright. "In court, when a member of the bar acts dishonorably, the judge gives him his medicine by an official announcement of his disbarment before everybody. It's for an example. And this thing Fenson has done is dishonorable."

Stoddard quietly made his way over to the faculty building shortly after dark, and was soon in the presence of a middle-aged man, of bright, alert, young-looking eyes, a strong, smooth-shaven face, and a large, white forehead, with the iron-gray hair yet waving just above it in thick masses.

The commandant placed a chair for the cadet, and listened to his story with a troubled brow.

"You didn't bring the magazine with you, Stoddard?" he suggested, when the young man had finished.

"No, sir," replied Stoddard, flushing slightly, "but I have it in my room. I intend to show it to you."

"Of course. Well, bring it to my office in the academy in the morning. How many know of this besides yourself?"

"Why—several."

"I see. It's the same as if it were proclaimed from the housetops, and if true the disgrace will follow Fenson through life. It's a pity. I was rather proud of that boy for the fight he's made under hard circumstances. But he must be taught this sort of thing cannot be tolerated in a gentleman. I'm obliged to you for having discovered the fraud, if it is such."

"I will bring you the book in the morning," remarked Stoddard, rising.

"Thank you. Good-night."

It seemed to Stoddard that there was a polite note of skepticism in the commandant's voice. He wished he had brought the evidence along. But he had it safe, and in the morning the commandant could see for himself. When he returned to his room he reached for the magazine, and something fell out from between the leaves. It was an envelope addressed to Fenson, and in it was a letter. Stoddard studied the curious, waving letters, and knew it was an aged hand that penned them. The postmark was recent. Without considering the right or wrong of the act, the cadet removed the letter from its enclosure. Perhaps his opinion of Fenson had fallen so low of late that he considered him beyond the pale of ordinary treatment. At any rate, he read the letter, which ran as follows:

"My Dear Boy: I cannot find words to express my delight at your success, and over all those fine city-bred young men, too! How proud your lonesome old mother will be to see you again when school is out and to throw her arms around you!"

"Nellie was over to see me today, and when I showed her your letter she clapped her hands for joy. Of course you will write to her about it, but you can't imagine how happy it made me feel to have my boy write his old mother the good news before his sweetheart."

"I am so glad the school days are nearly over, dear, for I fear you have been studying too hard. Mother intends to be in Crown Point on commencement day, and she will try to get a seat right up in front where she can hear all the nice things said about her boy."

"Good-by, son, and God bless you,

"Your loving mother."

Before drill the next morning a cadet touched his forehead and informed Lieut. Stoddard that the commandant would be pleased to see him in the private office. As Stoddard entered, the keen, dark eyes of the officer were turned searchingly upon him.

"The book, Stoddard," he said. It was like a challenge.

"I haven't it, sir," replied Stoddard.

"Where is it?"

"It is not here."

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded the commandant, sternly.

"I mean this," returned the Lieutenant, breathing hard, "when I spoke to you last night I was in a jealous rage. I had hoped to get the prize myself. I had worked hard for it. All the cadets knew how ambitious I was to win that medal. It was a bitter blow to see it go to a man who had had nothing like my opportunities. I was crazy with envy and went to you in that mood. This morning things look clearer, and I see how wrong I was."

As the young soldier went on, his voice grew in strength, and there was the suggestion of triumph in his blue eyes as he finished.

Col. Bartford sat with his chin resting on his hand for several moments after Stoddard had ceased speaking. At first his brow had clouded angrily, but the peculiar rings in the boy's tones as he was completing his confession swept the anger away and caused a thoughtful expression to settle in its place.

The commandant then arose and, laying his hand on Stoddard's shoulder, looked kindly into his face.

"My boy," he said, "it was a natural thing to do—for one of a weak nature. But soldiers should not be hampered with such characteristics. The country needs men who will die sooner than lie. Your weakness only lasted overnight, but it was plenty long to bring disaster to an army in time of war. Now, I am not going to lecture, but simply offer a prescription for the making of a man. This lie you say you told me last night will destroy your self-respect, unless you resort to a heroic remedy. What your character needs is the perfection of military discipline—real service in the face of the enemy. That will cause you to act correctly, to tell the truth, to obey orders. Two years will give you certainty, precision of character, reliability. Several regiments are now being recruited for service in the Philippines. A recruiting officer is here, but I have not urged any of our cadets to go—except you—and will not, for I think such service should be voluntary. What does Lieut. Stoddard say?"

"He says he will go," replied the boy, in a low but firm tone.

The commandant extended the earnest hand of a soldier, and the lad took it and looked calmly into his eyes.

"God bless you, my boy," he said; "your commandant believes in you."

The soldiers of the Ninth were pushing their way through a dark tangle of vine and dank leaves that flapped against their faces like the pinions of some evil bird of the swamps. The cacti tore their legs and hands, causing sharp pains like the bite of a snake. At each wearisome step planted in the shiny trail, grotesque shapes stood out in the gloom, silent, sullen, menacing, the ghosts of the jungle. Now and then a cry, long, piercing, unearthly, would sweep through the dark cavern of trees and foliage. By this token the soldiers knew that some place back in the shadows—God only knew where—were gleaming eyes and dusky forms, and that those gleaming eyes saw everything and those dusky forms were stealthily and with infinite ease moving, sliding, crawling along with the little army, and never for one second in doubt of its location and its progress.

"What's the use?"

Weary beyond expression, his handsome, boyish face bleeding from contact with the sinister impediments of the march, one of the men of the line had stumbled over a vine and sunk to his knees. The man behind, himself tired to the point of despair, lent a friendly hand to assist the fallen soldier to his feet, and they moved stolidly on through the strange land of strange people.

Suddenly the cry of the jungle broke out from all sides, and a cannon boomed far ahead. The advance had met the enemy, who were thoroughly ready. It was a relief to the weary soldiers to learn that the action was on. Their muscles became tense as they grasped their rifles and adjusted their cartridge belts. The rear of the column pressed on at double quick. There was a large clearing ahead, in the center of which was a fortified settlement. The natives had had an old Spanish cannon, and with them was a renegade deserter who

knew how to work it. The advance guard undertook to take the place by direct assault, but the thin line was shrivelled by the deadly fire from the concealed natives, who seemed to be excellently armed. The bolo men sent a shower of hideous weapons with deadly accuracy over the ranks, and hardly a man got back un-injured. The commander then lined up his entire force and deployed in wide formation. A dozen men with axes volunteered to run for the stockade and chop an entrance. The signal was given and the attack began. Before they could do any effective work the stockade every ax man was killed or injured. But the troops kept steadily on, and two men sprang out of the ranks and ran for the axes. Working close together, they succeeded in chopping off a plank near the entrance. The entire line was up to the stockade now and a dozen men were tearing the boards down. Entrance was effected, and the natives scattered and turned on the natives, who threw down their arms and ran from the town in terror. Among the slain was the deserter who had sought to discipline the insurgents.

A week following the battle, a boy, who was perhaps the only person left in the town, sat alone in a room, looking uneasily on his cot in St. Philip's Hospital, Manila, raised his head on a thin mat and looked out at the weeping heavens. For days the rain had been pouring down non-stop, and an impenetrable gloom covered the land.

"What a God-forsaken country!" groaned the invalid, as he sank back on his pillow and turned his head from the window. His drops started from the dark blue eyes and traveled slowly down the pale cheeks. The dreary, never-ending beat of the rain on the roof and trees was the only sound that came through the screened windows. He wondered if the soldier dead heard him above their graves, and if the same sound would continue through all eternity.

"What's the use?" he muttered, as he placed his hand to his throbbing heart, where the bolo man had left the mark of his welcome the furnace-like day his friend crashed through the palisade.

An attendant tiptoed to his bedside and laid a small package on the table near the soldier boy reached eagerly for it. The soldier boy reached eagerly for it. The attendant took the wrapper. There was a small box inside, on a bed of blue velvet, and with a diamond set in the center, the same package was an official envelope, addressed to "Haldane Stoddard, U.S. Military Service, Manila." A neat-looking, tender-eyed nurse was standing by, interpreting his mutterings and opened the envelope and read:

"Lieut. Cadet Stoddard: With the staff of Crown Point Military Academy places upon you its Cross of the Legion of Honor, the second one that has been awarded by the academy since its

inception in 1876.

"The staff hereby tenders its highest honor to Lieut. Stoddard for heroic and patriotic service in the face of the enemy, the nature of which he recently came to its knowledge, and his services to a grateful government the best fitting recognition for his later gallantry in the foreign field.

"Personally, the commandant adds his earnest congratulations to his young friend for his devotion to duty, and expresses the hope that on his return to America they will clasp hands again as quickly as steam and electricity can bring them together.

"Sincerely,

"E. BARTFORD

"Commandant, Crown Point Academy."

The boy looked up into the face of the tender-eyed nurse and smiled through his tears:

"It's a beautiful old world, Sister May. Isn't it?" he observed.

The rain had beat steadily, monotonously on land and far out at sea, drenching the valley, the ships in harbor, the men in town, and the ever-increasing city of Manila. But inside the hospital ward was a cheerful, for on the wall in the cot was suspended a tiny, wooden box, and in it there glowed a tiny, yellow flame, a benediction from home, the only acknowledgment to a soldier who had done his duty.

A hoarse "squeak, squeak" kept him company, and a baby of the mockingbird

White.

The Gingerbread Cookies. By Dorothy Haddox.

HANS AND GRETA.

HANS SCHWITZER sat across the table from Greta May, in the rooms of Mitchell the tailor. While he cut out coats, Greta May worked buttonholes, with her chair drawn close to the window to get the light.

There were other people in the room and girls—busily pressing and stitching at ladies' suits. None worked so quietly, or smoothly, as Greta May; none cut and snipped so skillfully, or with so little waste, as Hans.

When Hans first saw Greta he thought her quite the prettiest girl in the room. He was perhaps the only person in the room who thought so, for Greta was very different from the other girls. While the fashionable coiffure spread frowsily over the forehead in front, and into an incredible knot behind, Greta's smooth black hair was parted back simply and dressed in a low sleek coil. When fashion reduced the coiffure Greta's remained unchanged. For the rest, she dressed plainly in an immaculate shirt-waist and well-hung skirt. She relied chiefly upon soap and water for her complexion effects, and seldom stood before the firelight. Here she made her mistake; in a society where every girl was to the front and the modest violet took the hindmost, Greta was distinctly "left out."

Hans was a shy fellow, who needed a bit of encouragement now and then; but Greta never reached out a finger. She had much to think about. As she bent industriously over her buttonholes, Greta's mind soared. Sometimes it lifted her completely out of Mitchell's dingy rooms, into the pleasant countryside. Sometimes it took her back to her beloved Thuringian forests, and she felt the heavy peasants' shoes upon her feet, and

the old freedom in her heart. But all this time the busy fingers never faltered, and the beautiful, smooth buttonholes grew under her practiced touch.

The "boss" looked approvingly at her as she put her work neatly away and stood before the dim little mirror in the fitting-room to adjust her hat and jacket.

"Fine little worker, that Miss May," he said to the head tailor. "There's a girl that's worth something—no foolishness about her!"

"No," answered the head tailor, "nothing but buttonholes in her mind." The head tailor had a perfectly justifiable grievance against Greta. He was a dapper young fellow, and he had been a little taken with Greta at first. During her first week at Mitchell's, he had offered to take her to a "rag" at Cluny's, a downtown dance hall, and she had refused. The head tailor could not forgive this slight. The memory of it stung him in the moments when he was most flushed with success. A lady-killer is as deadly as a man-killer, and often more swift to revenge.

Greta, unconscious of his remark, passed down to the street. A brisk wind whipped the color into her cheeks, and loosened some of the bright black hair across her forehead. She looked very much like a gypsy, grimly disguised.

As she turned in at her own gate, she stopped in the little garden long enough to gather a cluster of bright red roses. Her mother, who saw her through the window, called out to her:

"Supper is ready, Greta! Hurry, you are already late, and the dance is early." She opened the door as she spoke and waited smilingly for Greta's kiss. A short, sturdy woman was Greta's mother, who put her feet

down flatly, like a peasant, and whose rich blood flushed a gypsy-brown cheek. She wore a plain black gown, open at the throat, and broad, heavy shoes. She had come to America years before with her husband and daughter, and though they had prospered, she could not adapt herself readily to the new ways. Now her husband was dead, and she longed to have Greta married and settled, away from the city—perhaps in the old country itself.

"Ah, Greta, eat quickly, and let me comb your hair into two long plaits, like you wore long ago! See, I have mended your dress and tied your new sash—and your shoes are still quite good!" She held up Greta's dress as she spoke—a quaintly fashioned skirt and bodice, which the mother had worn in her own girlhood.

Greta's eyes sparkled. This was the night of "The Dance of the Nations," given at the big schoolhouse across the street. She had never been able to learn the rough dances she had seen her companions do at the downtown halls, but when the physical director at the school had asked her to join the evening class in folk dancing at the gymnasium she had been delighted. She learned so quickly and danced with such grace and abandon that the director had often pointed her out. At the school they called her the "little gypsy."

As she laced her blue and white bodice and tied the bright red sash about her waist, her mother looked on excitedly.

"Oh, Greta! Now you look like a bit of the old country! Here, fasten the roses so. Will there be no young men from the old country tonight, Greta?" she asked wistfully.

Greta laughed as she struggled with her shoelaces. "No, mother; they are all American citizens now! You and I do not belong

here. Tonight let me forget the old tailor's shop; let me be a little peasant girl once more, dancing in the forest!" She rose quickly, threw back her head, and began to practice the first steps of the dance.

But her mother had seen the lights flash on in the big building opposite. She snatched up Greta's long red cape and threw it over her shoulders.

"Come! You are late. Let us hurry."

When Greta caught a glimpse of the brightly lighted gymnasium, filled with people she had never seen before, she felt her first touch of stage fright. The sight of the pretty young director reassured her.

"Why, Greta, little gypsy, how pretty you look! Now, girls, get your places quickly. The music has begun."

The orchestra broke into gay gypsy music, and Greta led her dancers. She forgot the strange faces in front and remembered only the music as she danced. She shook her long black braids coquettishly back from her face and flashed daring smiles at the audience.

Hans Schwitzer, who had slipped quietly into the gymnasium from one of the evening classes in English, looked on in stupefaction. Was this the demure little tailoress who worked at his table all day long and never lifted her eyes from her buttonholes? He gazed eagerly at the dancers, half believing, wholly delighted.

Next day Greta appeared in the shop as usual, in her fresh white shirt-waist and trimly banded hair. Hans stole sly glances at her as she sat beside him, but if she saw him she gave no sign.

So it was for many weeks after. She came and went demurely as ever, from the shop. Hans, at first almost unmoved by gram-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN.)

A Tale of the Mocking Bird. By Justine Hilliard.

HIS VARYING SONG.

"SQUAW! SQUAW! SQUAW!" Imagine this shrieked into the ears, accompanied by the rasping noise of a bell, and it is a fair representation of the whole noise proceeding from the throat of a balancing mocker on the telephone line. All because a fellow-citizen has dashed ahead of him into the fig tree. In that which has been written of the mocking-bird I have never read anything about this irascible, ring-side of his disposition. It may be explained by the propensity prevalent among us of the Southwest to hide and protect those very few things of our land which we must admit (to ourselves) are not Paradise, Pariday.

A mocker's song has from time immemorial been his chief characteristic.

Unlike the song of other birds it has few definite notes, and is made up of a more or less musical arrangement of the noises he hears, together with a few trills of his own. Thus a mocker living near a farmyard will reproduce the noises of the place, sometimes very realistically and again done over to please himself.

Last spring I heard a mocker trying to imitate the call of the valley partridge. The attempt was not much of a success, and finally he let it ripple into a recklessness roundelay of his own as much as to say "Oh, who cares? I didn't want to do it anyway." But in contrast to this our mocker used to have a call that many a time has sent me scurrying to the chicken yard to see what great distress had come to the small ones of the flock, and I would find the shrill "cheep, cheep" of baby-chicken misery coming from the branches of a tall eucalyptus tree where a mocker had ensconced himself.

But the jubilant song of the chimney top is a lovely thing to haunt your days—a thing to write in your book of the exquisitely bits of life. Perched high on a chimney or telegraph pole he fairly pours out his little throat, his little body living pulsating joy, now and then dashing up into the air and down again, never losing a measure, the whole performance a transport of bird ecstasy.

A hoarse "squeak, squeak" keeps me informed that a baby of the mocking-bird family had beat steadily, monotonously and far out at sea, drenching him, the ships in harbor, the streets and the ever-increasing city of the dead—the world and all therein. The hospital ward was bright, for on the wall in front was suspended a tiny, velvet-lined in it there glowed and sparkled from home, the enduring garment to a soldier who had

ily is left sitting alone much of the time in a near rose bush while a fairly attentive parent squawks, and sings, and dances between trips to the rose bush with mouthfuls of fig for the infant. The infant receives the attention vociferously, and settles back to squeak for more—more food, more company, more something, more anything. One can easily surmise that the roughness of his call is caused by the continuous use of his voice, for since he has begun to move around from bush to tree or fence, this is undoubtedly his way of letting his parents know of his whereabouts. Yesterday he tried to sing for the first time, and we all hid near and listened. This time he was waiting on the roof for a meal. His song was only a little low trill, and a short warble, all fuzzy around the edges as yet, but presentent of his ultimate bird soul; soon broken, however, by the harsh "chuck, chuck" of necessity.

This same baby was enticed, the other day, into the fig tree and, evidently with intention, established on a limb with a luscious fig dangling in front of his nose bill. But in the same familiar way he sat close on the branch and continued to fill the air around him with his hoarse squeak, varying the monotony of his call only when his mother arrived with a mouthful of goodies. Becoming alarmed as some one passed under the tree, he attempted to jump to another limb; either from too short a calculation or too short a tail he missed his destination and flopped down to the ground. Yet nothing dismayed, he started off on a long-legged going-somewhere. Fearing for his safety on account of his youth, and his seeming ignorance of wings, we started after the bird baby who could walk. He did not seem greatly frightened, but we followed him across the street and back again a couple of times, and then we left him climbing the trellis into his rose bush, a step at a time.

In the spring a pair of mockers flirted about the yard for days, peeping into the big Cherokee rose bush on the sly, and chasing each other back and forth from roof to fence, occasionally taking a swing on the clothes line. Those days were pseudo busy ones, for the real work of life was not yet begun, but often the dainty lady would be seen hopping around with scraps of twine in her bill. She did not seem to know why she had it, and would carry it for a short while to drop

it forgetfully when something else attracted her attention.

An old mackerel can was kept full of water on the fence near the house, to be used in any capacity that a bird might choose. I make the statement broadly because I soon learned that my ideas as to its use and a bird's idea did not always coincide. One morning Mr. Gentleman Mocker took a bath. He sprayed the water around him so diligently that I saw it from the window, and came out to learn why the sprinkler had been left playing in that part of the yard. When I found what was happening I quietly retreated to watch the fun. Finally, the amount of spray diminishing, I knew the water was getting low, and at last with all his struggles to have a good time only a few drops were sent out from the can.

Now along came Mrs. Mocker to the mackerel can, possibly to get a drink, but who can tell? When she found Mr. Mocker sitting drenched in the empty bathtub she began to scold, and scold she did like a terrier. Poor wet Mr. Gentleman answered her not at all, but as she drew nearer he backed further into the corner of the can, and sitting down on his haunches could only open his mouth in a helpless, scared way as she began each new tirade. At last he gathered his damp feathers around him, and flew to a near tree with his bedraggled wings. The object of her wrath having left the scene Mrs. Lady tried the bathtub, and finding he had bathed all the water up flew after him as he dashed out of the tree ahead of her, again scolding in her rage.

One day Tommy the Cat wandered down into the loquat grove. Now the whole woods belonged by right of battle to the Misters and Mistresses Mocker who fought and raged through its treetops and over its lawns. Although Tommy had long been a fixture—in fact one of those articles which go with the place—according to the bird sentiment prevalent he was indeed a blot upon the escutcheon. And as a mocker thinks, so he acts. He has no fear of man or beast, putting all his confidence in his wings. We all knew there were nests about in trees, and that the season was a particularly belligerent one. But poor Thomas! No sooner did his gray coat show itself on the orchard hill than some bird paterfamilias made a swoop over his back, shrieking in anger that such a thing could be. Again and

again the bird would dart down just over the cat's back, attempting to peck him above the tail. For a minute or two Tommy endured it with much the air of one who submits to a trifling annoyance and overlooks it, placing the mind on higher thoughts. His gait, which had been sedate, befitting his character, was not quickened, and once he paused, slightly turning his head as though to crush the offender by his superior air. But evidently one time the strike of the bill went home, and casting dignity to the four winds, the harassed cat made a dash under a loquat tree whose branches hung low to the ground. The rest of his walk was continued under the trees where the birds did not follow with their persecution. However, the progress of his journey was marked and commented upon in no uncertain manner. Indeed he kept close to my feet as long as I was there, and the tyrants sat around in the branches ruining the landscape with the vileness of their language.

Not only animals are victims of their viviparous and pugnacious tendencies, for all through the nesting season do we see people passing in the street who wildly wave their arms above their heads while mockers and Brewer blackbirds dart around them, scolding in quite intelligible bird English because a human being dares to come within hailing distance of a bird's chosen retreat.

You may easily confuse him with the shrike, or butcher bird, for in size and coloring they are very similar, and I must admit that the shrike is the handsomer of the two. But you have only to hear his call or see his balancing tail to know him for himself. The tail is in continual motion. It is long, and up and down, up and down it waves in accompaniment to his tongue. And when he hops down on the lawn by my side, and, watching me out of the corner of his eye, flips that tall sideways, it is too impudent a thing to ignore, and I long to tweak it. But if you have endured a wakeful night, and all the "wakes" have been filled with drowsy trills and warbles from some distant treetop, you give thanks that such a beautiful thing has been given to mankind, and you know him for the delight that he is in the night watches, and remember his naughtiness of the day as another delight of an interesting individuality.

The Cape-to-Cairo Railway. By Lewis R. Freeman.

FULFILLING VISIONS.

CROWNING a gaunt black cliff that thrusts itself forward into the rapids below the Victoria Falls of the Zambezi, there rests an almost perpetual rainbow, formed by the rays of the sun—and at times even by those of the moon—striking through the mile-high pillar of spray which led the natives of that region to call the world's greatest cataract by the picturesque name of "The Smoking Waters." For hundreds of years it has been the custom of the tribal witch doctors to brave the passage of the dripping "Rain Forest" and, standing upon the opposite cliff, which half closes the lower end of "The Devil's Cauldron," pretend to see visions of the future in the shifting spray clouds framed by the "Rainbow of the Morning," and even the less sophisticated of the natives held the belief that they could read the riddle of the years to come in the "mist pictures." Whether or not any of the dusky clairvoyants saw visions of the dominance of the Caucasian taking shape in the opalescent mists no one can say, but it is recorded that two of the greatest—perhaps, indeed, the two greatest—white men that have been given to gaze upon the wonders of "The Smoking Waters" claimed to see in the bright circle of "The Rainbow of the Morning" clear pictures of the things that were to come to pass in the undispersed future.

When that intrepid Scotchman, David Livingstone, impelled only by the vague explorer's instinct of "something lost" beyond the flat African skyline to the north finally stood on the brink of the Gorge of the Zambezi, he is said to have told his followers that, opening up beyond the gateway of "The Rainbow of the Morning," he saw the whole of Africa. It was dark as night at first, said the great missionary, but as he looked he saw countless white men like himself, each carrying a torch, advancing to the darkness from every direction. Soon there appeared light where there had been darkness, and the people of Africa, who before had groped blindly, now walked erect and without stumbling. The white men were Christian missionaries, said Livingstone, and their torches were the Cross of Christ bringing light to the Dark Continent.

Doubtless it was a picture that the clear-eyed Scotchman had seen in fancy many times before, and was destined to see many times again before he was called to his reward in the fever-infested swamps of Central Africa; but be that as it may, the things he visioned have so far come to pass that, in British and French Africa, which constitute the greater part of the continent, the light of Christian civilization—whether it has been brought by civil servant or missionary—has created order where before there was chaos, and made it indeed possible for the peoples of the land, freed from internecine strife, to walk erect without danger of stumbling. So much for the fulfillment of the vision that the man of God saw in "The Rainbow of the Morning."

The other of the earth's great ones who read a page from the book of destiny on the brink of the Gorge of the Zambezi was also a dreamer of dreams, but withal a dreamer of different stamp from the faith-buoyed Scotch missionary. Livingstone dreamed his dreams and was content to await their fulfillment in God's good time; Cecil Rhodes dreamed his dreams and then, because his was a nature that could brook no postponement, forthwith set out to make them tangible realities.

Dreamer devout, by vision led Beyond our guess or reach, The travail of his spirit bred Cities in place of speech. So huge the all-mastering thought that drove—

So brief the time allowed— Nations, not words, he linked to prove His faith before the crowd.

Kipling's lines epitomize the character of the master dreamer, the man who taught the British empire to "think imperially."

At the time of his first visit to Victoria Falls Rhodes had already conceived his great scheme—later consummated through the Boer war—for the bringing of all of South Africa under the British flag, and his mind as he trekked across the only half-explored veldt of Rhodesia was doubtless busy with plans for linking it up with Uganda, the Sudan and Egypt to the north. I am setting down—as nearly as I can in the words of one of Rhodes's companions,

who related it to me not long ago in Johannesburg—an illuminating incident of this visit. It has not, I am assured, ever before found its way into print.

"We had trekked across to the falls from Bulawayo, principally with the idea of getting a line on the territory, which was shortly to be named Rhodesia and turned over to Rhodes's own chartered company to exploit. It was the first time that all but one or two of the several white men in the party had seen the great cataract, and for several days we had been in camp there, literally lost in the wonder of the most stupendous natural spectacle ever given to eye of man to behold. Rhodes, his mental activity seemingly stimulated by the play of the primal forces, lived like a man in a dream, his mind apparently engrossed with his colossal schemes of empire. His total obliviousness to all that was going on about him while thus wrapped in thought had already resulted in his being lost on several occasions, and it was on this Victoria Falls trip that those of us nearest to him formed the plan of never allowing him to wander off beyond the sight of at least one white man. This was how it chanced that, on the day I have in mind, I tailed on behind Rhodes when, just before sunset, he strolled absently away in the direction of the falls. He walked aimlessly for a while, with hands clasped behind him and head bent in thought—a characteristic attitude—but at the first touch of spray from the wind-blown columns of the 'Smoking Waters' he seemed to shake off his lethargy somewhat, and started at a quicker pace along the path which led through the 'Rain Forest' to the cliffs above the 'Boiling Pot.' Soon we

drenched to the skin (it is now the custom to wear waterproofs in the passage of the 'Rain Forest'), and as the sun-shot mist grew thicker little rainbows began forming about the birds and swaying trees and all moving objects, and I saw Rhodes and his Kaffir boy walking, like saints of old, with shining halos about their heads.

"Out to the verge Rhodes pressed, while I hastened to push up abreast of him lest he should fail to discern that the cliff rim was the dead-line between vision and reality and step off into the mist-choked gorge. He started at the touch of my hand on his arm, but—except for the fact that he was shouting above the deafening thunder of the waters—his manner was almost matter of fact as he roared: 'Thanks, S—. Glad you came. Worth getting soaked for, isn't it?'

"Then, as his eyes wandered back to the sheer 400-foot drop of the 'Leaping Waterfall,' the faraway look that I knew so well returned, and he was off again with his dreams. Yet it was not to the white brocade of the face of the fall that he was looking, nor yet (where my own eyes were irresistibly drawn) into the boiling depths beneath; but straight across to the opposite cliff, where the largest and last of a long arch of a dozen or more rainbows spanned the gorge in vivid mother-of-pearl.

"S—," he thundered (he spoke without lowering his eyes and I caught the words only by bringing one ear close to his lips and closing the other against the roar of the falls,) "do you know that the natives claim that they can see far into the future by looking into the depths of that big rainbow? No? Well, they do. And what do you think I can see there this very moment? Two lines of shining steel—a railroad—running from one end of Africa to the other, and crossing this gorge right over there where the spray from the falls will beat upon the faces of the passengers, just as it beats upon ours. To east and west I can see branches running—maybe a dozen; maybe a score—picking up business for the trunk all the way from Cape Town to the Mediterranean. And look, S—; do you see that bar of red? (Through the rainbow glowed a dusky rose, where the light of the setting sun struck through the smoke of smouldering veldt fires.) That means that it's going to be an 'All Red' railway; that it will run in British territory all the way!"

"The piercing eyes under the beetling brows were shining as we turned to go, and I knew that tears of enthusiasm were mingling with the mist from 'The Smoking Waters.'"

That the Cape-to-Cairo Railway, as the plan first took form in Cecil Rhodes's mind, was to be an "All-British" route was, perhaps, its principal *raison d'être*. It was to be a long steel artery, so to speak, reaching

from one end of the continent to the other, from which the long line of British colonies and protectorates, beginning at Egypt and ending at Cape Colony, should draw vigor for their growth and development. But it was imperative to the proper unfolding of his grand imperialistic scheme that it should run in British territory all the way, and one of the bitterest disappointments of his early career was when the convention of 1889, awarding the region between British East Africa and Uganda to Germany, seemed effectually to have placed an insurmountable barrier in the way of such a consummation. He realized that the first thing to be done, however, was to get the railway itself under way; the matter of the "All Red" route, he always believed, could be arranged later.

The Rhodes Cape-to-Cairo plan—indeed, the one which has been followed undeviatingly down to this day—was to utilize the 2000 miles of lake and river-way which occur almost exactly upon a straight line drawn between the two termini, and to build the intervening railway links, totaling 4000 miles in length, as rapidly as the financial and engineering difficulties could be overcome. (Money, in fact, was the real trouble, for, save for the Zambezi Gorge bridge, few of the engineering problems were of an unusual order.) Rhodes decided at the outset—and correctly, as subsequent events proved—that if the 2600 miles of railway from Cape Town to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika could be built, steam—that is, steamer and train—communication between Good Hope and the Mediterranean would be practically an accomplished fact. There were several links in the north to close up, but these promised to be fully covered by the vigorous railway policy of the government of the British Sudan. The Tanganyika connection was the "thing," and the empire builder prepared to put his mighty shoulder to the wheel.

The magnet of the diamond mines had taken the railway to Kimberley in 1884, by 1890 the gold mines of the Rand had drawn it on to Johannesburg, and the efforts of the Chartered Company of Rhodesia carried it on to Bulawayo, Matabeleland, in 1895. Beyond stretched the 1000 miles or more of the almost unexplored wilds of northern Rhodesia which must be crossed to make the connection with Lake Tanganyika which Rhodes had set himself to establish.

Construction on the line from Bulawayo to Victoria Falls was started by the Rhodesian Company before the outbreak of the Boer War, but the disturbed condition of the country preceding and during that sanguinary struggle made it difficult to make much headway. When order was restored, Rhodes, feeling that the part he had played in adding the whole end of a continent to the British Empire merited some return, decided to call upon that empire to aid him in a task the end of which was itself essentially imperialistic. But the Salisbury government, already heavily in debt from a war which had never been overly popular, and, for the time being, sick and tired of Africa anyway, after putting Rhodes to great expense and trouble for surveys and estimates and keeping him on the anxious seat for a year, coolly informed him that it felt the time was not ripe for it to embark upon so costly and uncertain an undertaking as a jungle railway. Undismayed by an ungratefulness that would have embittered and crushed a lesser man, Rhodes turned in his need to the financial giants of Lombard street and, partly through the generosity of the late Alfred Beit in heading the list with a half million pounds, but principally through the force of his own indomitable personality, had the whole \$22,000,000 he needed subscribed within a week. Construction was started anew in Rhodesia, but before the railway reached Victoria Falls the hand which was driving it forward relaxed and grew cold in death. The last words of the imperial dreamer, "So much to do, so little done!" are believed to have referred chiefly to his dearest scheme, the Cape-to-Cairo Railway.

But what was really the most difficult part of the undertaking—the financing of the northern Rhodesian portion of the line—was already done. For that the enthusiasm and the indomitability of a Rhodes was imperative; the rest was only a matter of time and engineering. There was no slackening of the work with the passing of Rhodes, nor have there been any long breaks in activity

from that time down to the present day when the great task is practically completed. In 1904 the line reached Victoria Falls, in 1906 it was at the great Rhodes Hill lead and zinc mines in northern Rhodesia, and in 1909 rail-head reached the Congo border at Bwana-Mukulu. There as there seemed no possible hope of a British zone through German East Africa as Rhodes had planned, the survey was carried across the Congo to Elizabethville—the Star of the Congo Mine. The point was reached in 1911, and the last or early winter of 1914 is expected to see the last spike driven at the end of the 2700 intervening between there and the southern arm of Lake Tanganyika 200 miles from Cape Town.

The location of the great Victoria Falls railway bridge furnished a striking example of the golden vein of sentiment which streaked the iron purposefulness of the empire builder. There were other points where the gorge of the Zambezi could have been crossed at less expense and in more conformity to the limiting grades of the railway, facts which were clearly demonstrated at the outset by the engineers, when they confronted Rhodes with the findings and figures, he only set his square jaw and issued a decree that the bridge was to span the gorge at "The Star of the Rainbow," and that no other point was to be considered. "Nowhere else can a bridge be built within view of the falls," he said, "and I am not going to incur the proaches of generations yet unborn by allowing it to go anywhere else. If the bridge can't build it, the Americans can. No mind who does it; only see that it is done."

The contract for the bridge was not until May, 1903, a year after Rhodes's death, and the materials did not become available until May, 1904; but no one had a voice to suggest a change in its location from the point where, a couple of days previously, the dreamer of dreams had set it stretching in fancy above the misty "The Devil's Boiling Pot" and through "The Rainbow of the Morning." It was completed in April, 1905, at a cost of \$260,000. The type of design is what is known in engineering parlance as a "two-hinged spandrel arch," one that is admittedly the best in the situation, from both architectural and engineering points of view. The span is 650 feet long, and its height of 100 feet above the water makes it the loftiest bridge of its type in the world. It is built of width to carry two tracks of the present African gauge, three and one-half feet, provision against the time when the Cape-to-Cairo trunk will be a double line throughout its whole length.

Nine-tenths of the main line railway has been built in Egypt and the British Sudan is available as a part of the Cape-to-Cairo trunk. The Nile hardly varies in either direction from the 32° 30' parallel of longitude in all its course from the Equator at Victoria Nyanza to the narrow strip of cultivation in the overflow basin of the great river is due to Egypt and the Sudan that is well known with. So it chances that practically all of the railway construction that has been carried on in northeastern Africa, building began at Alexandria in the last century, has consisted of crossing the Nile with twin bands of steel continued to reach farther and farther as the years went by. The line was carried from Cairo to Shendi, Assuan and the First Cataract, many years ago, but on account of the lighter load due to the narrowing down and shallowing of the cultivated strip along the river, the rails have yet been laid across the river to Wadi Halfa, situated below the Second Cataract and on the northern border of the Sudan. This stage is at present a days' steamer journey, but the line is to be built by the Egyptian government to reduce the time to a few hours.

The Nile is not navigable for a great distance from Wadi Halfa to Khartoum, a great part of the 575 miles of the Sudanese capital owes its name to the first place, to the determination of the British to destroy the Khalifa—the Mahdi—and avenge the death of the Mahdi. The fact that it runs across the desert would have made it seem a prohibitive undertaking for other countries.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVEN)



The Pyramids of Giza



From the Nile to the Pyramids



on the Congo section

Dreamer devout, by vision led
Beyond our guess or reach,
The travail of his spirit bred
Cities in place of speech.

So huge the all-mastering thought that drove—

So brief the time allowed—
Nations, not words, he linked to prove
His faith before the crowd.

Kipling's lines epitomize the character of the master dreamer, the man who taught the British empire to "think imperially."

At the time of his first visit to Victoria Falls Rhodes had already conceived his great scheme—later consummated through the Boer war—for the bringing of all of South Africa under the British flag, and his mind as he trekked across the only half-explored veldt of Rhodesia was doubtless busy with plans for linking it up with Uganda, the Sudan and Egypt to the north. I am setting down—as nearly as I can in the words of one of Rhodes's companions,

Freeman.

at time down to the present day, the great task is practically complete. In 1904 the line reached Victoria Falls; in 1906 it was at the great Broken Hill and zinc mines in northern Rhodesia, and in 1909 rail-head rested on the border at Bwana-M'kuba. Then, it seemed no possible hope of securing a through zone through German East Africa had been planned, the survey was carried across the Congo to Elizabethville and the Copper of the Congo Mine. The latter was reached in 1911, and the late fall of the winter of 1914 is expected to see the line driven at the end of the 275 miles of road running between there and the outlet to the southern arm of Lake Tanganyika, 200 miles from Cape Town.

Location of the great Victoria Falls bridge furnished a striking example of the golden vein of sentiment which followed the iron purposefulness of the engineer. The gorge of the Zambezi could have been crossed at less expense and in easier accessibility to the limiting grades of the line than those which were clearly demonstrated at the outset by the engineers. But when they confronted Rhodes with the drawings and figures, he only set his great jaw and issued a decree that the bridge was to span the gorge at "The Cliff of the Rainbow," and that no other point could be considered. "Nowhere else can a bridge be built within view of the falls," he said, "and I am not going to incur the responsibility of generations yet unborn by allowing anyone to go anywhere else. If the British will not build it, the Americans can. Never let it be said that the Americans did not do it; only see that it is done!"

Contract for the bridge was not let until May, 1903, a year after Rhodes' death, and the materials did not become available until May, 1904; but no one lifted a finger to suggest a change in its location until the point where, a couple of decades later, the dreamer of dreams had seen it stretching in fancy above the mists of "Devil's Boiling Pot" and through "The Valley of the Morning." It was completed in April, 1905, at a cost of \$360,000. The design is what is known in technical language as a "two-hinged spandrel-brace arch," one that is admittedly the best in the world. From both architectural and engineering points of view. The structure is 400 feet long, and its height of 400 feet above the water makes it the loftiest bridge of its type in the world. It is built of a single arch to carry two tracks of the prevailing gauge, three and one-half feet, and is built against the time when the great Cairo-Cairo trunk will be a double line throughout its whole length.

Lengths of the main line railway have been built in Egypt and the British colonies available as a part of the Cape-to-Cairo trunk. The Nile hardly varies in width either direction from the 32nd (Elongated) degree of longitude in all its course from the Mediterranean at Victoria Nyanza to Omdurman. A narrow strip of cultivation in the river basin of the great river is about all that the Sudan has to offer. So it chances that practically the railway construction that has been carried on in northeastern Africa since it began at Alexandria in the 19th century, has consisted of parallel lines with twin bands of steel which have been laid to reach farther and farther south as the years went by. The railway was carried from Cairo to Shellal, about 100 miles, and the First Cataract, many years ago, on account of the lighter traffic. The narrowing down and pinching of the cultivated strip along the river have yet been laid across the desert from Wadi Halfa, situated below the First Cataract and on the northern boundary of the Sudan. This stage is at present a long and dangerous journey, but the line should be built by the Egyptian government in the time to a few hours.

The Nile is not navigable for much of its course from Wadi Halfa to Khartoum, the part of the 575 miles of railway which the Egyptian capital owes its existence to the place, to the determination of the Sultan to destroy the Khalifa—successor of Omdurman—and avenge the death of General Gordon. That it runs across an area which would have made it seem an impossible undertaking for other than the

CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN

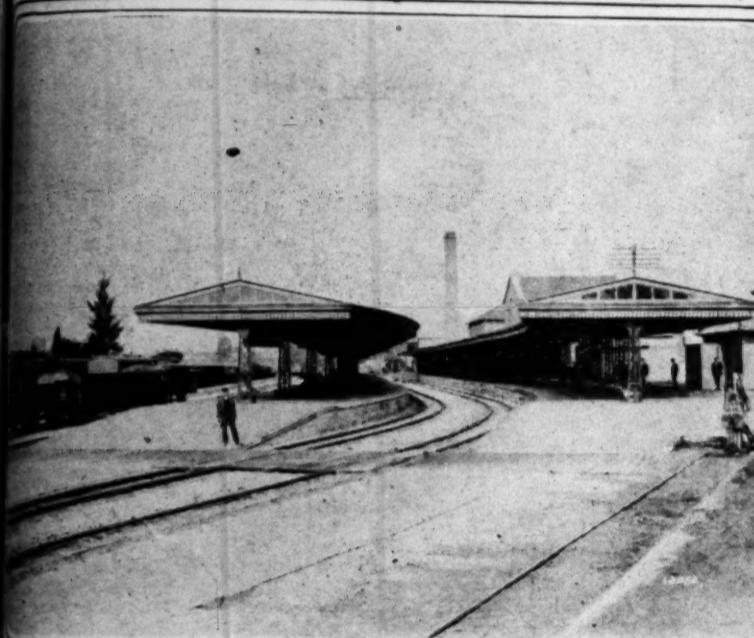
Scenes Along the Cape-to-Cairo Railway.



The Pyramids of Gizeh from the Cape-to-Cairo Railway



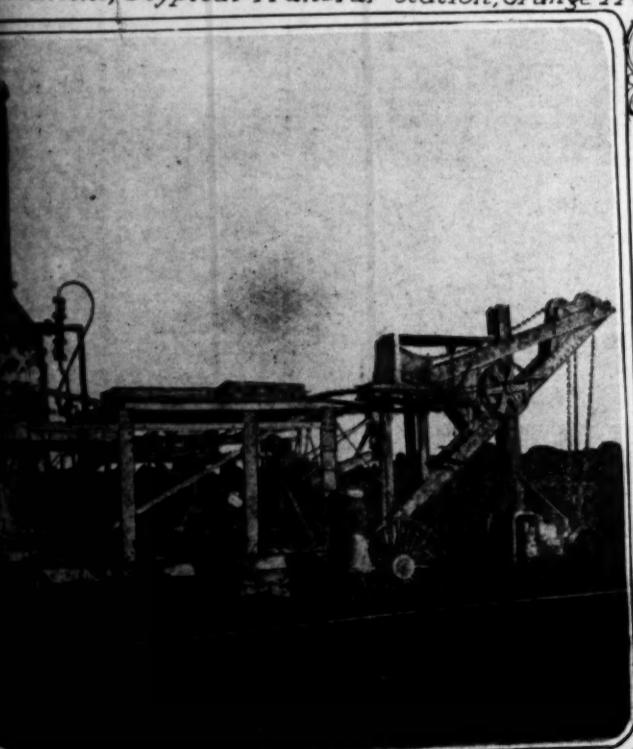
The Norval Bridge over the Orange River



Johannesburg, a typical Transvaal station, Orange Free State.



The Temple of Karnak from the railway



Steam shovel working on the Congo section of the Cape-to-Cairo Railway.

[301]

Good Short Stories

Compiled for the Times

Brief Anecdotes Gathered
From Many Sources

Not Polly Ticks.

DURING a political campaign a candidate for the Legislature was driving through the country seeking votes among the farmers, when he met a young man in a farmer's garb walking by the roadside.

"Are you paying any attention to politics nowadays?" he asked, after starting his team.

The young man looked at him suspiciously and drawled out: "No, stranger, that don't happen to be my gal's name, but if it was I wouldn't think it was any of your darned business."

This ended the interview as well as the process.—[National Monthly.]

He Was Right?

KING PETER of Servia, who does not mean to let Austria have everything her own way, once had for a valet a man who seemed to find it quite impossible to understand an order intelligently. However, some of his mistakes, though annoying at the time, had their distinctly humorous side.

On one occasion King Peter sent the man with a message to his wife. Alas! He forgot it on the way.

King Peter was furious when the man returned.

"Why, you noodle!" he exclaimed, "I don't believe you know what woman spells!"

"Trouble as a rule, sir," was the man's quiet retort; and His Majesty now wonders whether the man was as stupid as he used to appear.—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

When Scot Meets Scot.

THE lady was the owner of a small shop, writes the London Telegraph, and her squire acquired the habit of seeing her home, and carrying the cash bag that contained the day's takings. It was generally heavy.

"You must be doin' weel," remarked the gentleman, frequently.

"Oh, ay," the lady would reply, "it's a guid bit business."

But she did not disclose that besides the moderate drawings, the bag contained the counter weights. The canny lover only discovered that fact after marriage.

Three Ages.

THE new Berlin botanical gardens, says Lustige Blatter, are wonderfully beautiful, but to small children they are a forbidden paradise. Boys and girls under 10 are not permitted to enter.

Herr and Frau Muller found this out to their disappointment when they planned to take their little Paul on a Sunday trip to view the beautiful gardens; nevertheless, they gave their young hopeful a few instructions, and started out.

At the gate, the porter stopped the young Muller. "How old are you?" he inquired. Paul answered: "Six for the electrics; really 8; for the botanical gardens, 10."

Would Reward Her.

MRS. SMITH was an ardent worker in the cause of the prevention of cruelty to animals, and, when Mrs. Brown came to tea, told her a pathetic tale of a donkey that she had rescued from a cruel master the day before.

The visitor was very interested, and when she rose to go said:

"I am so glad you have told me all those fascinating things about animals, dear Mrs. Smith. I shall never see a donkey again without thinking of you."—[Chicago News.]

His Staying Powers.

TWO business men were lunching in Fifth avenue when an old graybeard stumped by. "That's Brown. He works for me," said the first business man.

"He's an honest looking chap. Has he got staying powers?" asked the second business man.

"He has that," said the first. "He began at the bottom of the ladder in '76, and he's stayed there ever since."—[Argonaut.]

Would Welcome a Change.

LITTLE TOMMY was the son of the Smithville Board of Education, but political pull didn't seem to ease the road he had to hoe at school.

Recently the schoolhouse burned down, and when plans for a new building were under consideration, the youngster went to the Board.

"Father," he thoughtfully remarked, "don't you think we could have a round schoolhouse this time?"

"A round schoolhouse!" was the wondering response of father. "What in the deuce do you want a round schoolhouse for?"

"Because," answered Tommy, with a plaintive sigh, "I am getting mighty tired of corners."—[Boston Advertiser.]

In No Common Way.

ADY: Once, last summer, I saw some boys "treading for clams," as they called it. They were very dirty-looking boys; they were barefooted—feet unwashed, most likely—and they were walking through the mud at low tide. When they felt a clam at their feet, they pulled it out with their toes. It just made me sick. I hope your clams are not caught that way.

Walter: Of course not, ma'am. The man who furnishes clams to this restaurant fishes for 'em with a silver spoon.—[Chicago News.]

The Real Baedeker.

AN ENGLISHMAN tells this incident of a trip he took to Russia. With him in his compartment of the train was an exceedingly well-informed German, and the two grew very friendly. Each was a stranger to the other.

They had talked for hours over a wide range of topics when the Englishman asked the German if he happened to have a Baedeker with him.

It was too much for the warm-hearted Teuton. Bursting with a sudden and overwhelming enthusiasm, he beat his breast with both hands, exclaiming: "Gott in Himmel, I am it!"

It was none other than Karl Baedeker himself.—[Popular Magazine.]

A Difficult Choice.

M. PLOWDEN, the well-known London magistrate, who has just retired from the bench, has a great repertoire of good stories.

His favorite one relates to a case in which he appeared as counsel. In the course of this case he had to cross-examine the wife of a notorious burglar.

"You are the wife of this man?" he asked.

"I am," she replied.

"You knew he was a burglar when you married him?" he proceeded.

"I did," she admitted.

"How could you possibly marry such a man?" Mr. Plowden demanded.

"Well, it was like this," the witness explained confidentially. "I was getting old, and two chaps wanted to marry me. It wasn't easy to choose between 'em, but in the end I married Mill there. The other chap was a lawyer, same as you, sir!"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

How Could He Know?

KING LEAR is a great character," remarked the friend.

"Yes," answered the actor. "I suppose you remember my performance last season?"

"No, I must confess I have never seen you in the part?"

"Indeed!" was the rejoinder in a tone of gentle surprise. "Then how on earth did you know it was a great character?"—[Chicago News.]

Unemployed.

PLEASE, lidy, will you help a poor man who ain't done nothin' in the way o' work for more'n twelve munce?"

"Dear, dear; perhaps I could find you something. What can you do?"

"Thank y', lidy, thank y' kindly, mum; ef y' could p'raps give me some washin' ter do, I could take it 'ome to me wife."—[London Opinion.]

She Filled the Bill.

JOHN SLOAN, the painter, was lecturing on "Models" before an art class in New York.

"Then there is the frivolous model," said Mr. Sloan. "She, unless very beautiful, is to be avoided."

"A frivolous model besought a friend of mine to employ her."

"No, no," he said. "I only do still life flowers and fruit."

"Well," said the model, looking up at him, reproachfully out of limpid blue eyes, "well, ain't I a peach?"—[Chicago Herald.]

The Bellicose Kaiser.

AT THE French consulate in Cleveland the Vicomte Jean de Champ of Aix said to a reporter:

"This terrible European trouble has all been the fault of the German Emperor. They who try to exonerate the German Emperor speak feebly. Their apology is like the old lady's."

"The German Emperor," said the old lady's husband, looking up from his newspaper, "has got very bellicose again."

"Why," said the old lady, "according to his latest photographs he seems much thinner to me!"—[Boston Advertiser.]

Where the Injunction Failed.

"WHY, Willie," said the teacher, "have you been fighting again? Didn't you learn that when you are struck on one cheek you ought to turn the other one to the striker?"

"Yes'm," agreed Willie, "but he hit me on the nose, and I've only got one."—[Kansas City Star.]

It Warn't Dare.

A TRIAL took place recently in Texas before a negro jury. The twelve gentlemen of color were told by the judge to retire and "find a verdict."

They departed for the jury-room. Then began the opening and shutting of drawers, the slamming of doors, and other sounds of unusual commotion. Everyone wondered what the trouble was.

At last the jury came back into the court, and the foreman arose and said:

"We hab looked everywhar—in the drawers, and behind the do', an' can't find no verdict. It warn't in de room."—[National Monthly.]

Working Overtime.

A COUPLE of Boston physicians were swapping stories of their odd experiences, when one told the following:

"I called upon a lazy patient of mine to see a new baby. I found the infant all battered up—black and blue in spots. 'What's the matter with him?' I asked the mother."

"'Nawthin' much,' said the parent. 'Ye see, he was christened yistidy, and while his daddy was holdin' him the 6-o'clock whistle blew.'"—[Chicago News.]

Knew Them Both.

THE family doctor was paying a semi-social, semi-official visit. As he took a leisurely departure he paused to discuss with Margaret's mother the general health conditions of the city.

"We're not so badly off—comparatively, that is," he said. "For one thing there are only two uncontrolled, unmitigated smoke nuisances in the town."

From the sofa in the corner Margaret spoke:

"Yes, doctor, I know," said she. "Papa and Uncle Jim."—[The Delineator.]

A Moonscraper.

PAT had gone back home to Ireland and was telling about New York.

"Have you such tall buildings in America as they say, Pat?" asked the parish priest.

"Tall buildings, ye ask, sur?" replied Pat. "Faith, sur, the last one I worked on we had to lay on our stomachs to let the moon pass."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.]

Jimmy.

JACOB H. RUTHERFORD, an engineer of Cleveland, said, on the American pier in Hoboken:

"I am just back from England; offices over there they understand methods—they understand effects as little as Jimmy, the new engineer."

"Jimmy," said the boss, "he does."

"An hour later Jimmy said to me, 'You told me to file these letters, wouldn't it do just as well if I cut off with a pair of shears?'"—[The Tall Teller.]

Here and Hereafter.

A OLD Scotchman whose wife was with pessimism one morning went to a neighbor whose husband was evidently ill.

"And how's your husband this morning, Mrs. Tamson?" he asked solicitously.

"Oh, he's awful bad! The doctor's temperature had gone to 158."

"Nae, nae, you've made a mistake; the doctor's temperature could never be as high as 150—least, no in this world," as an afterthought.—[The Tall Teller.]

Pat Wanted to Know.

SOME time ago Pat had an argument with his wife's mother, and so began the conversation that Pat was haled into court on a charge of the quiet of the county.

"It pains me to think," said the wife in reprimanding Pat, "that you are using such unkind words to your mother."

"Oh, he's awful bad! The doctor's temperature had gone to 158."

"Nae, nae, you've made a mistake; the doctor's temperature could never be as high as 150—least, no in this world," as an afterthought.—[The Tall Teller.]

Too Great a Contract.

SOME time ago, Congresswoman Oklahoma said, little Jim's father bought him a chameleon, and several days thereafter great vexation around the suburban home, on returning from work daily, the chameleon wasn't included in the circle.

"Where's your chameleon, Jim?" quipped.

"He is gone, father," was the reply.

"Why, what do you mean?" said Jim.

"Did he escape?"

"No, father," exclaimed Jim, "he is on a piece of blue cloth." Jim had put the chameleon on a piece of blue cloth and he turned red. Then Jim put him on a piece of green cloth and he turned green. Then Jim put him on a piece of red cloth and he turned red again. Then Jim put him on a piece of yellow cloth and he turned yellow again. Then Jim put him on a piece of white cloth and he turned white again. Then Jim put him on a piece of black cloth and he turned black again. Then Jim put him on a piece of brown cloth and he turned brown again. Then Jim put him on a piece of grey cloth and he turned grey again. Then Jim put him on a piece of white cloth and he turned white again. Then Jim put him on a piece of black cloth and he turned black again. Then Jim put him on a piece of brown cloth and he turned brown again. Then Jim put him on a piece of grey cloth and he turned grey again. Then Jim put him on a piece of white cloth and he turned white again. 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ecdotes Gathered
any Sources.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren.

By Mabel Herbert Urner.

UNDER THE WAR CLOUD.

"SLEEPER," eagerly. "Oh, can we get a sleeper?"

"That's what I'm going to find you stay here with these," and, leaving with the hand baggage, Warren went to the ticket window.

Only-lit station was swarming with passengers from the St. Paul, all tensely waiting to get on to London. The excitement of the midnight landing was in the

"Jimmy," said the boss, "file these letters."

"An hour later Jimmy said to the

"You told me to file these letters, sir, I didn't do just as well if I trimmed with a pair of shears?"

"Excuse me and hereafter."

"OLD Scotchman whose wit was

with pessimism one morning met

a neighbor whose husband was

ill.

"And hoo's your husband this mornin'?" he asked solicitously.

"Oh, he's awful bad! The doctor said

temperature had gone to 150."

"Nae, nae, you've made a mistake!"

"Temperature could never be as

150—at least, no in this world," he said

an afterthought. [The Tatler.]

at Wanted to Know.

OME time ago Pat had an argument

with his wife's mother, and so heated

the conversation that Pat was sum-

marily into court on a charge of dis-

order in the quiet of the county.

"It pains me to think," said the man,

a reprimanding Pat, "that you should

say such an unkind word to your mother-in-

law now a man who never disagreed with

another-in-law in word, thought or

deed did he speak to her unkindly? I

should he—"

"Beggin' Yer Honor's pardon,"

interrupted Pat, "might I be askin' a

question?"

"Certainly," responded the older

strategist. "What would you like to know?"

"Shure, Yer Honor," smiled Pat,

himself that would be likin' to know

the name of the gentleman yez referred

to Mr. Adam?"—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

Too Great a Contract.

OME time ago, Congressman

Oklahoma said, little Jimmy's

father bought him a chameleon, and

several days thereafter great was the

noise around the suburban home. On

returning from work dad noticed

the chameleon wasn't included in the

circle.

"Where's your chameleon, Jimmy?"

queried.

"He is gone, father," was the response.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked

"Did he escape?"

"No, father," exclaimed Jimmy,

him on a piece of blue cloth and he

blue. Then I put him on a piece

of cloth and he turned red. Then I put

him on a piece of green cloth and he turned

green, and he busted tryin' to make good."

—[Boston Advertiser.]

Mebbe.

HERE was a certain bishop who

had a pleasant habit of chatting with

he might meet during his rounds,

says Tit-Bits. One day he came

to a lad who was looking after some

roadsides, and the bishop paused to

what he was doing, that being

the opening to conversation.

"Molindin' swoine," the lad replied.

The bishop nodded his head thoughtfully.

"Ah, is that so?" he commented.

how much do you earn a week?"

"Two shillin's," was the reply.

"Only two shillin's?" remonstrated the

bishop. Then he continued, please

too, am a shepherd, but I get more for

shillin's."

The lad looked at him suspiciously

minute, then he said, slowly:

"Mebbe you gets more swoine

now than I do."

—[Boston Advertiser.]

Girl Who Has Not Loved.

She was as pretty as a picture—gold hair,

eyes, a pleasing complexion, a soft,

moiind."

—[Boston Advertiser.]

The scarcity of porters was one of the first evidences of the war.

"Register these trunks through to Euston," he ordered. "This hand-baggage we'll have in the sleeper."

Outside they made their way down the platform to the waiting train.

"Where's this stateroom?" asked Warren, showing his ticket.

"They're not reserved, sir. Take any you like."

When the porter deposited their hand-baggage in one of the stuffy staterooms, Helen looked around with amazed disapproval. Compared with the luxurious American sleeper it was crude, shabby, and not even clean.

There were two cot-like berths with a washstand between. The curtains were stained and dusty, and the bit of carpet worn threadbare.

Helen promptly examined the dubious-looking bed linen. The narrow sheets barely covered the soiled mattress, and the harsh, stiff blankets were a grayish white.

"Dear, look! Even the sheets don't look fresh!"

"Well, they're getting American managers on these roads now. They'll send a lot of these old cars to the junk heap."

"Let's get out our steamer rugs," persisted Helen. "They're cleaner than these blankets."

Unheeding Warren's growling protest, she unstrapped the rugs. Then from her suitcase she took two towels and pinned them over the pillows.

"Now, see here," scowling around for a place to hang his coat; "You're to take things on this trip as you find 'em. We'll have none of this squeamishness. If you don't like—"

"Oh, wait," pleadingly. "Let me wash out that basin first," as Warren started to wash up. "And, dear, don't use that soap!"

Impatiently he waited while Helen washed over the dusty basin and got the soap from her suitcase.

"Oh, dear, I wouldn't stand on this dirty floor. Where're your slippers? Let me get them out for you."

"No, you don't," pushing her aside. "No sense in getting everything unpacked. I paid for this stateroom to get a few hours' sleep—not to potter around all night."

Helen had hardly begun to undress when Warren flopped into his berth.

"Great Scott, this thing's narrow! Don't take any chances on tossing about. Say,

what in thunder are you doing now?"

"I'll be through in just a minute," for, having a deep-rooted aversion for doubtful wash basins, Helen was cleaning her face with cold cream.

"Well, I may not be so all-fired particular as you are—but I wouldn't smear all that grease on my face for a farm."

Through a lull in the rumbling of the baggage trucks, the voices of two women now came with shrill distinctness from the adjoining stateroom:

"I wonder if this shirtwaist will do for tomorrow?"

"Oh, yes, I wouldn't put on a fresh one till we're there. My, it's good to get these shoes off! Patent leather draws my feet so."

"Tan shoes are easiest for traveling. Oh, do you like those lace-front corsets? I've been wanting to try them, they say they're—The rest was lost in the trundling of baggage outside.

"Huh, just getting interesting," grinned Warren. "What're those two females over here alone for, anyway?"

"I think one is a correspondent for some paper," whispered Helen. "Don't you remember her? The one who was always writing on deck?"

"Well, they're getting American managers on these roads now. They'll send a lot of these old cars to the junk heap."

"Let's get out our steamer rugs," persisted Helen. "They're cleaner than these blankets."

"Hush, dear, they'll hear you!"

"Now what else have you got to do?" demanded Warren.

"Just to fix my hair—but I don't need the light for that."

She switched off the light and raised the window at the foot of her berth. The long platform was now cleared of trunks. The cold, white arc globes flickered ghostly along the prison-like station. The familiar English signs of soap, tea, and junket seemed frivolously out of place against those grim stone walls.

Then without a sound of bell or whistle, with almost a sinister silence, the train slipped out into the darkness.

The outskirts of Liverpool, with the streets stony, treeless, and poorly lit, looked inexpressibly dreary. There were endless rows of the monotonous, low brick houses, all dark now except for a faint glimmer from an occasional window.

Vaguely depressed by the scene, with a whisper "Good-night, dear," Helen reached out across the narrow aisle.

"Good-night," briefly, pushing away her hand. "Now let's get what sleep we can."

A silence of several moments, then Helen crept out of bed and bent over him with a wistful:

"Dear, I can't go to sleep without telling you good-night right!"

As she stooped to kiss him, her hand unconsciously slipped under his pillow and touched something cold and steely. With a frightened cry she drew back.

"Oh, oh! Why, Warren, that isn't—"

"Well, what if it is? What're you fumbling under my pillow for?"

"It isn't loaded?" breathlessly.

"What use would it be if it wasn't?"

"But, dear, you don't think—"

"Think it's just as well to have one. Lots of sneak thieves at a time like this. Now you go to sleep and stop prowling around."

Helen crept back into her berth, but the touch of the revolver still chilled her. There was something terrifying in that cold steel. With a rush it brought back all her brooding thoughts of the war.

They were beyond the city now, speeding through the sweet-smelling English country. Raising her pillow, she gazed out on the peaceful farm lands. Here and there were groups of cows sleeping or grazing in the moonlight.

It was all so quietly peaceful that it was hard to think of the war zone as being so near. All those Belgian battlefields had a few months ago been as serenely quiet as this. Perhaps many of the battles had been fought at night under just such a calm, pale moon.

The thought of the killed and wounded Helen resolutely put from her. All her mental anguish over the suffering in this war would not alleviate a single pang, and she was schooling herself not to think. Just before they sailed she had sent a check to the Red Cross. That was expressing her sympathy in the only way that could help.

Determinedly she now turned her thoughts to London. They would be there in the morning. What conditions would they find? The hotels, restaurants, music halls—all the places she had so loved on their first trip—how many of those would be closed?

Whatever the hardships or inconveniences of the next few weeks, there was something thrillingly exciting about being so near the heart of things.

The spirit of adventure was always strong within Helen, and now she looked forward to their arrival in London with a glow of eager expectancy.

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Men, Women and Affairs in the Kaleidoscope.

By Genevieve Farnell-Bond.

SONG OF THE PINE.

rosy mouth, handsome figure, stylish and altogether attractive. She owned up to 28 years, and in the face of this had the temerity to declare that she had never been in love. "I've thought I was a number of times," she admitted, "I've even been engaged, and—yes, kissed! But it never seemed to mean anything to me." And then she went on to say that she was glad of it, too, because genuine love affairs always turn out unhappily. "And if you don't really care you don't fly into a fit if your beau flirts with some other girl, or always finds out that he doesn't really love you as much as someone else. Of course, you can pretend to be all broken up so that he won't ask you to return the engagement ring, or 'those presents.' And nobody is hurt in the long run. I've never met anybody yet I'd like to spend the rest of my life with, and somehow I think I never shall. Marry? Oh, yes, I expect to marry. But don't you see, if I never fall in love I shall be able to discriminate, and make a better choice. And after we're married my husband will be ever so much more devoted to me than if I were in love with him. He'll sort of sense that I'm not, although I shall say that I am, and consequently he will be always striving to please me, and win what he does not possess.

"I've seen women blindly in love with their husbands—perfect fools and slaves, perpetually sacrificing, and getting the worst of it at every turn. And husbands get

mighty tired of this sort of attachment. It makes a man see how short he falls in his own devotion. Of course he never admits this to himself. But it sort of rasps his conscience, and to escape this, he seeks his men pals and the club. Then come all sorts of tragedies. Nix on any of it for mine. I want to be happy—I don't want to have anything to do with the shadows. I think men are all disappointing, don't you? None of them come up to the standard." But she smiled happily, showing that she was in no wise worried over the fact.

"What have you been doing with all of your golden years?" I asked her, aghast. "Don't waste any more time; fall in love at once, you little overdue green apple. It's your only redemption. Redemption from what?—why, a smug, fool cynicism that in time will eat up everything sweet and soft in you. You've kept yourself hard because of your selfishness in protecting your own feelings. You say you can't care for dogs, you don't like babies; and I've seen you sit unmoved at the theater during the most tragic, tender, appealing passages. You lack sympathy. You can't be generous in

Care of Fowls for Winter Egg Production

By J. Harry Wolsieffer.

Hatching Time. IT SHOULD BE CAREFULLY JUDGED IN ADVANCE.

[Poultry raisers going in for profit from eggs should consider carefully the time when prices can be secured, and this is naturally the winter months. To get a good supply at that time it is necessary to time the hatch, which should be early enough to permit the hens to develop normally to the egg-laying period. Forced methods are to be discouraged. The housing and food are important factors, too. The following article is instructive on this subject:]

THE season is here when the majority of poultry keepers will expect their fowls to commence to shell out hen fruit. Eggs are one of the most valuable of foods, being second only to milk. They will always command a good price, due first to the demand, and, second, to an almost always shortage of a fresh supply from the henries. Yet winter eggs are not hard to obtain if all the essentials are complied with.

There is, as in all lines, only one road to success—the right method; and while those who have been making a success of the poultry business in the past may use what to the beginner may look like different systems, anyone who has had poultry experience realizes that the main essentials have always been lived up to. While many writers for the poultry press have advocated late-hatched chicks, it may be put down as a hard and fast rule that June and July hatched chicks are not winter layers, and unless under the care of the experienced poultry keeper, May hatched chicks as a flock do not become producers of winter eggs, especially the heavier breeds, such as Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds and Orpingtons.

The little so-called egg machine, the Leghorns, if properly grown and hatched during the early part of May, will lay in from five to six months from the shell, but the average beginner in poultry rearing does not and cannot be expected to hatch and rear the chicks in the same skillful manner that the poultry keeper of years of experience can, and the maturing of the beginner's flock is in the majority of cases later than that of the older poultry raiser. So, without age, the poultry keeper can do little, even in the way of care and feed. Forced methods yield but temporary results, and are, as a rule, harmful in the long run.

Hatch at Proper Time.

The successful way is to hatch at the right time and then have the flock grow gradually each day, and come into laying maturity at the proper age of the breed, without undue forcing. The care of the growing pullets should now consist of free range when possible, if yarded; the culling close of all pullets that are not up in size and vigor, the reducing in size of the flocks to retard the one factor that retards proper development, that of overcrowding the poultry quarters—the separating of the males from the growing flock, and the feeding of plenty of green food in some form.

In this age of big things the poultry raisers have striven mainly for numbers rather than profits at the end of the year. It has often been advocated by experienced writers, but little heeded in the past, that fifty good fowls of quality were worth twice that number of the ordinary kind, and until the poultry keeper gets this thoroughly imbedded in his mind there will always be a leak in his operations.

Essentials for Good Laying.

The essentials for the winter's egg yield are, first, stock from known producers, strong and vigorous, kept in clean quarters that are free from lice and vermin, plenty of fresh water and outdoor shade, either natural or artificial. The consumption of food by the growing pullets should increase each week, and unless the quarters are comfortable they will fall off in the feed and will not develop, and every check received by the flock due to any neglect will retard maturity. In spite of the high price of feed,

only the best should be provided for the flock, if best returns are to be obtained. It is false economy to purchase mill scrapings and screenings at a little lower cost than the first-grade feeds, for the feeding value is not obtained in the cheap grade of feeds, and to obtain the same results almost double the amount must be consumed by the growing flock, which they cannot do in a given time to produce the best results.

A good ration, and one which will not only develop but also manufacture eggs, is composed of 200 parts bran, 100 middlings, 100 ground oats, 100 mealed alfalfa. To this 15 per cent. of high-grade beef scraps is added. If Leghorns are raised, eighteen to twenty pounds can be added, but never more. One hundred pounds of cornmeal is added to a Leghorn ration, but for the heavier breeds this is omitted, and the only corn they receive is in the grains which are fed morning and night, consisting of 200 pounds of wheat, 100 of oats, 100 of cracked corn and a few pounds of millet.

From four to six quarts of grain are fed to each 100 fowls, morning and night. The dry mash is before them in hoppers at all times. This, coupled with green food in some form, which will bring the pullets to laying maturity and enable them to produce a larger number of eggs. Do not make the common mistake of changing the ration from week to week, in hope of starting the flock laying. In the majority of cases the changing of foods will be more harmful than helpful. Pampering the flock is not good practice. If they do not lay under good feeding and care, it is because at some time during the growing period they have received a setback and a longer time is required before the laying period will arrive.

Proper Poultry House Necessary.

Buildings play an important part in suc-

cessful egg production, and there have been many failures to the otherwise good management in having houses poorly constructed and ventilated. An improperly ventilated house causes colds, and later on weak, sickly stock prevents winter eggs, and in the end means complete failure. The poultry-house problem has not yet been fully solved, though now and then we read of someone who thinks the problem has been solved. There is no question but that rapid strides have been made in the past few years in poultry-house construction, and there is hardly a breeder who would not build differently today than he did five years ago. That the curtain-front house is a step in the right direction no one will dispute, and the newer plans that have adopted this plan have had very good results. Pure air is as necessary to good health and egg production as pure water and feed.

It requires a perfect system of ventilation and personal attention to keep the air in the poultry-house as fresh as it is on the outside. It will, therefore, often be found advisable to have quite a few windows covered with muslin to regulate the air in different kinds of weather. Extremes in temperature can be considerably modified by careful ventilation. It is important that the poultry-house be kept cool in summer and dry and comfortable in winter. There is no question but that diffused ventilation through muslin curtains has been found to overcome the difficulty of dampness resulting from the condensation of moisture of breath of fowls. Much of the dampness in poultry-houses in winter comes from that condensation. The warm air exhaled from the lungs is heavily charged with moisture, and this coming in contact with the cold walls and roof is condensed, and in freezing weather appears as hoar frost. When the house warms up this melts and drops to the floor. This can be

largely overcome by plenty of ventilation and plenty of the right kind of front houses, with as little glass as possible.

[Copyright, 1914.]

Scratching



[New York Sun:] As a result of turkeys, one male is mated to ten, though some breeders allow as few as others as many as fifteen. The will begin to lay early in the season, during this season should receive a ration, not unlike that furnished fowls. A simpler menu, largely wheat, will serve for the rest of the year, especially if the flock is given a wide and so permitted to find such.

Most growers watch the turkey fully, in order to locate their nests and remove the eggs as fast as possible. They are placed under common hens, and the key hen is permitted to hatch her clutch of eggs.

[Philadelphia Record:] The future will be from trap-nested matter what breed the "Tom Turkey" are. Wyandottes, or a cross, the product of trap-nested parents, and annual winning at the laying contest this country should be an object to the American beginner that production it pays to trap-nest for a red mite and he has had his blood. With brush or spray can saturate the nest of the hen, as well as any doubtful cracks. During the day the nest is hidden away in dark cracks on the hen. Get rid of them, they have any chance to attack the hen.

Don't Neglect Your Chickens

in the summer. Try our Company of Feeding as described in our "Chickens from Shell to Market."

Coulson Co., Petaluma,



Hauser's Organic Fertilizer

HIGH GRADE
Ground Tankage—Dried Blood.
Fine Blood Meal—Bone Meal.
Ground Sheep Manure.
Commercial Fertilizer.
Commercial Fertilizer.

Nitrogen and Phosphoric Acid from organic sources only.

Car Loads or Less. Write in.

HAUSER PACKING

Los Angeles
Broadway 5600.

The Great Moulting for Chickens

When moulting season is over, the birds will disappear. By using the which the fowls really need, the egg indeed. MIDLAND MEAT FEED. The greatest egg producer made. Price, \$2.00 per sack.

Aggeler & Musser Co.

113 N. Main St., Los Angeles.

Devonshire's Earth

Only Stock and Poultry Minced by eminent Agricultural indispensible for Stock and Poultry confinement. Sold by Devonshire and Poultry Salts Co., 503 North Los Angeles, and all dealers. Not to be used for large quantities.

NITROGEN

Pure Culture

Will increase the yield of your legumes. Write us for information.

E. M. HUDSON Seed & Feed

Soil Agents Armour's Seed Co.

Phone: A1823; City Sales Office 633 So. Spring

Street, Los Angeles.

Consider it rather close quarter.

[New York Sun:] The best house

are one. If you build now, let

that is square. Twenty by

on the safe side for size, the

houses of this size that are held

hens. A house twelve by twenty

shelter fifty Leghorn pullets, to

consider it rather close quarter.

PART V.

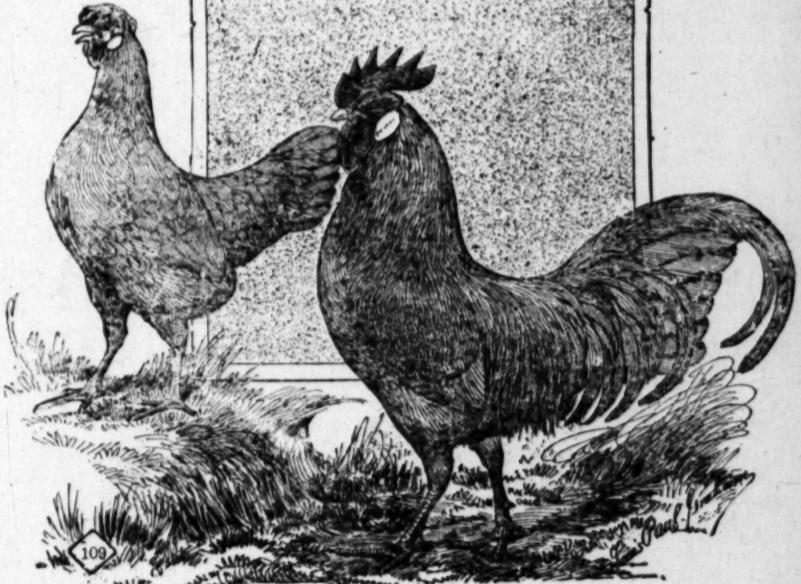
Realty News: Fact and C

Real Estate Advertisements

PART VI.

1. Slightly Home for Rent.

Single-Comb Buff Leghorns.



Leghorns have a well-earned reputation as "egg machines," and as such are always in demand by profit-loving poultry raisers. They are also popular with fanciers who prefer the S. C. Buff variety, which possesses all the heavy-laying qualities of the Whites.

Their eggs are large and white and prove very fertile, hatching well. The chicks are comparatively easy to rear. They make excellent squab broilers at eight weeks, and mature rapidly after that age.

Pullets develop into good layers often at four months of age.

Breeding them to good shape and buff color is a difficult task, but when attained, their popularity is most lasting. A flock of rich, golden Buff Leghorns cannot be excelled for beauty.

The S. C. Buff Leghorns originated in England, being the result of a cross between White Leghorns and Buff Cochins, although Mrs. Lister Kay, one of the most active breeders of the variety, claims that certain yellow fowls from Denmark are also responsible for the breed. They were introduced into the United States early in the nineties,

since when they have enjoyed a varying popularity, but have always been admired for their great beauty as well as their egg-laying qualities.

TRUE SILVER CAMPINES

the Poultry of the Distant Past, the Fowl of the Future, long established in Belgium, England and Canada, but comparatively rare in the United States. Selected and mated. Breeding birds for sale in the early Fall.

Also Crystalline White Orpingtons, selected Barred Rocks, White-faced Black Spanish (Rowan's sweeping prize winners,) Black Minorcas (ribbon getters,) "red" R. I. Reds, and the always on-deck Single-comb White Leghorns.

Fowls and eggs in season.

FOOTHILL FEATHER FARM, No. 7069 W. Franklin Ave., Hollywood District. 30 minutes from the city, 15 minutes from Van Nuys, 45 minutes from the San Fernando Valley generally, via Cahuenga Pass. Phone Home 57278.

[304]

Production.

largely overcome by plenty of ventilation, front houses, with as little glass as possible.

[Copyright, 1914.]



[New York Sun:] As a rule in raising turkeys, one male is mated to ten females, though some breeders allow as few as five and others as many as fifteen. The hens will begin to lay early in the spring, during this season should receive a ration, not unlike that furnished to the fowls. A simpler menu, largely corn and wheat, will serve for the rest of the year, especially if the flock is given a wide range and so permitted to find much food.

Most growers watch the turkey hens carefully, in order to locate their hidden nests and remove the eggs as fast as laid. The eggs are placed under common hens and the key hen is permitted to hatch her own clutch of eggs.

[Philadelphia Record:] The hens of future will be from trap-nested parents, matter what breed the "Tom Barren" are. Wyandottes, or a cross, they are the product of trap-nested parents, and the usual winning at the laying contests in this country should be an object to the American beginner that for production it pays to trap-nest for the breeder. That our present-day breeders



Don't Neglect Your Hens

in the summer. Try our Complete System of Feeding as described in our free "Chickens from Shell to Market."

Coulson Co., Petaluma, Calif.



Hauser's Organic Fertilizer

HIGH GRADE
Ground Tankage—Dried Blood.
Fine Blood Meal—Bone Meal.
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Commercial Fertilizer
Nitrogen and Phosphoric Acid derived
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The Great Moulting Flock for Chickens

When moulting season is here you will disappear. By using the proper feed which the fowls really need, will make the egg indeed. MIDLAND NO. 4 FEED. The greatest egg producer made. Price, \$2.00 per sack.

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Only Stock and Poultry Mineral. Endorsed by eminent Agricultural Chemists. Indispensable for Stock and Poultry confinement. Sold by Devonshire's and Poultry Salts Co., 503 North Broadway, Los Angeles, and all dealers. Sold in packages. Ask for free poultry book. Special offer for large quantities.

NITROGEN

Pure Culture. Will increase the yield of your cover crops. Write us for information, price booklet.

E. M. HUDSON Seed & Fertilizer Co.
Sole Agents for Amour's High Grade
Fertilizers. Phone: A1253; Broadway
City Sales Office 623 So. Spring, Los Angeles.

Scratching

standard Leghorn, Plymouth Rock, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds, or others, can be brought to a high standard. Production goes without saying—merely a matter of safe and sane and in the majority of cases the standard of perfection as adopted by the American Poultry Association at Chicago. The utility qualities in no way harmed the utility qualities in the majority of varieties in the standard. Thanks to the leading breeders, the utility has been given to improve the utility. It is now up to the breeders to make the most of their opportunities and along safe and sane lines.

[New American:] Turkeys, ducks and geese as a profitable poultry side line have been neglected just as the farmer is neglecting his possibilities. That they are profitable cannot be denied, yet the majority of farmers do not know how to keep them on their farms.

Hundred turkeys were shipped from Texas to the New York market and sold for an average price of 20 to 25 cents per pound delivered. This looks good. Peking ducks make the best ducks and are good general purpose fowls. A simpler menu, largely corn and wheat, will serve for the rest of the year, especially if the flock is given a wide range and so permitted to find much food.

[Commercial Appeal:] The red and spider lice, cannot be successfully fought with insect powder. You have to treat them with something that will kill them. There are several liquid lice in the market that do good work, and the most convenient to buy. Some house owner has a can of one of disinfectants, used around the stable and that may be used for the mites. enough of this liquid to water to give a milky look to the mixture, but not to be all gummy. Get this spread on the mites and he has had his last feast. With brush or spray pump saturate the nest of the hen before as well as any doubtful cracks in the nest. During the day the mites are hidden away in dark cracks, and on the hen. Get rid of the mites and they have any chance to annoy or the hen.

[New York Press:] It is never safe to mate birds alone when fertility is concerned. The trap nest tells us many interesting facts when it is persistently used and are studied. In many cases it is found that eggs from different hens of the same male vary widely in size. Some hens will lay eggs which are entirely infertile. In such cases satisfactory females should be shifted to pens, as this frequently corrects the condition.

position of the blood relationship of the male and his mates should also be considered. Some few breeders make up their minds regardless of this, merely insisting that stock shall give every evidence of health. However, such a practice only causes disaster, especially when brother and sister are bred together. It is better to use birds which are not thus related.

[New York Sun:] When considering cost as applied to the business of poultry raising, one is struck by the size of two feed and labor. The interest on the feed is enough land and buildings to accommodate a large number of birds. It is not a great sum, but feed bills pile up day by day and the cost of the necessary care for the birds is a charge which seems to be out of all proportion to the return. This is why the business of today is constantly seeking new methods and methods. It is why the flocks are made larger, up to 500 birds in a flock instead of up to fifteen which was the customary "up-to-date plan" a few years ago. Also the reason for the general adoption of automatic feeders and hoppers, of large capacity with labor-saving self-regulating colony brooders for 300 to 1000 chicks in one. Everywhere we see evidence of a great effort to cut down this great cost to the end that profits may be increased.

[New York Sun:] The best house or pen is square. If you build now, let it be square. Twenty by twenty is on the safe side for size, though I know of this size that are holding 100 hens. A house twelve by twelve feet shelter fifty Leghorn pullets, though I would consider it rather close quarters for

The Cape-to-Cairo Railway.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWELVE.)

strategic considerations. Once peace was established in the Sudan, however, the old caravan trade was deflected to the railway, and its unqualified success as a business proposition was a potent factor in stimulating the movement for railway extension all over the Sudan. Construction averages close to 225 miles a year at the present time, and besides several important branches which have been added to the system, the main Cape-to-Cairo trunk has been pushed southward up the White Nile to Sennar and beyond, several hundred miles from Khartoum. The Sudanese programme calls for carrying rail-head to Gondokoro, just over the border of Uganda, as rapidly as practicable. Uganda will then take charge of construction, probably building the main line to Lake Albert, with a branch to the outlet of Victoria Nyanza, where connection will be made with the railway from Mombassa. The great central lake region bids fair to be the focal point of African railways, for already British, Belgian, French and German lines—two or three from each coast, and as many from the north or south—are either there or on the way. The main trunk from Victoria Nyanza or Lake Albert may take any of several routes, but it is certain that this will not be decided until the present European war, with the redelineation of African frontiers which seem sure to follow it, is fought to a finish.

The war has, indeed, revived the all-but-extinguished hope of the British to make the Cape-to-Cairo Railway an "All Red" route. Rhodes never gave up working for the consummation of what he considered a sine qua non to the complete success of his great scheme, and at the time of his death was said to have had negotiations pending with Kaiser William to that end. The direct and natural route for the line is through German East Africa, but the apparent impossibility of securing any kind of a zone that would afford adequate protection in case of war led to the complete abandonment of that plan several years ago, and the determination to lay the last 500 miles of rails to the end of Lake Tanganyika through the Congo instead of over the more easterly survey through Rhodesia. Germany's succession to large holdings in French Equatorial Africa as a result of the Morocco settlement, giving her a broad zone a large part of the way across the continent, and leaving only a "wing" of the Belgian Congo to acquire in order to be in complete control from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, interposed a practically unflankable barrier in the way of an "All Red" route from north to south. There still remained this "wing" of the Congo, it is true; but the Congo was nominally Belgian, and though the reversionary rights were France's, it was felt that in a pinch the whip-hand would be with the Mailed Fist of the German War Lord. The hope of realizing Rhodes's dearest dream seemed to grow less with every year that passed, and never did it seem farther from possibility of fulfillment than at the end of last July. Then Britain enters the war against Germany, and almost the first dispatch from South Africa speaks of a hope that the end may see an "All Red" Cape-to-Cairo Railway in a way to become an accomplished fact.

Russia and Base Ball.

[St. Joseph News Press:] The European war seems to touch in some very strange places. One would hardly think of the war being a menace to our great national game but a leading journal of commerce calls attention to the fact that all our baseballs of the better quality, ranging above 25 cents in price are covered with Russian horsehide.

There is something in the climate and exposure that the ordinary horse on the Russian steppes has to pass through that has a peculiar toughening influence on his skin, that makes it about the only covering that will withstand the terrific strain that is required in the covering of a good baseball. How this will affect the neutrality of the American boy remains to be seen.

If Russia will keep enough of her ports open for the export of the horsehides that Americans think they must have, or if the number of dead horses on the battlefields shall bring down the price, well and good; but if the need of these horses shall keep any of them from being sent out for any purposes but those of war, there will be a rumble on the diamond fields and the bleachers that may be heard across the thousands of miles of land and water between the great empire and the great republic.

The Gingerbread Cookies.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN.)

matical pitfalls, developed a new enthusiasm for the English language. Every evening, after class, he slipped into the gallery of the gymnasium and watched the classes in folk-dancing. Every evening he saw Greta dancing as madly as ever, and every evening made up his mind to escort her home. But her unapproachable maidenly reserve and his own unconquerable shyness prevented. Hans was in despair.

At length fortune favored him. One rainy night Greta left the gymnasium earlier than usual. Hans met her face to face in the hall. She had no umbrella and was tying a scarf about her head to protect it from the wet. Hans's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Here was his opportunity—confound his shyness! Couldn't he take it? With a flash of courage he never could understand he approached her, umbrella in hand.

"Miss May," he began in his slow English, "may I not have the pleasure of seeing you home?" He forgot, in his excitement, to mention the umbrella at all. But the words were out at last! His heart, which had unaccountably leaped to his throat, now resumed its normal position.

Greta looked up and smiled.

"I shall be very glad," she said; "I forgot my umbrella, and it's very wet outside."

Hans breathed a sigh of relief. No other words passed between them during the short walk to Greta's home, but he felt as if a great step had been made in his courtship.

Greta's mother heard the strange step outside the gate, and met her daughter at the door.

"Why, child, how wet it is! Come in quickly by the fire!"

"I am not wet, only my shoes are a little damp. One of the tailors at Mitchell's goes to night school and loaned me part of his umbrella." Greta's manner was perfectly unconscious, and her mother asked no questions. When she heard the strange step outside the gate on the next gymnasium night (which was clear and starlit) she merely asked if that were the tailor from Mitchell's again. Greta said yes. Her mother looked at her sharply, but went on with her knitting.

So it became an established custom for Hans to bring Greta home after each gymnasium class. He finally gathered courage enough to stop for her on his way, and gradually to stop afterward in Greta's parlor, while her mother, who had taken him in at one approving glance, made them chocolate.

During this time Hans learned to talk a little about himself. He told Greta he wished to learn English quickly, that he might solicit American custom and finally start a little tailor shop of his own. Yet he didn't like the city. Often he thought of the little country village at home, where he had spent his boyhood. Someone had told him of a fair-sized country town not far off, where rents were cheap and he could rent a house and make a little garden of his own.

Greta was smiling, was interested, but still did not put out a finger. Never had the burden of a man's courtship been so completely thrust upon him.

It was in the English class that he received his inspiration. They were reading "Anderson's Fairy Tales." Hans had laboriously translated the "Story of the Tin Soldier," "The Children's Party," and other simple tales. Finally he came upon the story of "The Gingerbread Cookies." He read it through without a single consultation of his dictionary. It was an absorbing tale.

A baker had two cookies on his table—a gingerbread lady and a gingerbread gentleman. They loved each other deeply, but alas, the gentleman was shy, and the lady reserved, as a lady should be. Days passed. The two still remained on the counter. For some reason they had not been sold, and were now grown stale. Their raisin eyes melted, and the dust lay thick on them. Still their love remained undeclared. One day the gingerbread gentleman gave a pathetic sigh, which was as far as he ever went toward a declaration, for the effort snapped him quite in two. The baker, seeing both were worthless, gave them away.

Hans chose this story to read in class that evening, and read it with such feeling and spirit that he quite carried all before him. The class broke up in gales of laughter, and Hans, with the book under his arm, went triumphantly forth to the gymnasium. After the dancing he met Greta as usual in the hall, and the two walked home.

"Ah, the study of English is the most exciting thing!" said Hans. "Tonight I was most successful. In a short time I shall be able to have my little shop in the country,

and my garden and my cow, for I shall know how to solicit custom. I have the most delightful story I read tonight. Will you let me stop in and read it to you?"

"I shall be very glad to hear it," said the demure little tallow. So Hans stopped in Greta's neat parlor, and her mother discreetly effaced herself to make chocolate. "Surely he must have time to declare himself," she muttered over the kitchen fire. "A good lad, but oh, so slow, so slow!"

Hans opened his book when she had left, and began to read. For some reason he was a long time in finding his place, and when he had found it, the old trouble with his throat began again. He could not keep his pounding heart down! So he read very slowly and hesitatingly at first, without raising his eyes once. Toward the last his voice grew clearer, and when he had finished, the room seemed so still that the clock ticking on the mantel sounded like the crash of heavy artillery. The demure little tallow sat before the fire, with downcast eyes and very red cheeks. What a long time her mother took to make chocolate! Would he never speak again?

"Greta," whispered Hans—“Greta!”

The demure little tallow turned and smiled—a direct, encouraging smile. Hans quite lost his head. "Oh, Greta," he almost shouted—"let us—let us not be like the gingerbread cookies!"

A few minutes later Greta's mother came in, bearing the chocolate and cakes on a large tray. She smiled broadly.

"Here, children, are some gingerbread cakes, like those we make at home. Greta is always homesick for the old country," she said to Hans.

"Oh, I don't know," Greta answered. "This is a pretty good country to live in!"

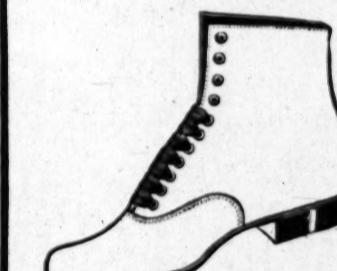
[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "Saw a very painful sight this morning," remarked the athletic boarder.

"What was that?"

"An old man trying to teach his beautiful young wife to swim by reading a book of instructions to her from the shore."

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Grover's Martha Washington, Julia Marlowe



Style C3358, best grade soft kid, hand-sewed soles, plain toe, low heels

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Same style in button seam in center

GROVER'S Dress Shoes, cloth or kid tops, light or heavy sole

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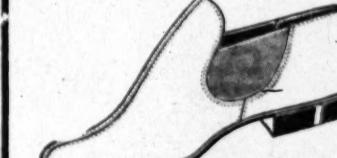
Soft and Easy Oxfords



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Prince Albert, hand-turned soles, plain toe or with tip

\$2.00 and \$2.25

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Shoes for house or street wear.

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525 SOUTH BROADWAY

This Human Body of Ours.

Conducted by Edward Huntington Williams, M.D.*

Plain Truths
and Simple.

Making Mental Mollycoddles.

THE days of crucifying children in order to get information into their noggin is past," says a well-known enthusiast, who is old enough to know better. "Learning is going to be exciting, interesting, fascinating."

This miracle, this creation of the Royal Road to Learning which has been sought by the philosophers of all ages, is to be accomplished by moving pictures. If you would have your child develop into a twentieth-century Benjamin Franklin or a Daniel Webster, send him to the movies, and keep him there.

This sort of sophistry, and talk of educating children without making them use their minds, has been an increasingly popular theme for the past decade. And the mental efficiency of the rising generation has not been improved by it. Indeed the results of these attempts to impart knowledge to children in sugar-coated packages have become so apparent that recently ex-President Taft and other educators have been making vigorous attacks upon the methods of teaching in vogue in many of the schools in this country.

The plain fact is that it is impossible to develop mind, or muscle, except by hard work. And the more a mind is worked the more work it is capable of doing. But mental work—the kind that develops the brain cells, at least—is something far different from attendance upon movie shows, even when the films are of the "educational" variety. Educational films will add to the mental field, and are enormously helpful in increasing the superstructure of a broad education. But the foundation for the edifice can only be laid by the same kind of drudgery that has made great minds in the past.

How Brain Cells Are Sharpened.

The fact of it is we are all attending movie shows every waking hour of the day. And if we use our minds as well as our eyes we can learn far more from this show than the ones given by the professional movie actors. But this kind of education does not sharpen the points of our brain cells where the higher type of thoughts are manufactured. If it did, the village loafer who lolls for hours on a dry-goods box and gaps at the movie show, going on in the street, would be a scholar instead of a dunderhead.

What the brain needs for development is the kind of arduous work that requires conscious effort and fixed attention—the kind of work that causes actual fatigue by exhausting the brain cells. Committing things to memory, such as learning the words of a foreign language, is an example of this kind of work. And such work is stimulating because each new idea that is grasped and retained by the mind brings into play new brain cells, or combinations of cells.

One result of this constant stirring up of new fields of cells is temporary exhaustion. But the reward is the development of sensitized cells which seize upon new words, ideas, or sensations, and retain them tenaciously. The number of cells in every normal brain which are capable of being "sharpened" is unlimited. And the test of any educational system is its efficiency as a sharpener. But experience shows that hard mental effort is the best mental whetstone today, just as it was in the days of the pyramidal builders.

The sooner we grasp the fact that it requires actual work to improve the mind—that this kind of work is not harmful to any normal child or adult; and that the only highway to knowledge is the same old stony road trodden by our ancestors—the sooner we will begin to produce our Franklins, and Emersons, and Hawthornes, who were the products of this same rocky trail.

A New Use for X-Rays.

One of the latest applications of X-rays is for sterilizing criminals and mental defectives. The applications are painless, harmless and effective, and have the merit of not being disturbing to the sensibilities of those who do not wish to improve the average mental capacity of future generations at the price of a slight inconvenience to a few unfortunate in our own.

To be sure the legislators of several

States have even now enacted laws which allow the sterilizing of mental defectives and habitual criminals by surgery. But public sentiment has been so opposed to these laws that they have remained practically a dead letter. The feature objected to was not so much the results of the operation, but the operation itself. X-ray treatment (Roentgenization it is called officially) will remove this objection.

It should be pointed out that there were other perfectly tenable grounds for objecting to surgical methods of sterilization besides that of mere sentimentality. For unquestionably the more radical of these operations did affect the body's normal processes of waste and repair. But recent experiments have demonstrated that the X-ray accomplishes its purpose without interfering with any other bodily function.

The discovery of this peculiar selective property of the rays came about partly through accident—as frequently happens in the field of science. The possibility was suggested by the effects observed in X-ray operators. These suspicions were confirmed by experiments on the lower animals, with the additional discovery that the animals treated with the rays retained all their bodily functions and instincts.

Need of Protection Against Defectives.

If anyone doubts the urgent need of effective measures for reducing the number of defectives in this country, let him consider these pertinent facts: The number of insane, imbeciles, inebriates, and criminals is steadily increasing; and all these conditions are the result of bad heredity. Or, stated in another way, if none of these conditions existed at the present time they would not exist in the future, excepting the negligible numbers caused by injuries.

The study of heredity is making tremendous strides these days. And one of the facts it has established beyond dispute is that feeble-mindedness is hereditary, and transmissible to offspring in exact proportion to the mental capacity of the parent. Thus if both parents are feeble-minded all of their children will be defective without exception. Even when one parent is normal, and the other is feeble-minded, a large proportion of their children will be defective, and none of the others will be exceptionally bright.

Prof. H. H. Goddard, who has charge of the institutions for mental defectives at Vineland, N. J., has spent many years in proving these facts. Some of the evidence he presents is most convincing. For example, he has the record of a Revolutionary soldier named Martin Kallikak, who first married an imbecile girl, and later a normally-developed woman. Both women bore him children, whose descendants have been ferreted out after years of patient toil by Prof. Goddard. The imbecile girl's direct descendants number 480, the normal woman's 496. There are 144 feeble-minded, and only forty-four normal children recorded in the imbecile wife's line of descendants, while no case of feeble-mindedness is recorded among the descendants of the more fortunate woman.

Use of Skimmed Milk in Fevers.

An eastern clinician, who has been making some exhaustive studies of various diets, offers some useful suggestions in the treatment of fevers. Solid foods should not be taken during an acute febrile attack of any kind. The tolerance for starchy foods during fever is limited and in many cases contraindicated. Fat in the form of butter or cream may be harmful; but skimmed milk diluted with an equal quantity of water may be used freely and in many ways. Thus a farina or oatmeal gruel, or a barley gruel made with diluted skimmed milk is well borne, and can be made very appetizing. Fruit juices, particularly orange juice and pineapple juice, are useful in quenching the thirst; but water, and plenty of it, is the stand-by, and has the advantage of being slightly laxative in febrile conditions. By this method of feeding the patient receives a very low percentage of sugar and casein, and practically no fat.

A Novel Method of Inducing Sleep.

Everyone is familiar with the time-honored method of inducing sleep by conjuring up imaginary animals and counting them. An even more effective method, if we may believe the author of "The Science of Happiness," is one precisely opposite—that of keeping out imaginary objects instead of conjuring them in.

Challenge systematically any line of thought that appears, and banish it from consciousness," he instructs. "The thing is not difficult for a disciplined mind. You have simply to vow mentally as you find yourself thinking on any subject: 'I will not think about that,' and as it were you shut off the current in that direction. Of course, through association your mind is instantly supplied with some other line of thought; but this also you challenge in the same way as soon as it appears, and so on as long as you are conscious. You thus prevent any single line of thought from becoming paramount in consciousness, and one line after another being subordinated, the tendency is to a lower and lower level of mental activity, till presently consciousness is lost. It is possible for some persons to put themselves to sleep voluntarily in this way at any time when they choose even during the day and in the midst of most active thinking."

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Plain Truths
and Simple.

whom we are familiar run errands in the different organs, carrying messages in the blood stream. These messages are called "hormones." The last hormone to be discovered is one, and is named secretin. Its function is to inform the pancreas that food has been taken into the stomach, and that it is the hand in the process of digestion. Presently there is no other way in which the pancreas may discover that this important event has taken place.

The exact working of the system is as follows: When food is ingested the acidity of the stomach induces the secretion of secretin in the small intestine. This secretin passes into the blood, makes its way to the pancreas, stimulates that organ to secrete its digestive juice. Yet the secretin itself takes whatever in the actual process of digestion has been arrested."

The practical feature of this discovery is that this substance may be obtained from the glands of an animal in the treatment of certain types of tuberculosis—conditions caused, apparently, in the individual's hormone messengers. As derangement of this normal service seems to be quite a common disorder, it is expected that secretin will take its place as a remedy along with tablets and other aids to digestion.

Tuberculosis as a Reinfection.

There has long been an impression among persons interested in the subject of tuberculosis that infections are often, possibly always, the result of childhood infections. M. Léonard of Paris has recently expressed his view as follows:

The present conception of tuberculosis may be summarized in three propositions: (1) the first tuberculous infection in the child; (2) the disease manifestations met with in adults are due to reinfection, the severity of which depends on the state of humanity in which it has remained as the result of the infection; (3) infection by the tuberculosis is a process producing immunity, the resultant condition is variable and indefinite.

It is apparent, therefore, if this be true, that if children are protected against infection there will be little need of protection in adults.

and Infected Flour.

Two German physicians have reported an epidemic of para-typhoid fever closely resembling typhoid fever, caused by eating foods prepared from rats. "This flour was bought from a dealer who had used culture of typhoid bacilli for the destruction of rats in his establishment," says the Berlin Medical Journal. "The author states that the use of this form of destruction is a dangerous procedure, should be used only by persons qualified, and never, if possible, where public health conditions are good."

Killing rats with microbes may be a highly scientific method of extermination, but plain old-fashioned "rat poison" may have some advantages.

and Adipose.

[Youth's Companion:] "In China men recently took the physical examination required of candidates for policewomen. The maximum permitted is 180 pounds. One girl, eating no food, and by sucking lemons, reduced her weight from 225 pounds to 200." And in all probability she attributed her weight to the ice and lemon water she had been drinking. The fat person who admits that he is in any way responsible for the things about us.

and Soups Should Precede Pastries.

[Bergen Gazette-Times:] The grim reality in any European army is the corps of grave diggers who accompanied the German army in the field. They began our meal with soup and our dessert, instead of the reverse.

There must be some very good reason for Mental Efficiency." The Woods of City—a Story of the Criminal Justice System.

Universal customs do not become established in a haphazard way, and some underlying reason.

Recent investigations by the physician Dr. Levenson, suggest an explanation why the custom of eating pastry at the meal has become universal.

"This order," says Dr. Levenson, "is primarily digested by the gastric juice and are acted upon by the salivary glands known as amylopsin. This ferments and incorporated with the food in the stomach and will continue to act until it is neutralized by the gastric juice. It was assumed that such neutralization takes place almost immediately on the food. Recent studies disprove this view, it being alleged that the neutralization occupies a central position in the stomach for some time, and that the peripheral portions are actively involved with the gastric juice.

The carbohydrates that make up the food are so placed as to be acted on vigorously and for a long period by the ferment incorporated with them; and the same foods being ingested in the meal they would have been at once in contact with the walls of the stomach, and their digestion has been arrested."

Business girl working at the desk all day should remember that deep breathing is good for health, and should practice it as she goes out of doors, and she should learn to straighten up and frequently stretch her shoulders against the back of her chair.

Useful Things.

Business girl working at the desk all day should remember that deep breathing is good for health, and should practice it as she goes out of doors, and she should learn to straighten up and frequently stretch her shoulders against the back of her chair.

Irritability; What Causes It?

If you are naturally well-poised and become irritable you should seek the cause.

If your characteristic everyday temper is a "little off," it means that an investigation is of more or less importance according to the severity of the case.

It means that the human machinery, either mental or physical, needs adjusting.

Irritability is quite frequently a fore-runner of approaching neurasthenia.

Somewhere among the delicate parts of the human machinery there is friction or faulty adjustment, and the services of a mechanician are indicated.

It may be that the heart is in trouble, or that the kidneys are not performing their function properly, or that the spleen causes you to see things in a distorted manner; so much so that your friends think you are spleenetic.

When a driver of a motor car, or an engineer in charge of machinery hears some unusual sound (a little grating, perhaps,) he immediately seeks the cause.

In the same manner when you are "out of sorts" (that is what irritability is) you may rest assured there is some friction or congestion or adhesion or undue pressure or "a screw loose somewhere" or a cog that has slipped its place—something wrong with the running-gear that needs the attention of someone who can meet the necessary requirements physiologically or psychologically, or both.

This is the time when you should not disregard the sign, "Stop, Look, Listen."

The cause, in almost every instance, can be traced to faulty diet and otherwise wrong habits of living and wrong habits of thinking.

Correct them, and by thus removing the cause of the irritability you will remove the effect.

Poor Old Stomach.

If there is any organ in the body more

than any other that sends up a protest—and sometimes other things—it is the much-abused stomach.

I do not wonder that it rebels; I only wonder that it does not rebel oftener than it does.

Take, for instance the champion egg-eater, who ate thirteen soft-boiled eggs, with three pieces of bread; thirteen hard-boiled, with a coffee ring; eight fried, with a French roll; eight poached, with three doughnuts; eight in omelet form, with two seed rolls; three scrambled, with three tea biscuits.

All at once? Yes, all at one sitting.

Then he stopped at the count of fifty-three, which was a great disappointment to him.

Why did he stop short of his intentions? He came to a "bad one."

You would think he wouldn't mind a little thing like that when, for five years, he averaged

100 eggs a week. Do you realize what that means? Twenty-six thousand eggs in five years.

Some men drink to excess; some men smoke to excess; some men eat to excess;

some men do all of these and then wonder why they are not well.

But this champion egg-eater does not drink nor smoke, but weighs 200 pounds, and says: "I look forward to a long and useful life."

He surely is not in need of lecithin for his nerves—nor for his nerve—in giving the

V.

Health Essentials
DIETETICS, NEURASTHENICS AND
COMMON COLD CONSIDERED.

By Edward B. Warman, A. M.

IT IS pretty generally conceded that next to sunlight and fresh air, there is nothing so necessary for the upbuilding of tissue health as the use of fats in diet. It is said on good authority that "the tuberculosis sanatorium which feeds its inmates upon lean, sparse foods is jeopardizing the only chance to regain lost vigor; for what they need is fat."

Cream, butter, oils, yolks of eggs, meat and vegetable fats, all aid in keeping the tissues from being broken down or, when necessary, in restoring them to a state of health. Fats do not digest in the stomach, but in the duodenum, therefore do not tax the stomach; nevertheless, all fats, like starches, should be thoroughly masticated for the purpose of mixing them with the saliva (an alkaline solution.) The medium of digestion in the stomach being acid, this class of foods must complete the digestion in an alkaline medium—the duodenum.

Anyone who is thin, wan, emaciated, and desires to become stout, will find that the fatty part of the egg (the yolk) contains from 10 to 20 per cent. iron in such form as should be readily absorbed and assimilated. A good combination with the yolk of the egg is bacon, which, fried to a crisp, is palatable and wholesome—except to a strict vegetarian.

Opinions Differ.

One's opinion is or should be based upon one's experience and observation. I read in a local paper that "one of the most prolific causes of 'catching cold' is a cold bath." Then the writer proceeds to say why this is the case. He claims that "if we take a bath (cold water) and then merely dry ourselves with the towel, we are deliberately inviting a cold."

His argument is based on the idea, as he expresses it, that "if the skin be merely dried, much moisture will remain. This will evaporate quickly, and in so doing is the speediest method that exists for producing a cold. It cools the skin too rapidly and a severe cold is often the result."

If the skin is "dried," much moisture cannot remain. If the skin were wet with perspiration, or if one took a warm-water bath in a cold room, and evaporation took place too rapidly, then chilliness would inevitably follow, but never after a cold-water bath.

The Father Kneipp method of dressing without drying the body after taking a bath knocks the foregoing theory galley west. So does our own experience in Saw Pit Canyon. It was after a heavy rain, and the weather was very cool. It was 2 p.m. when I took a cold-water bath—very unexpectedly. Either the plank was too light or I was too heavy. It occurred where the water was the swiftest, the deepest and—the coldest. But I finished my tramp with the Hundred Year Club, and at 4 p.m. boarded the car at Monrovia for the city, riding outside on the front seat, my clothes still soaking wet. Catch cold? No. I guess (that's a Yankee expression) the late Sam Jones was right when he said to me: "You are bomb-proof." What is it to be "bomb-proof?" Just living right and right living. Pardon this digression, but it was the cold bath that did it.

The writer of the article further states that "the action of cold water holds the blood back from the skin, leaving it without the warming protection." Just the reverse is true. The cold water, by its reaction, increases the warmth of the surface of the body by the increased capillary circulation.

"The towelling after the bath," says the writer should be vigorous and prompt, the friction so energetic that the skin becomes reddened; for the reddening shows the return of the blood to the surface. This will prevent many of the colds to which people are subject."

Instead, this causes "many of the colds to which people are subject." Why? Because by the vigorous friction a slight perspiration is started which, when dressing, results in chilliness.

There is a great difference in the effect produced by the moisture that comes from the body and the cold water left on the body—the Kneipp method.

The former will produce what the latter will cure.

Many a man has "caught his death" by taking a hot bath in a barber shop, followed by a vigorous rub-down, dressing while still perspiring and then passing out to an atmosphere less warm.

No one should take a cold bath unless he has vitality enough for reaction without the vigorous rub-down.

Again, one does not "catch cold" if he lives right.

The cause starts at the table; the cold is the consequence.

following advice: "If you want to be healthy and wealthy and wise, eat a couple of dozen of large, luxuriant eggs every day. So long as your belt isn't too circumscribed you can build up an appetite to fit it; and when your belt is filled out, your life will have what they call the roseate hue."

You may say the foregoing is an exception. So it is. But what about the good Queen Wilhelmina's gastronomical performances? Here is her average daily menu:

8 a.m.—Coffee, with whipped cream. A dozen pieces of cut bread, and butter.

10 a.m.—Two hot meat or fish patties. Cheese.

2 p.m.—Luncheon—usually fish, roast beef, fowl, dessert and wine.

4 p.m.—Tea and ham sandwiches.

7 p.m.—Dinner—consisting of eight courses.

10 p.m.—Biscuits—liquors—bed.

Poor, poor stomach! Six times a day and then some; for I am informed that her fondness of good things leads her to eat plentifully of sweetmeats—notably, chocolates.

What abuses are heaped upon Nature! But by and by comes a day of reckoning, as Nature is unrelenting. The forfeiture for tickling the palate and satisfying a depraved appetite is paid and then we hear: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Out upon such mockery!

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[Saturday, September 26, 1914.]

BROOK AND BROOKLETS.

[From "Brain and Brawn," edited by Harry Ellington Brook, N. D., and published by the Naturopathic Publishing Company, Los Angeles.]

Movie Progress.

Movies were formerly a mania. Now they are a disease.

Get What's Coming to Them

In a country with universal suffrage the people get as good a government as they deserve.

Fashion Note.

The present cut and slashed female costumes are the most inartistic that have appeared for a generation.

Childishness of Grown-ups.

Europe spends a generation in developing trade, and then organizes fleets of "commerce destroyers." Childish folly.

Begin at Home.

Many charitable institutions are run mainly for the benefit of the salaried officials.

Blessing in Disguise.

The advance in meat prices is a blessing, because it will teach many that they can do without flesh foods to the benefit of the health and their pockets.

Not so Bad as They Appear.

Many Awful Dangers and Insurmountable Obstacles are transformed, when boldly approached, into Silly Scarecrows.

Napoleon's Prophecy.

Napoleon said all Europe would, in a hundred years, be republican or Cossack. It is a hundred years next June since Waterloo.

Remedy for Suffragettes.

Fasting is no new thing. In olden days it was common for philosophers, and students, and religious enthusiasts to fast, in order to mortify the flesh and increase their spiritual and intellectual powers. Jesus fasted forty days in the wilderness before He approached His great task. How foolish then, as I recently wrote to the London Times, for the British government to forcibly feed suffragettes. Let them fast a few weeks. It would do them good.

Fasting vs. Starvation.

You may say that we often read how people have died after a week or ten days, or weeks, of starvation. There is a great difference between fasting and starvation. Fasting is voluntary, starvation is involuntary. Starvation as in the case of shipwrecked mariners, or lost prospectors, is usually accompanied by great mental agony, exposure and physical suffering. That is what does the harm, not the abstinence from food.

Canned Corruption.

The California State Board of Health, in one month, recently caused to be seized no less than ninety-seven packages of food products, including eggs, tomato pulp, and fish "composed of filthy, decomposed and putrid animal or vegetable substances." The tomato pulp is a waste product prepared from the skins and cores and sweepings of the canning factory. In its partly decomposed state it is scraped from the floor and put into kegs with the food manufacturer's pet antiseptic. It then goes into storage to be called upon as needed in the making of our cheap condiments.

HARRY BROOK, N. D., former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail.

Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits BRAIN AND BRAWN, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy.</p

The City and the House Beautiful.

By Ernest Brauton.

For the Masses THEY SHOULD BE GIVEN MORE CONSIDERATION.

OME scheme should be evolved whereby the streets, parkways, and even the private gardens may be made beautiful where the great masses known as "the common people" dwell. Provision is constantly made for the beautification of parks, great country boulevards, broad avenues, and high-class residence tracts, yet but a small portion of the people are directly benefited or made happy thereby. Beautification through official channels is ever for the benefit of the "emerged tenth," those who have emerged from commonplace life and taken up social and residential position among those usually dubbed "the well-to-do."

It must be apparent to all observers who give the matter a moment's thought that the latter are well able to help themselves and that paternal aid on the part of municipalities and other departments of government should be directed so as to bring the greatest good to the greatest number. One of the finest correctives for the present trend of so-called improvements would be the creation of a city forestry service and have the same impartially administered; with unlimited power to "do and dare" and dare to do. It would prove a really deep pleasure to the City Beautiful man to see the city in control of the street-tree problem everywhere and the work of uniform and systematic planting begun where the poorer classes live. A little encouragement is all that is needed to lift even the "submerged tenth" to a normal level and we should then find that the other nine-tenths had been correspondingly elevated and the claim of "cities without slums" substantiated. Then indeed would the era of the "City Beautiful" be with us, never to depart or to have its glories fade.

Too Well Fed.

ONE day last week the City Beautiful man was called out to see a garden wherein grew a number of shrubs known for their ability to thrive under harsh conditions as to food, drink, etc. Nearly all were Australian and generally very free with blossoms. They were growing in partial shade, in rich, heavy soil, in a border next to a well-kept lawn. The soil was moist at all times, never dry even on the surface. The shrubs had grown prodigiously, but with a very weakly growth, and had never borne but a few flowers in three years in present position. They did not appear in good, vigorous health. The trouble was clearly due to a lack of sunshine, primarily; for had they been in full sun the soil moisture would have been less, the plants would have been vigorous enough to use the food supply, and flowers would have been abundant.

The Popular Cedar.

THE county forester at Santa Ana has chosen *Cedrus deodara* for one of the chief trees with which the highways of Orange county are to be planted, a wise choice indeed, for we have no tree more ornamental, yet it is not a shade tree.

For country roads where the lines may be planted far apart and but a small portion of the middle of the road used for traffic, no better ornament could be found among trees. Persistently planted over long stretches they may well, in years to come, make Orange county famous for her beautiful rural highways. As a city tree, their use cannot be advised except where extremely wide parkways will allow the retention of the lower branches down to the soil. For such environment, however, no better tree could be found.

Highest Commendation.

AT RIVERSIDE last week the lovers of trees met in the wonderful music-room at the Glenwood Mission Inn, the invited guests of Frank A. Miller. The occasion was the ninth semi-annual convention of the Arboricultural Association of Southern California. Delegates were present from all cities and towns from Santa Barbara to Redlands and deep forest and great enthusiasm marked every session of the two-day convention. From Honorary President Reed, President Paige and other charter members, down to the lately-acquired hosts,



THE BLACKWOOD.

were heard public acknowledgments of the great aid and pioneer work performed by the City Beautiful department of The Times. Such high commendation, beginning with a welcoming address by the veteran J. H. Reed and continuing throughout the convention records this department as the most potent influence in California in the ornamentation of our streets and highways, a reputation we shall ever strive to merit and maintain.

Wild Garlic.

WILD GARLIC, known to botanists as *Allium vineale*, is a very serious weed pest over a large part of the United States, as are also closely allied species which are more appropriately called wild onions. Wild garlic renders contaminated wheat of low value, as flour from it has a strong, disagreeable taste, as have also milk, cream, and butter where milk cows feed on this noxious weed. Spraying with a by-product known as orchard heating oil is the latest and best method of control or eradication and as about a score of other pernicious weeds were killed by the treatment it would appear that the use of this spray will in the near future be much extended.

The Blackwood.

A CACIA MELANOXYLON, the last name of which, literally translated is black-wood, from two Greek words, is still one of the most popular street trees, and it will ever continue to be. It requires less pruning and care than any other acacia, and where planted on deep soil is quite as drought-resistant as many naturally growing under much harsher conditions. It may be, as has been charged, that it is comparatively short-lived, yet there are a few in and about Los Angeles that have now been planted and are grand specimens of shade trees.

From the magnolia of our southern swamps; the camphor of Formosa, with its 200 inches of annual rainfall, to the drought-resistant pepper of Peru and the casuarina of desert Australia is a far cry. And with these were mixed such tropical growths as palms and pampas grass; all doing well, from the blackwood of moist river bottoms to the giant cedars of the Himalaya mountains. The full list noted is here appended:

Acacia melanoxylon, the Blackwood; *Casuarina stricta*, the Beefwood; *Camphora officinalis*, the Camphora; *Cedrus deodara*, the Indian cedar; *Cypressus sempervirens fastigiata*, the Italian Cypress; *Cortaderia argentea*, the Pampas Grass; *Genista canariensis*, the Canary Island Broom; *Ligustrum* (several species), the Privets; *Magnolia grandifolia*, the magnolia; *Melia*

Red Spider on Trees.

A MINUTE mite known as red spider, not a true insect, is a very troublesome pest over a wide range of country and under widely varying conditions. In greenhouses it is usually controlled by the use of water

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It is no longer a question of whether or not to fertilize—but how much and what to use.

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Diamond Flower & Fern food.	\$2.50	100-lb. sk.
Diamond Truck & Garden fertilizer.	\$2.00	100-lb. sk.
Pure Bone Meal.	\$2.50	100-lb. sk.
Pure Dried Blood.	\$4.00	100-lb. sk.
Fish Meal.	\$3.00	100-lb. sk.
Gypsum.	\$1.00	100-lb. sk.
Air-slaked Lime.	\$1.25	100-lb. sk.
Pulverized Sheep Manure.	\$1.00	60-lb. sk.

Diamond Fertilizer Company
628 Aliso St. Main 9395

alone, as dry air and general droughty conditions are conducive to its welfare. Under glass spray with much force but little water to avoid over-watering plants, but keep paths, under benches and all unused parts of houses well wetted down. Sometimes sulphur is used, either as a dust spray or in water. Mix one pound of finely powdered sulphur with three gallons of water in which a little laundry soap and 1 per cent. of glue has been dissolved; this will aid in keeping the sulphur in suspension, as it settles quickly and the mixture needs constant agitation. Boiled lime sulphur solution is often used, but frequently it causes injury to foliage. Red spider is a serious pest to citrus trees in dry seasons, especially back from influence of coastal atmosphere. It also seriously affects raspberries, roses, etc., and is very much complained of at Redlands this year by the city forester, who says it has denuded umbrella trees of their entire foliage. At the Riverside tree convention the subject was freely discussed. In some parts of California excellent results are reported from use of a flour paste.

Use a cheap grade of wheat-flour with cold water. It may be best to put it through a wire mesh to avoid lumps. It should be diluted until there is about one pound of flour in each gallon of water. Boil this mixture until a paste is formed, keeping stirred to avoid burning or settling on bottom of receptacle. Add enough water as heat evaporates it to keep original proportions of mixture. When using, add eight gallons of this mixture to 100 gallons of water. This paste has a tendency to settle, and should be constantly agitated to hold flour in suspension. No harmful effects are reported from use of this spray.

Wonderful Adaptability.

ON A RECENT trip by trolley car from Los Angeles to Marian, a station in the San Fernando Valley, the City Beautiful man made notes on the vegetation to be seen, principally that planted in the parkway that parallels the trolley right-of-way. The list shows a startling variation in ornamental plant life, ranging from many and diversified climes and theoretically demanding (in some cases) widely varying treatment.

From the magnolia of our southern swamps; the camphor of Formosa, with its 200 inches of annual rainfall, to the drought-resistant pepper of Peru and the casuarina of desert Australia is a far cry. And with these were mixed such tropical growths as palms and pampas grass; all doing well, from the blackwood of moist river bottoms to the giant cedars of the Himalaya mountains. The full list noted is here appended:

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Our Fertilizers carry enough Nitrogen from five different sources of plant to 2500 square feet of lawn. NITROGEN is an essential and expensive part of any lawn. E. M. HUDSON SEED & FERTILIZER

Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

"Home

THE SEWING ROOM.

Darning Stockings.

Christian Science Monitor: Darning stockings, have two darns in darning basket, one black, one white. By using the black ball under the hose, and the white one under the stitches of contrasting color, the stitches are plainly seen, and darning is made easier.

You cannot readily find a white darning needle in the stores, a white china nest and at the large department

Baby's Bonnet.

have fresh rosettes and stripes on a bonnet at a moment's notice.

an eyelet at each corner of the bonnet, where the ribbons are usually attached to serve for the ends through the eyelets, and is ready to tie. If the ribbon is soiled, or a different color is change may be made instantly in ripping off old ribbon and placing on new ones. A bunch of these is one of its beautiful features.

THE AUTUMN TRIP.

Writing Case for Traveling.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Newark News: Useful, indeed, is one of the writing cases morocco. Aside from the blotters, there are four gusseted pockets, and a stamp pocket. A pencil is fitted into a leather pen. The case is provided so that it is easily carried, has a lock and key, and Soap Tablets.

tablets for the use of travel, up in boxes inclosing fifty tablets sufficient for the purpose of writing. The tablets, though fine, easily dissolve in water. In the box is a pair of nickel tweezers to pick up the tablets. A case would be an appreciated little traveler.

CARE OF THE SHOES.

Slippers.

Crescent-shaped slippers, studded with rhinestones and inlaid with diamonds or other stones, are worn as dress slippers as a finish to a strap. They are very dainty. Another new slipper adorns a rhinestone stud, formed of a rhinestone and worn in the front as possible to the top. They are particularly well with the bangles, now so much in vogue. Orange White Buckskins.

There are many excellent cleansing soaps on the market for white shoes, but there is no simpler or more effective way of cleaning buckskin than to brush out all the dust and with a nailbrush wet with rich oil.

Wipe off the soap, rub off with a cloth to rinse out the soap and then dry in the open air.

PORCH FITTINGS.

Cushion Covers.

Persons before fitting out a porch with cushions test samples to see if they will stand water. One should never use harsh, bold, or silk pillows on the porch, not elaborateness, should covers, if possible, should be material and color, with perhaps a carefully-chosen contrasting shade. There is any chance of monotony. If they are washable two sets of removable covers are made for convenience in

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NEW YORK

A Night of Fog. By W. W. Robinson.

THE CALL.

THE conversation was intimately chatty—until the coming of the first insweeping breath of sea fog.

A pleasant evening hour had been trifled away by the guests of "The Tides," out on the little balustered porch. Occasionally an attenuated cloud of cigarette smoke, subtilly fragrant, was blown seaward, out toward the blackness of sand and the shimmer of phosphorescent comber. The spirit of mild good-humor predominated; reclining in the easy comfort of deep canvas chairs, the porch group had been confabulating, had been wit-banding, had been laughing in merry outbursts that rose above the booming incersance of breaker. The air's briny tang had given zest to light words. In the affluence of flooding moonbeams, the night seemed almost warm. But the sea's horizon had slowly narrowed.

A few stray wreaths of cold fog were sufficient to lull to quiet the talk on the porch. Coat collars were turned up; shawls were drawn tighter. The chill of the misty air increased. With the repetition of murmured good-nights, the assembled friends one by one retired. Two only, in the far corner, were left.

On came the bank of mist. Soon the last star had disappeared, engulfed by the approaching blackness. The fourth line of breakers gleamed dully; then only three could be seen. The air grew colder.

Silently the two remaining guests had been watching the sea—Dr. Brady, the man of middle age, huge-shouldered, head uncovered but with its protecting abundance of white hair, Brady with his vast sweep of rolling mustache; and young Peylerd, his companion, a limp, asthenic youth who lounged deeply in his porch chair, with cap pulled down taut and hands buried in coat pockets.

"Rather unusual, this sort of a night. The first fog this summer." It was the tentative remark of the younger man, who, with the weather's change, had noted the development in the Doctor of an apparent heavy-heartedness, though fifteen minutes before he had been gaily volatile.

"Fogs and clouds seem to depress me." Brady spoke in a voice of more than usual quietness with a perceptibly melancholy touch. "I have always disliked such weather."

er. Its effect on me is peculiar. I can't explain it myself."

Peylerd fancied he could have given an explanation, but he coughed and observed tritely:

"Well, dampness affects some people that way."

It was an easy inference for him to know that his older companion was brooding over his wife's death, an occurrence of the preceding summer. The manner of her demise had been by drowning; on a startlingly foggy evening—similar to the present one—the little excursion boat had been rammed and sunk by some anonymous yacht; Maria Brady with two others had failed to obtain life preservers and had suffocated in the icy waters; her screams had died out before she could be reached, and her body had never been recovered. Associate ideas—last year's fog with its fatality, and tonight's; it was only natural for Peylerd to link them together in seeking to explain the sudden melancholy of his doctor-friend.

"Gad! It's cold!" Brady rose, shivered. "If there's no objection I'm going to bed. But say! Look at that moon, now!" The Doctor had paused for a moment at the door, pointing to the southward.

It was the simulacrum of a moon. A misty, yellow disk, enveloped by a luminous aureole of saffron, it was the one spot of light in all the night that still survived the fog giant.

"Good-night." The Doctor slammed the door.

"Good-night."

The booming and pounding evidenced heavy breakers; enshrouded in mist, they could not be seen. The hasty contour of a long rowboat, however, was plainly observable, perched high on the sand.

Ten minutes later, Peylerd, drenched by the air's chill humidity, insistently coughing, was glad enough to follow Dr. Brady. Their apartments opened on the far end of the porch, and he had but to turn the knob and he was in his room. As he passed the Doctor's couch he heard a quiet respiration; his friend was already in slumber.

In the adjoining sitting-room, young Peylerd pushed on the light and dropped into a rocker beneath the drab-shaded reading lamp. He reached to pick up a magazine. A photograph lay within finger's reach; it was that of Marie Brady, evidently just dropped there by the Doctor. Peylerd recognized it; it usually stood on the bedroom dresser.

It was a small picture, dark-framed. Peylerd rested it for a moment in his palm. The face was that of a young woman, with a moderate beauty of rounded features; a fluttering redundancy of very dark hair; eyes so persistently sparkling as to enliven the whole.

He dropped the photograph and sought his coat next the Doctor's. Sleep did not come speedily. Peylerd was tired, yet he lay in nervous, wakeful impatience. In pictorial fancy, how ponderous seemed the breakers without, booming, rushing, then booming again! The inescapable monotony of sound became almost a torment. At length he fell into a somnolent reverie, a half-sleep.

A sudden knocking upon the porch door, a knocking not loud but reverberative, long-sustained, brought Peylerd to an elbow position, decidedly awake, coughing. Again it came. It set his heart galloping. No one but himself and the Doctor ever made use of that door. And what an hour for a visitor!

Peylerd leaned over and shook Dr. Brady's bed.

"Some one at that door, Doctor!"

The tumbled mass of covers stirred.

"What's—th' matter?" came in a drawing, unthinking murmur from Brady's lips.

"Some one is rapping on our porch door!"

"I don't hear—anyone. It was my dream, then. I thought—Maria—" With the dying away of the Doctor's voice, the young man heard the quiet breathing resumed.

The moments passed, and a third, distinctly urgent knocking came. Peylerd groped his way to the electric switch and flooded the bedroom with blazing light. A glance at the chiffonier alarm clock showed the hands lacked a minute or two of being at two-thirty. Stepping by the Doctor's couch—with its occupant so deeply asleep, his leonine mass of white hair sprawling on forehead and pillow, his closed eyes hollow, his formidable chin so low-sunk—Peylerd threw himself at the porch entrance. A fourth knocking had begun when his hand was on the knob and key. The sound ceased as he flung wide back the door.

A dense cloud of icy mist, smelling of salt brine, poured in upon Peylerd. There was no living thing about, either at the sill or on the porch. The young man, shivering in pajama garb, moved back and banged shut the door. He pushed out the light. Nervously perspiring, he slipped back into his couch.

With the pliant wreaths of the mist-cloud settling upon him, and him in their chill folds, Peylerd lay self in heavy covers. A sensation touched his heart. Then the candle withdrew, and he could lie more comfortably.

The Doctor began to stir in his bed, pull tighter the blankets, as if he now could see Brady's ill-defined sitting position, a tousle of white hair, much of which is either poor high rank. The poet laureate has to

almost a novel experience to You

despite her fusses in the B

—has called forth no little

much of which is either poor

high rank. The poet laureate has to

what is going to happen

if they don't quit what they are

and go back to work; and incidenta

what we should be doing

now. Austin, too, who knows h

words together and set them

in rhythm, has recounted the v

Kaiser to Windsor and—while s

promised that it will not be repea

now. Now comes Fred E. Wea

the author of the words of the

"Holy City," and adds his hurrah!

of a ballad just such as Tom

loves both to sing and hear su

not be generally known that Wes

who, by the way, is a distinguis

and barrister—has written several

English army; and I have no do

from my friend, will enjoy ma

use popularity:

BRAVO!

He sat in his London den, cold, and grim and grey,

in Kitchener's way.

all that it meant he knew:

And suddenly Peylerd touched the end of a black rowboat, by a gun

carry this thing right through!

Kitchener! say what you want,

the world shall know, where

the men blow,

a man at the head—today!

He rides on the grey North Seas

the enemy's lines,

their Lord High Admirals skul

of their hellish mines.

have drunk too deep to the boas

have vowed too mad a vow!

do they think—on the watch

at toast are they drinking now?

Child Reared by M

[New York Times:] A

recalls the story of Mowgli in

India.

In the jungle near Nalma

bay letter, a wild-looking chil

that she is human is prov

that there are vaccination

arms, but exposure to the sun

caused a thick growth of hair

side of the face and spine, white

appearance more like that of a

human being. There is evide

she has always walked upright

ing posture is that of a mon

her actions.

She was very frightened when

and cried and whimpered. She

only grass and raw potatoe

induced to take bread and milk

able to talk, but there is no

can hear.

Everything points to the

she was abandoned in infancy

were her foster parents. No

are the men who are fighting for

you are doing for them?

then, for the men who fight!

well with the men who play!

right to the end for honor and fri

a fight for our lives today!

(Copyright, 1914, by Perry Worden.)

Puffer.

at Puffer is a tiresome chap,

There's not the slightest doubt;

's blowing now of how much he

Blew in at his blow-out!

—Harold Susman, in Lippincott'

God's Funny Angel. THE MAN WITH THE BIG HEART AND CROOKED BODY.

By William M. McCoy.

Jackson's mild blue eyes looked at the world through huge spectacles perched astride an ample nose, the bows finding safe anchorage behind wide-flung ears. His thin legs stretched upward from spreading feet, until his narrow shoulders apparently rested directly on top of them, and as he moved, both feet and legs seemed imbued with aimless purposes, but followed after the bent shoulders for want of something better to do.

Mysterious bulges marked the pockets of his flopping, shabby coat, and his awkward arms supported sundry packages as he hurriedly stumbled across a rubbish-heaped vacant lot toward the remains of what once had passed for a stable. Around the rusty shoulder of a hillock of old cans he came face to face with an immaculately tailored young woman, while behind her towered the stalwart bulk of a police sergeant.

"Good afternoon, Miss March." Jackson spoke gravely as he bowed, the removal of his battered hat revealing a low, sloping forehead which disappeared beneath a scanty thatch of hair, the color of weather-beaten straw. "It was indeed kind of you to come so soon. I know the demands on your time and sympathy are almost unending, but now that you have looked into this case I know these poor unfortunates will be cared for."

"I—I don't know—I am afraid it is hardly a case for us," the crisp investigator of the Board of Charities almost faltered, trying, and failing, to meet his glance, which had in it almost the trust of a puppy's eyes.

"We've found the man's a 'hop-head,' and

you know the Board of Charities don't monkey with them, Jackson," the sergeant came to the assistance of the young investigator, but there was kindness in his voice, and a gentle warmth displaced the usually chilly light in his eyes. "And Miss March thinks the case will have to be referred to some other organization."

"B—but the children! And the woman!" stammered Jackson, dazedly looking at the trim young woman, who was tentatively rolling an empty can back and forth in the dust of the path with the toe of a faintly correct boot. "You will do something for them? The man may be a drug fiend, but he is sick now, and could not work if he wanted to. The woman is so weak from illness she can hardly leave her bed. And those three little children! They have been living in the stall of that stable for five weeks now, and the food Sergeant Craig and I took them last evening was the first they had had in three days. The children leaped for the bread like animals. They are starv-

"Our rules specifically prohibit giving anything to drug fiends," insisted the investigator; "we are required to assist only worthy families."

"But the children!" protested Jackson.

"We will turn the case over to the Children's Aid Society, and I will do all I can to get them to take it up immediately," she promised.

"Can't you do something while they are investigating?"

"Our rules are very strict," she evaded.

"You urge them to hurry," he pleaded, "and I will do what I can, but I fear I—"

"I'll bet you've got what ought to have been your own supper, and maybe breakfast too, in those parcels," cut in the sergeant.

"I—I—you see—" stammered Jackson.

"Please guilty, I know it's so," persisted Craig.

"You see," apologized the bundle bearer, "I had a late lunch, and really I have had a touch of indigestion, and I thought that perhaps I would be better for going without eating tonight."

"It's a real meal you need," declared the policeman, "and the wife said I was to bring you home to supper the next time I met you. The kiddies are fair plainin' for the sight of you, and for the tellin' of your stories. So deliver those things, and then come along home with me."

"Isn't he a funny combination of warm heart and strange eccentricities?" mused Miss March, as Jackson disappeared into the discouraged shack.

"He's funny on the outside," conceded the sergeant, "but you forget about that when you know him."

"But he is so different."

"Yes, he's different, and thank God for it! Every kiddie and his dog in this district love him. He sees things in a different way than we do. We look through cold facts, and Jackson sees everything through his heart."

"Yes," the girl thought aloud, "but how did such a big, generous heart ever get into such a poor, disjointed body?"

"His heart's not all inside him," affirmed Craig; "it's too big for that. It just fills up all the space in sight, wherever he goes, with kindness and hope for somebody else."

"It seems that way," sighed Miss March. "But how does the poor fellow live?"

"He exists, mostly. He's a lawyer, but he gives his time to poor devils who have no money to pay him."

"Something must be done for those children and their mother," she changed the subject; "I wish we could—." But a child's voice from inside the shack interrupted her.

"Oh, mother," the high treble pealed. "God has sent us some more food!"

Jackson was leaving the staggering stable when another voice piped clear and shrill through the gathering shadows.

Saturday, September 26, 1914.

son.

Products of the Poets and Humorists.

ith the pliant wreaths of that
cloud settling upon him, enwrapped
in their chill folds, Peylerd buried
him in heavy covers. A sensation of
heat filled his heart. Then the embracing
Doctor began to stir in his sleep.
A mutter passed his lips. He
could see Brady's ill-defined figure
in position, a tassel of white
veil over his shoulders.

New English War Ballad.

BY PERRY WORDEN.

He here been expected, the great
and a novel experience to Young
despite her tussles in the Boer
was called forth no little war
some of which is either poor or
and some of which must
rank. The poet laureate has told
what is going to happen to
not quit what they are now
go back to work; and incidentally
inspired one has also told
what we should be doing just
Austin, too, who knows how
words together and set them in
rhythm, has recounted the visit
to Windsor and—while saying
other tart things of Wilhelm—
that it will not be repeated
Now comes Fred E. Weather-
sider of the words of the fa-
City, and adds his hurrah! in
of a ballad just such as Tommy
both to sing and hear sung.
No fettering casket, flowers or sable
plumes;
Naught of that hideous panoply of woe
With which frail humankind bedecks its
toms.

And may there be no dirges, measured,
slow;

No carven lines to leer in danksome gloom
Beneath the shadow of moss-heavy walls.

But grant that dust return to whence it
came,

Amidst the whirlwind's sweep, the desert
sands;

Or mingle with the restless waves that leap
In thunder on the shores of distant lands.

Dispersed to the four quarters of the earth,
In glorious freedom, flung by nature's
hand,

To flock the surface of the seven seas,
And wander with the breeze from land
to land.

To redder in the glow of tropic dawns,
Or drive before the hurricane at sea;

In the wild freedom of the universe,
Thus let my ashes sweep eternally.

Finis.

Spare me, O Destiny, the stride of age,
The tottering span; the creeping weight
of years.

Let not the close of life's brief record fade
Beneath the haunting gloom of nerveless
fears.

But grant the end the swiftness of the
shock—

The whistling bullet or the saber's blow—
The sharp, swift plunge into Eternity,
Hot, headlong as the speeding meteor's
glow.

Swift be the end; swift be the blow to fall,
While yet the blood swirls warmly
through the veins;

Swift, stunning, certain, sure—no lingering
end,

Nor "honored age" with its decaying
pains.

And may there be no dirges, measured,
slow;

No fettering casket, flowers or sable
plumes;

Naught of that hideous panoply of woe
With which frail humankind bedecks its
toms.

And let no monument attest the past,
No false "memorials" in dim, hushed
halls;

No carven lines to leer in danksome gloom
Beneath the shadow of moss-heavy walls.

But grant that dust return to whence it
came,

Amidst the whirlwind's sweep, the desert
sands;

Or mingle with the restless waves that leap
In thunder on the shores of distant lands.

Dispersed to the four quarters of the earth,
In glorious freedom, flung by nature's
hand,

To flock the surface of the seven seas,
And wander with the breeze from land
to land.

To redder in the glow of tropic dawns,
Or drive before the hurricane at sea;

In the wild freedom of the universe,
Thus let my ashes sweep eternally.

At the Vatican.

Where the Italian skies
Arch with their azure span,
Silent of lip he lies
There in the Vatican.

What of his high estate?

That does not make him great!

Prelates and popes and kings,
They are but petty things

Unless in the mortal urn

The fires immortal burn;

Sympathy, charity, faith,

The simpler, larger trust;

Love that mounts like a wraith

Over the grosser dust!

Place and pomp and power,

They are of little worth;

Creeds abide for an hour;

Deeds, they sweeten the earth:

Not for the robes he wore,

Not for his churchly ties,

But that his fair life bore,

All that is good in man,

Do we honor him who lies

There in the Vatican!

—[Clinton Scollard, in New York Sun.]

[Life:] Nodd: Here's a list of European war debts. Don't they stagger you?

Todd: Well, they might, old man, but I've just been looking over my monthly accounts.

DON'T DOCTOR
Use Attig Pile
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You'll Tell
Your Friends

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Ref.—Barker Bros., Citizens National Bank. If you can't obtain it from your druggist, I will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price—50 cents.

Puffer.

Old Puffer is a tiresome chap,
There's not the slightest doubt;
He's blowing now of how much he
Now in at his blow-out!
—Harold Susman, in Lippincott's.

HUMOR.

[Boston Transcript:] Mr. Rockleigh: I bought this picture in London. Do you think it's a genuine Titian.

Expert: No, I rather think it is a repetition.

[Philadelphia Ledger:] "Ah wus thinkin'," said Rastus Johnson, "what a nice, peaceful-laike world dis here universe would a been if it wasn't for de movements of de human under-jaw."

[Musical Courier:] "I'd like to rent your hall, please."

"What for?"
"Well, you see, we're organizing a fraternal society called the Sons of Moving Picture Veterans of the Mexican War."

[Puck:] The Old One: You should always defer to your husband's wishes, my dear.

The New One: I've done so ever since he told me that his one wish was to see me happy.

[Pittsburgh Post:] "I notice your little boy reads the war news assiduously. I am glad to see him taking such an intelligent interest in current events."

"His interest is purely selfish. His teacher is marooned abroad."

[Kansas City Journal:] "Who is that critter I see mooning around?"

"Claims to be a novelist looking for atmosphere."

"Guess he's in a fair way to find it. He seems to be continually up in the air."

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "Yes, I tried the experiment of an office girl instead of an office boy. She didn't whistle or smoke, but she failed to please the office force."

"Why was that?"

"She could never learn to go out and get the correct score."

[London Opinion:] "Please, Hidy, will you help a poor man, who ain't done nothin' in the way o' work for more'n twelve munce?"

"Dear, dear; perhaps I could find you something. What can you do?"

"Thank y', Hidy, thank y' kindly, mum; ef y' could p'raps give me some washin' ter do, I could take it 'ome to me wife."

[Kansas City Star:] "Why, Willie," said the teacher, "have you been fighting again? Didn't you learn that when you are struck on one cheek you ought to turn the other one to the striker?" "Yes'm," agreed Willie, "but he hit me on the nose, and I've only got one."

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[Follia:] "What could have brought you to this, my poor man? You appear to have seen better days?"

"Yes, I was once an author, madam. I lost all I owned trying to find a publisher for my last book, on 'A Hundred Ways to Get Rich.'

"Think of it! A literary man! And now you're selling shoestrings!"

[Boston Truth:] The young man had threatened suicide if she rejected him. And, although she did, he didn't. "Why didn't he?" was asked. "Said he'd given his heart to her." "What's that got to do with it?" "Oh, he didn't have the heart to kill himself."

[Daniel Webster:] What is valuable is not new, and what is new is not valuable.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] Neighbor: Why, say, ain't you doin' nothin' to entertain your boarders this summer? Farmer Shucks: What you mean? You uther hev a couple o' swings an' a croquet ground an' a tennis court. What you givin' 'em now?" "Nothin'" but th' daily papers. All they do is sit around an' read th' war news from mornin' till night."

LOS ANGELES WEATHER.

[From The Times of Sept. 23, 1914.]

THE SKY. Clear. Wind at 5 p.m., southwest; velocity, 7 miles. Thermometer, highest, 73 deg.; lowest, 62 deg. Forecast: Fair.

People of Experience Who Appreciate Good Glasses

Mr. Richard H. Ewarts, Director of the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital, New York City, says: I have been fitted by the most eminent oculists in the world, but I never knew what sight and comfort were until I had the doctors of the Los Angeles Optical Company, now at 412 South Spring street, fit my eyes with their new system of fitting eyes without the use of drugs.

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23

[311]

FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUR BOY OR YOUR GIRL

THERE IS NO NEED TO SEND THE ONE OR THE OTHER OUTSIDE THE GOLDEN STATE

The educational standard maintained by the schools of California—boys' military or denominational schools, girls' schools and business colleges, has attracted the attention of teachers throughout the world. Several educators from the European continent have been quietly investigating the courses of study, methods and practices of the leading educational institutions in the State and have expressed surprise at the high degree of efficiency of the instructors and the advanced training of the students in every branch of learning. In California, the methods of the old masters and the sharp, advanced ideas of the new have been combined to thoroughly prepare and perfect the student in his life's work; so, it is preferable in every way to keep the young folks near home.

Information regarding California's private schools for boys and girls will be sent free on application. State the kind of school and locality you prefer. Address:

THE TIMES INFORMATION BUREAU
THE TIMES - - - LOS ANGELES

SUNDAY MORNING

GERM Zapata

HILL'S ARM AWAIT

*Large Force is
Campaign A*

*Two Separate Detach
on the "Supreme Chief
will Soon Become Gen
ships to Remain at Ke*

LAREDO (Tex.)
Gen. Carranza is
Constitutionalists at
travelers who reach
that city.

NACO (Sonora, Mex.) Sept. 26.
Gen. Benjamin Hill's force of a
1000 men, with eight machine
guns and plenty of ammunition, is now
well prepared to resist another
attack by Gov. Maytoreno's men.

Railable information
Yesterday's fight at Santa Barbara
in which Hill was defeated, gave a
loss of ninety men killed or wounded
and left on the field. Thirty
wounded were brought here.
Hill's men say Maytoreno lost two
men killed and eighty-two wounded.
Col. Hatfield, brigade commander
of the United States forces at Dona

THE WORLD'S

THE HEART OF IT

INDEX

PART I

- Violent Raffle Rages.
- Attack on Attorney Genl.
- Radio License Issued.
- Biloxi Villa for Fighting.
- Checkersboard of the War.
- Fresh Engagements Indicated.
- Press Reception at Long Beach.
- Artistic Fete Aids Soldiers.
- News from Southwest Countries.
- Weather Report: City in Brief.

PART II

- Let's Get Up and Stick Up!
- Johnson Violated the Law.
- Five Millions in Call Money.
- Public Service: City Hall; Court.
- Editorials: Pen Points; Verse.
- Clean-up Law no Dead Letter.
- Voters to Settle Law's Fats.
- Making County Floral Show.
- Produce Buyer a Good Fairy.

PART III

- Players and Playhouses.
- Musical Notes and Comment.
- Camp of Moving Picture World.
- News of Art and Artists.
- Women's Work, Women's Clubs.
- Why California Prohibition?
- In the Realm of Local Society.
- Out-of-Town Society Notes.
- Sidelights on the Great War.
- Aviators as Warriors.
- Additional Society News.
- Fight as Well as Nurse.
- Book Reviews; Literature Notes.

PART IV

- Classified Advertising.
- Real Estate Advertisements.
- Book Reviews; Literature Notes.
- Business News.
- Real Estate Advertisements.
- Classified Advertising.

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